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THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE — COLLIER'S — WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

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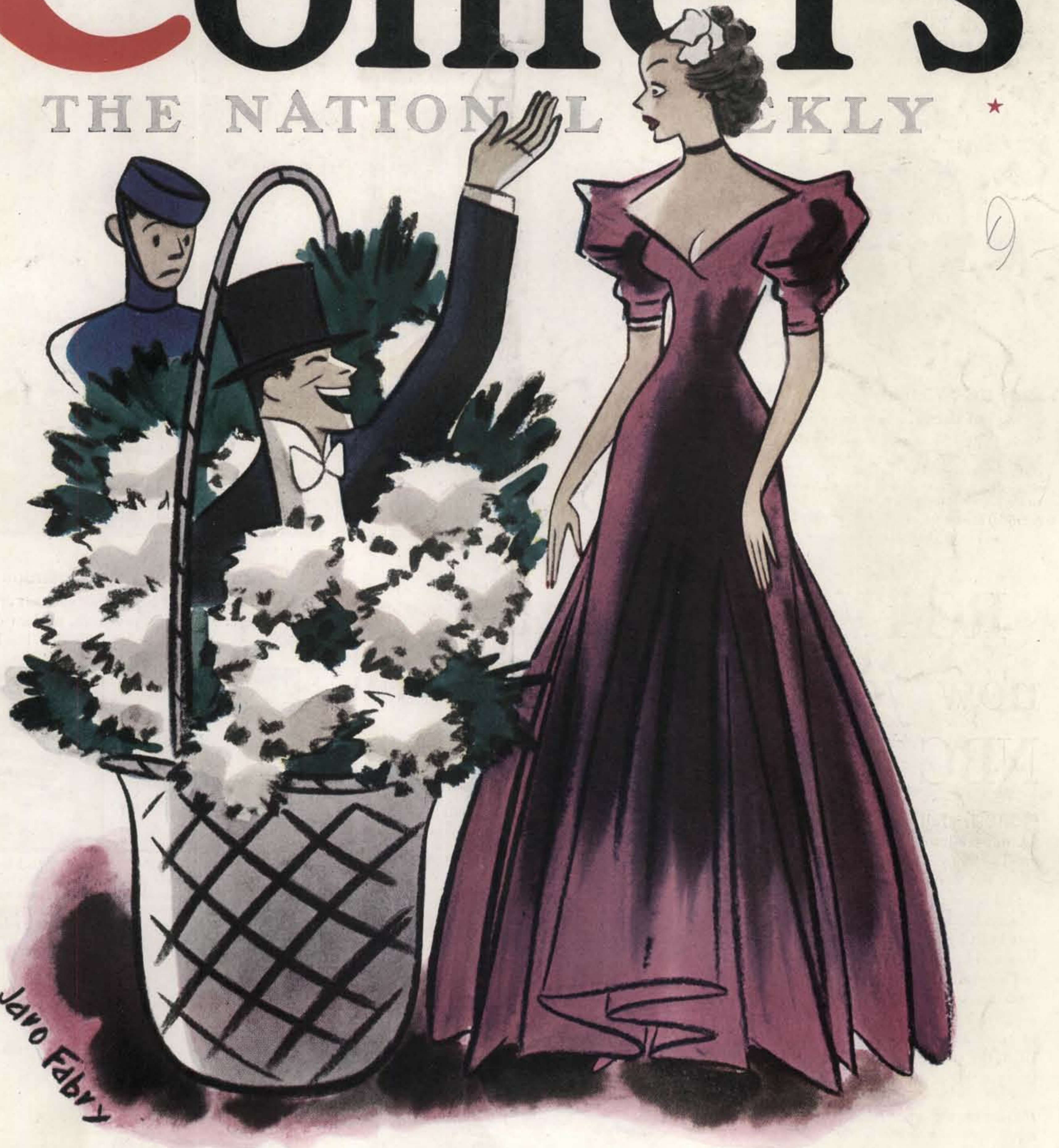
January 30, 1937

# Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY ★



## I Love You Again

A NEW NOVEL BY OCTAVUS ROY

MRS JOAN HARGROVE
417 E MADISON
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# RCA ALL THE WAY!

*from Microphone to Receiving Set*

**Only "through service" in radio**

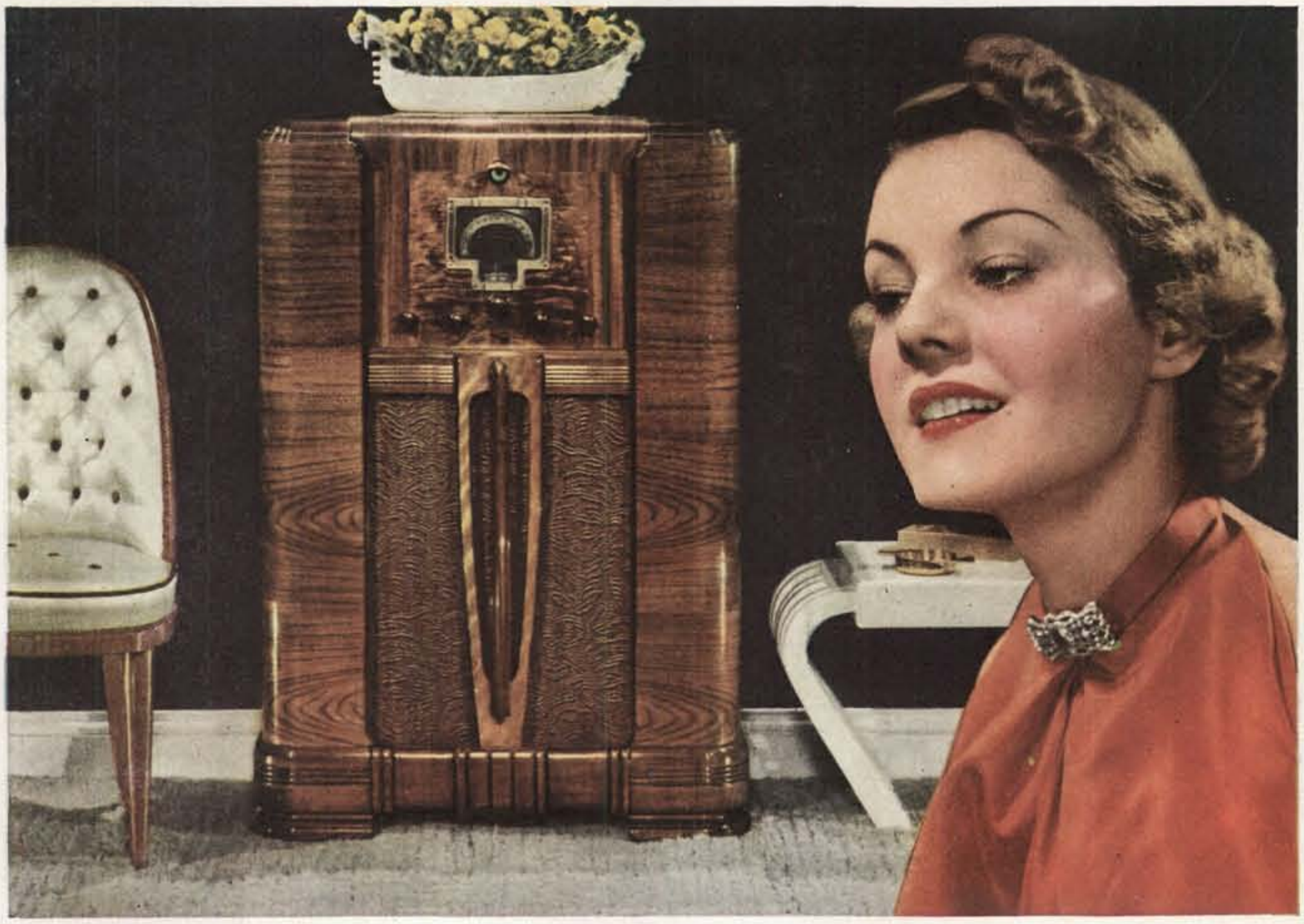
NBC, which brings to you outstanding programs, is a part of RCA. RCA equipment from microphone to power tubes is used by leading radio stations. RCA is the only company that designs a complete radio system from microphone to receiving set.

RCA METAL TUBES
Sign of a Modern Radio

**Only RCA Victor offers you all of these 4 features**

Magic Brain—for more stations, more exact, keener selectivity. Magic Voice—to bring you clear, living, natural tone. Magic Eye—for instant, silent, accurate, visual tuning . . . and the stronger, quieter, more efficient RCA Metal Tubes.

*(at right)* **Model 9K-3**—Beautiful leader of the new RCA Victor Magic Voice sets.



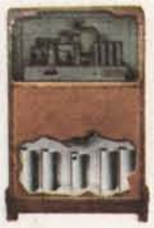
## RCA Victor's *Magic Voice* now yours in splendid new NBC 10th Anniversary Models

THE air is full of excitement—humor, drama, news, stirring music. To enjoy fully these great shows you need a set built to match the clean-cut accuracy of modern broadcasting. And because NBC is a member of the RCA family, RCA Victor offers you such radios . . . sets built by men equally familiar with reception and broadcasting.

This month RCA Victor presents 17 new NBC 10th Anniversary Models. Into them is built a quality based on unmatched experience. Each of these magnificent models is a product of RCA, the only organization that makes everything in radio from microphone to receiving set.

Your RCA Victor dealer will gladly show you how these models prove that you get more for your money when your radio entertainment is RCA ALL THE WAY.

*RCA presents the Metropolitan Opera each Saturday afternoon, and "Magic Key of RCA" Sundays, 2 to 3 P. M., E. S. T. Both over NBC Blue Network.*



**This is the Magic Voice**

In RCA Victor's unique tone chamber are 5 tone control pipes. They require no attention. Sound flowing through this silvery corridor loses all mechanical quality. "Boom" is trapped. This is the Magic Voice . . . the Magic Brain given new realism, new beauty.

**PUT NEW LIFE INTO YOUR PRESENT RADIO — USE RCA RADIO TUBES!**

You can buy RCA Victor radios on C. I. T. Easy Payment Plan! Remember, any radio set works better with an RCA Antenna System.

# RCA Victor

A SERVICE OF THE RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

**New cabinets in exotic, lustrous tropical woods**—The new RCA Victor cabinets are a delight to the eye. They offer you fresh, modern designs . . . rich, rare woods gleaming with fine hand finishing.

Now enjoy the RCA Victor Magic Voice in your car. Model 67M-2 is a new automobile radio which gives you console set tone and volume at a moderate price.

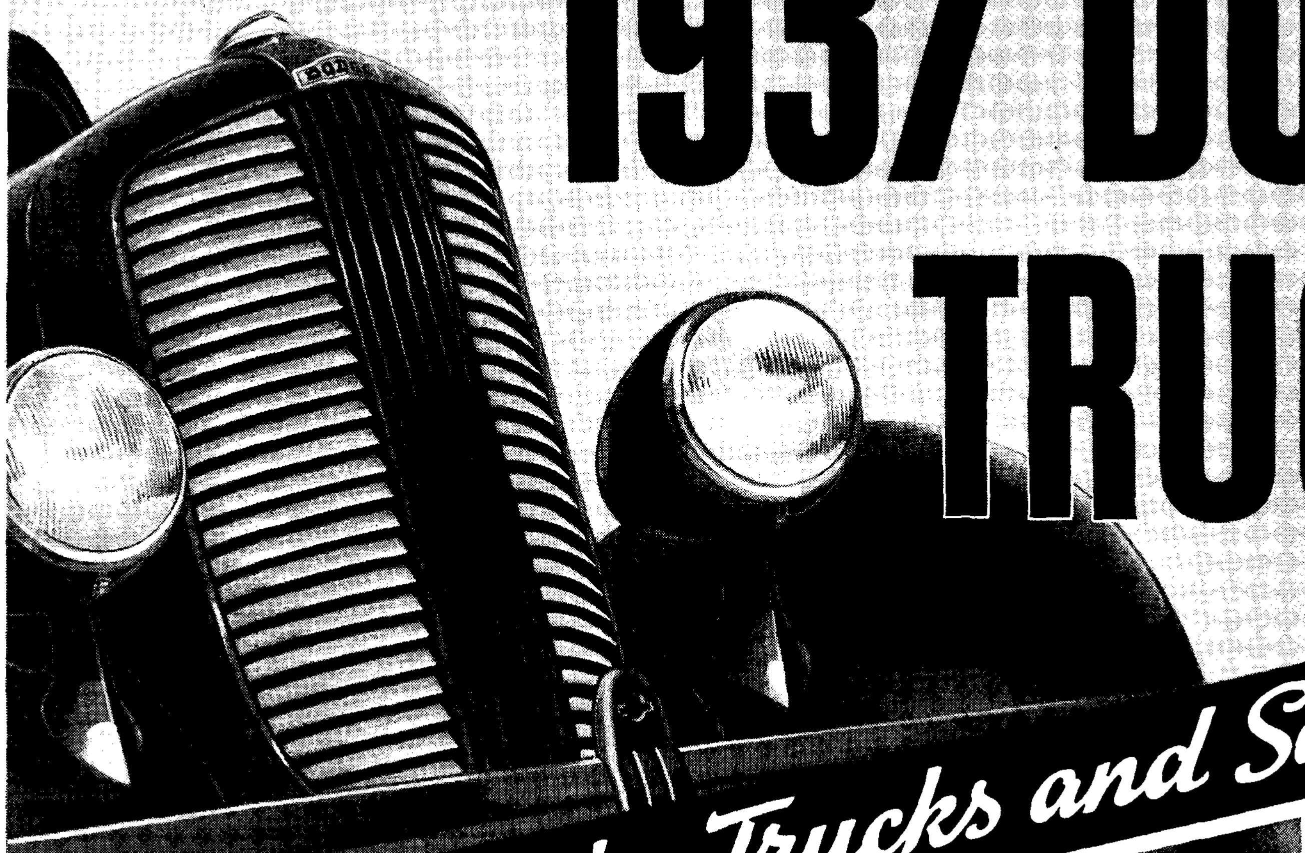
Model 5T-7—A lovely personal set in a modern blond maple case. It is handsome, small, but a thoroughly good radio with fine tone and volume.

Model 5U—This new table model phonograph-radio allows you to enjoy RCA Victor quality both in broadcast and recorded entertainment as you please. Compact design, needs little room.

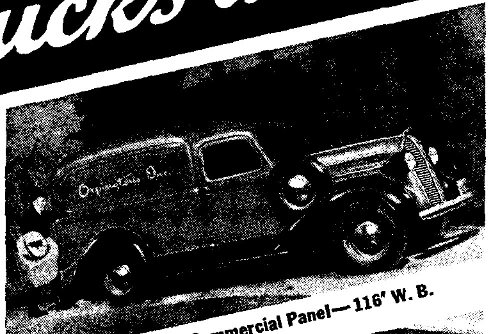
You can use your radio as an electric phonograph whenever you please with an inexpensive RCA Victor Record Player. Available in your choice of walnut, red, white and black finishes.

# Announcing Values To Astound America!

# New 1937 DODGE TRUCKS!

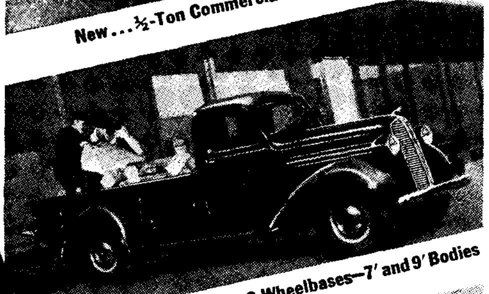


## Switch to Dodge Trucks and Save Money!

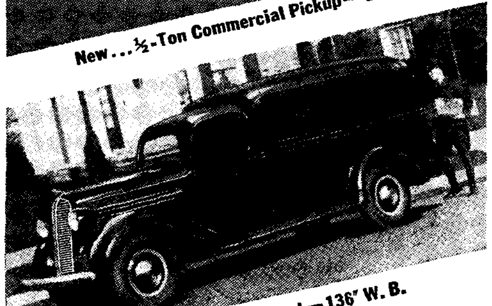


New...½-Ton Commercial Panel—116" W. B.

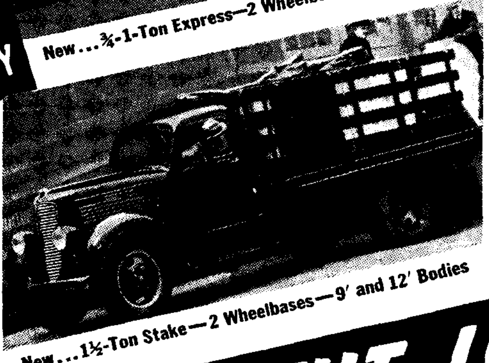
New...½-Ton Commercial Pickup—116" W. B.



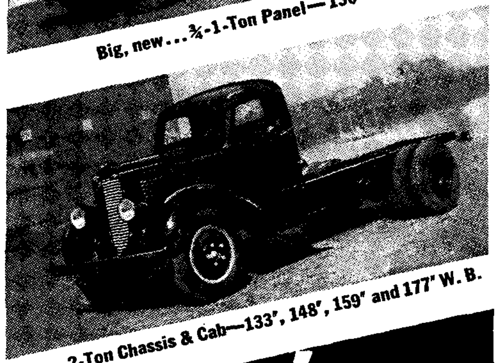
New...¾-1-Ton Express—2 Wheelbases—7' and 9' Bodies



Big, new...¾-1-Ton Panel—136" W. B.



New...1½-Ton Stake—2 Wheelbases—9' and 12' Bodies



New...2-Ton Chassis & Cab—133", 148", 159" and 177" W. B.

DODGE announces sensational new 1937 trucks with amazing advancements...new beauty ...more power...new cab features that add to both comfort and safety...many special gas, oil and tire-saving features...*priced with the lowest yet built to outlast them all!*

During the past year Dodge sales have grown at a rate almost twice as fast as the industry. Why have all these smart buyers switched? Here's the answer: Dodge trucks, although priced with the lowest, give you not just one but many extra money-saving features. And now, a "show-down" of features between Dodge and the other lowest-priced trucks for 1937, proves Dodge leads by a wider margin than ever!

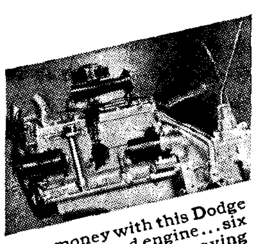
These great, new 1937 trucks are now on display at the showrooms of Dodge dealers everywhere. See them. Compare them. Learn why thousands are switching. You, too, can save truck money. Visit *your* Dodge dealer today!

**DODGE**
*Division of Chrysler Corporation*

**LOW DOWN PAYMENTS—LOW MONTHLY TERMS**

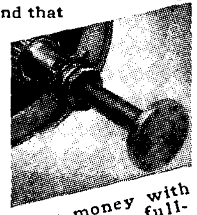
CONSULT YOUR DODGE DEALER. You'll find that easy terms can be arranged to fit your budget at low cost through Commercial Credit Company.

*Switch and get* **DODGE DEPENDABILITY**

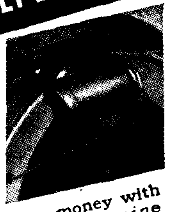


Save money with this Dodge 6-cyl., "L"-head engine...six special gas and oil-saving features save money every mile your truck is driven.

Save money with this Dodge safety-steel cab...more comfort, safer to ride in.



Save money with this Dodge full-floating rear axle. Owners say, "Dodge has the best rear end."



Save money with Dodge *genuine* hydraulic brakes —save tires and brake linings.

## PRICED WITH THE LOWEST!...
## On Display from Coast to Coast.. See Your Dodge Dealer

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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OWEN P. WHITE *and* JOHN T. FLYNN
*Associate Editors*

# Next Week

"LIFE Begins at Dawn." For whom? Well, for the milkman, for example, particularly if there's a girl on his route. As was the case with Dan Canavan.

The girl was Jake Bewley's daughter and Jake was the politician who ran the town. He didn't like milkmen, especially milkmen named Canavan. Which made it tough. But a milkman can always leave notes. And even before the days of Dan Canavan notes have been known to lead to romance. Thomas McMorrow writes a story of love before breakfast.

BUTTE, Montana, is a city built by a hill, "The Richest Hill on Earth." It's a hill full of copper and from copper came the wealth of Butte. Then suddenly copper fell in price and Butte declined. But that's all in the past; copper is rising now and every time it goes up a cent a pound, the laborer's wage goes up fifty cents a day. There's money in the streets of Butte again and in the saloons and gambling halls. It's money that came easily and is going hilariously. Walter Davenport takes you to see how Butte is standing prosperity.

ABBIE GALE was stranded in France. She had to have a job in order to get home. So she became the governess of Lem, the hell child. It was a strange household she entered, brooded over by fear and disappointment and death. She came out of it "The Second Mrs. Brown," with life still before her and America as far away as ever. Her romantic story is told by Wilbur Daniel Steele.

FOR us, as a nation, the vintners have nothing but pity. We drink a measly three or four gallons of wine apiece annually. The Frenchman drinks forty-two. So you can see. But the vintners believe there is hope for us—by way of education and better wines. Frank J. Taylor reveals the prospect.

TWO things Sam Balch thought about, his stomach and his corns. The man couldn't be a hero. But that was all right; the air line that hired him said explicitly, "No Heroes Wanted." However, when bandits tried to rob a gold mine twelve thousand feet up in the Cordilleras, Sam acted. The story is by Francis and Katharine Drake.

JOHN PAINE writes the Short Short Story. Owen P. White, Duncan Norton-Taylor, Kyle Crichton, Ernest Haycox, Octavus Roy Cohen, Freling Foster and others contribute fiction and articles. Who could ask for more?

# This Week

●

January 30, 1937

*Cover by Jaro Fabry*

**OCTAVUS ROY COHEN**
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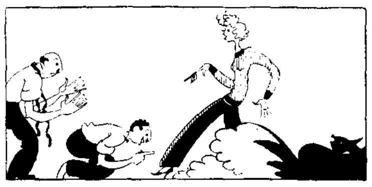
●

# Any Week

MR. MORRY LUXENBERG of New York City is a tailor. At least he thought he was until he saw Ronald McLeod's heroine on page 20 of our November 21st issue. We know you've kept that number. Therefore we don't have to describe it. But what fascinated Mr. Luxenberg was that the lady is "walking ashore through the waves without having her trousers the least bit damp and with a decided crease down the legs. We would appreciate it," goes on Mr. Luxenberg, "if you will ask the lady where she got that material. We could sell a lot of it."

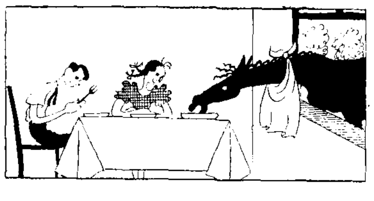


WE REFUSE to be amazed by trifles like that. We're like a Mr. Trogent whom we met in Utah not long ago. Mr. Trogent was accompanied by a remarkable-looking dog. The dog looked to us as though it had started out to be a mastiff and then changed its mind several times before it grew up. We said something about our thoughts. "Don't let that bother you," said Mr. Trogent. "Oliver, here, has turned out to be as fine a dog as you'll ever see. Let's see—he's bitten one governor, a brigadier general, several sheriffs, a couple of farm agents and five or six of them AAA fellows from Washington, to say nothing of half a CCC camp. And while I ain't asking you to believe me, it ain't gone to his head a mite."

EXTRAORDINARY things are happening all around us. We accept them calmly and, when they're truly remarkable, set them down here. For example, the story of the education of Mr. Joe Pryzinski as relayed to us by Mr. Leon Archibald of Minneapolis, Minnesota. Says Mr. Archibald: "Mr. Pryzinski owns a truck. He sought work for it on a WPA project. He was invited to bid truck-and-driver services on U. S. Standard Form No. 694 dash 283 colon A dash R parenthesis 23T Revised. Mr. Pryzinski did so, going so far as laboriously to sign his name at the bottom. Mr. Pryzinski's bid was accepted. Just to get the records all nice and straight, he had laboriously to sign his name to 201 divers and sundry other government forms during the first two weeks. Of course this did not leave much time for truck driving but it did prove to Washington that there was nothing phony about Mr. Pryzinski's affiliation with Official Project No. 43 dash 96 dash 395 J County-Wide Highway Supplement S dash 2386492-B. By the end of the first pay-roll period Mr. Pryzinski had signed thirty-six other forms at nine different desks and thought he was getting along fine. But in all this signing Mr. Pryzinski's writing had improved so much that the paymaster in Washington began to doubt the authenticity of Joe's original signature, so they're withholding his latest pay check while special agents from Mr. Hopkins' office and Mr. Ickes' sleuths are investigating. But Mr. Pryzinski is having himself a hell of a time signing things right and left and, he hopes, getting paid for it, too."

A TOUCH of bitterness is detected in this one—from Mr. W. R. Tingle of Morganton, North Carolina. "I observe," says he, "that one Mr. A. Wayne Holeman of Winamac, Indiana, desires to locate a very short humorous story published by you sometime within the past seven years. He is mistaken in the magazine. I have read every issue, except one, for a much longer period and do not recall any story of that description. Besides, I have sent you several stories of that nature and they have all been returned."

BUT we're still worrying about an animal story we heard in Montana. A rancher has an old horse so beloved by the children that they have insisted that the beast eat with them. This was all right in moderate weather, a window being left open and the horse lapping up his oats from a table just inside. But when winter settled in, the nag refused to eat in the stable and now persists, when loose, in dashing to the house, breaking the window and sticking his head through, uttering hoarse demands for his dinner. We think we'd better not tell you the name of the rancher. But you won't care about that. All we want you to do is solve that rancher's problem. How is he going to keep his horse and children satisfied and, at the same time, keep the window intact? Frankly, the problem has us down. So we'll tell you what we'll do. We'll pay *ten dollars* for what we consider the best solution to the rancher's problem. Your answers must be on our desk not later than February 20th.



BE *brief* and *brilliant.*

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# The Great Imitator

THE next great plague to go is syphilis. Dr. Thomas Parran, Surgeon General of the United States Public Health Service, has stated that a major objective of his administration is to stamp out syphilis.

Dr. Parran reports that in the Scandinavian countries an aroused public opinion caused the governments to take effective measures which have reduced syphilis to negligible proportions. Less than 1600 new cases were found in Norway, Sweden and Denmark during the past year.

* * * * *

In the United States, according to the best evidence, there are more than a half million new cases of syphilis every year seeking medical care. Of these, only one in five gets into the hands of competent physicians soon enough to receive the full benefit of early and continued treatment. All told there are estimated to be seven million new and old cases in the country.

In its early stages, this virulent infection can usually be completely cured by experienced, licensed physicians. Much can be done even for those suffering from the disease in its advanced stages. Syphilis is then "The Great Imitator." It may masquerade as heart, lung, throat or kidney trouble; as a form of skin disease or as rheumatism. It often attacks the brain or spinal cord. It may result in blindness, deafness, paralysis, or insanity.

Many persons are unaware of their infection. The disease may be passed unknowingly from one person to another. Fathers and mothers have infected their children in this way. Most tragic of all are its innocent prey, especially babies born with syphilis. Early and competent prenatal care of syphilitic mothers can prevent most cases of congenital syphilis—children born diseased, blind or deaf, or with crippled bodies or minds.

THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

As a rule, syphilis cannot be diagnosed from outward signs alone, because often there are none. The presence of syphilis can be positively determined only by medical examination and laboratory tests. Too frequently its victims appeal to the medical charlatan and the quack who promise speedy and sure cures. These promises may be not only false but dangerous. They delay proper treatment when early care is vital and delay costly.

*There is no quick nor short-cut method of curing syphilis.* Treatments must be regular, usually weekly, for a period of many months. Because obvious signs and symptoms often disappear after a few treatments, many patients consider themselves cured and stop treatments. This may be an irreparable mistake. The full effects of the disease may not appear until years later. Only the doctor, with repeated blood tests as his guide, can determine when a cure has been effected.

* * * * *

Most communities maintain clinics to care for those who are unable to pay for treatment. Local health departments or medical societies are prepared to refer those in need of treatment to qualified physicians. Prevention, early diagnosis and thorough treatment will overcome this most dangerous enemy of mankind. Send for a free copy of the Metropolitan booklet, "The Great Imitator." Address Booklet Department 237-C.

* * * * *

On February 3rd, 1937, the first National Social Hygiene Day, public health authorities and local organizations all over the country will discuss the control of syphilis. The American Social Hygiene Association, 50 West 50th St., New York, N. Y., will be glad to send literature and full particulars regarding the meetings.

*Keep Healthy—Be Examined Regularly*

## METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, Chairman of the Board — ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. — LEROY A. LINCOLN, President

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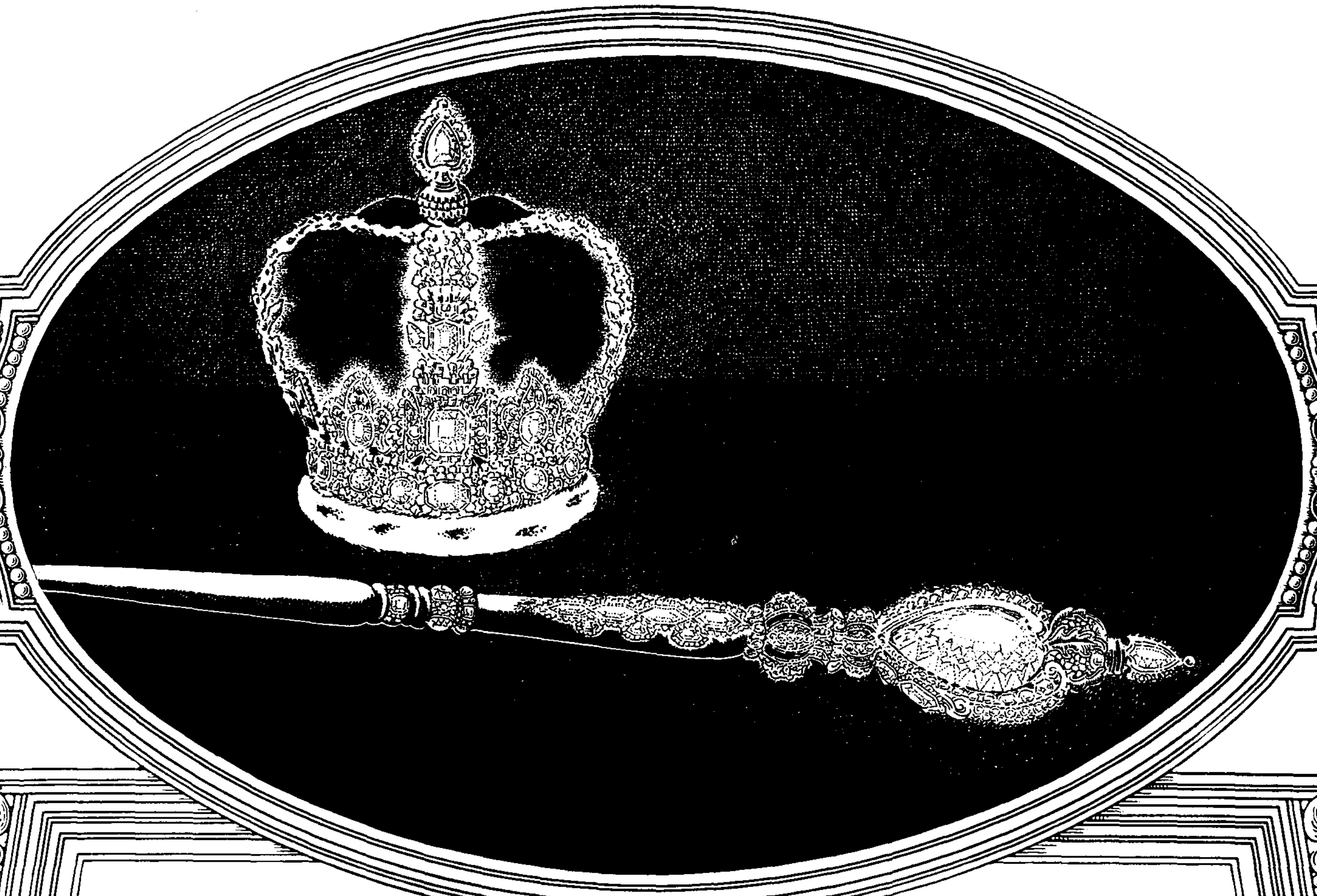

# DIAMONDS NEVER HAVE BEEN SUCCESSFULLY IMITATED

Imitators have made something that looks like a diamond. But at best it is lacking in diamond-quality and diamond-value. It is not a gem unless it is an original. The imitation has little worth in any market. And it serves no practical purpose, for it is soft and cheap and useless. Long ago we were the originators of the stencil printing process. And our laboratories have sponsored every real improvement that has ever been made in that process. Our stencils and inks have been imitated—in appearance only. The methods by which they are made are secret—and exacting. They may have been copied, but never duplicated. And the product thereof is the high-quality standard of the world. The Mimeograph invariably does a sure and excellent job when the supplies intended for it are used. Genuine! For brilliant work—for good work—insist on having the original. A. B. Dick Company, Chicago.

## MIMEOGRAPH

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Collier's The National Weekly for January 30, 1937

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# I Love You Again

By
Octavus Roy Cohen

***Beginning one of the notable mystery stories of 1937: The adventures of a man who couldn't remember eight eventful years—or the name of the girl he married!***

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

GEORGE CAREY pressed his hands against a throbbing forehead, opened his eyes for the third time and remarked, "This room has absolutely no business to be going up and down and round and round."

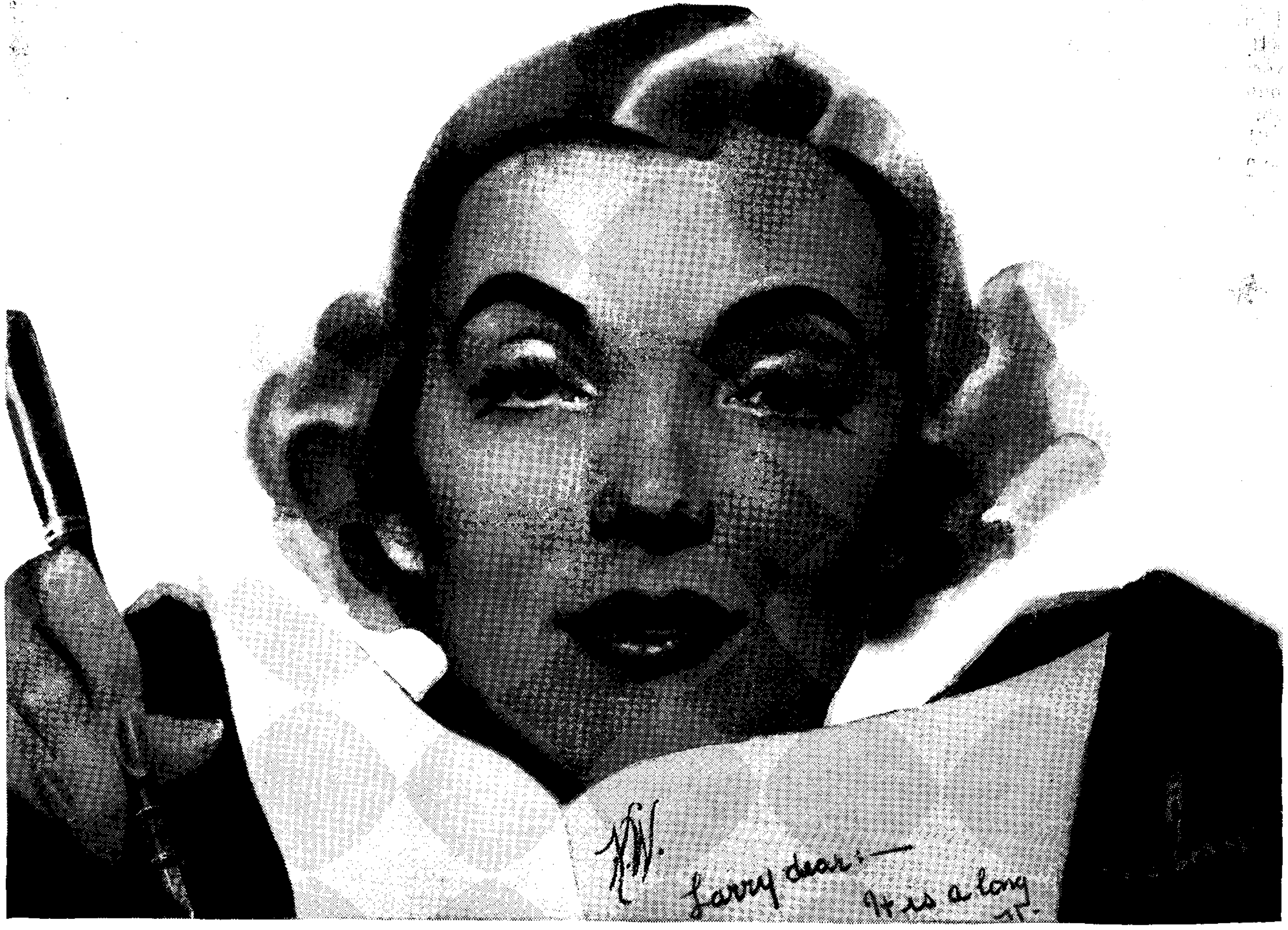
He subjected himself to several tests. Perhaps, he reflected, the room actually was not moving; perhaps the headache was causing him to feel a motion which was not there. But there were other things which impelled him to doubt.

There was, for instance, a porthole where, normally, a window should have been; there was a steady, soothing swish, as of water; there were dark paneled walls and fixtures which had been designed for space economy. George Carey grinned ruefully and shook his head. "It must have been a honey," he told himself, "and I'm on a ship."

He sat up in bed and stared about the cabin. It was a nice cabin, one with private bath, and the bed opposite gave no evidence of having been slept in. Mr. Carey would have frowned had the pain in his head not made that procedure inadvisable. As it was, he concentrated upon thinking, but the more he thought, the less he understood.

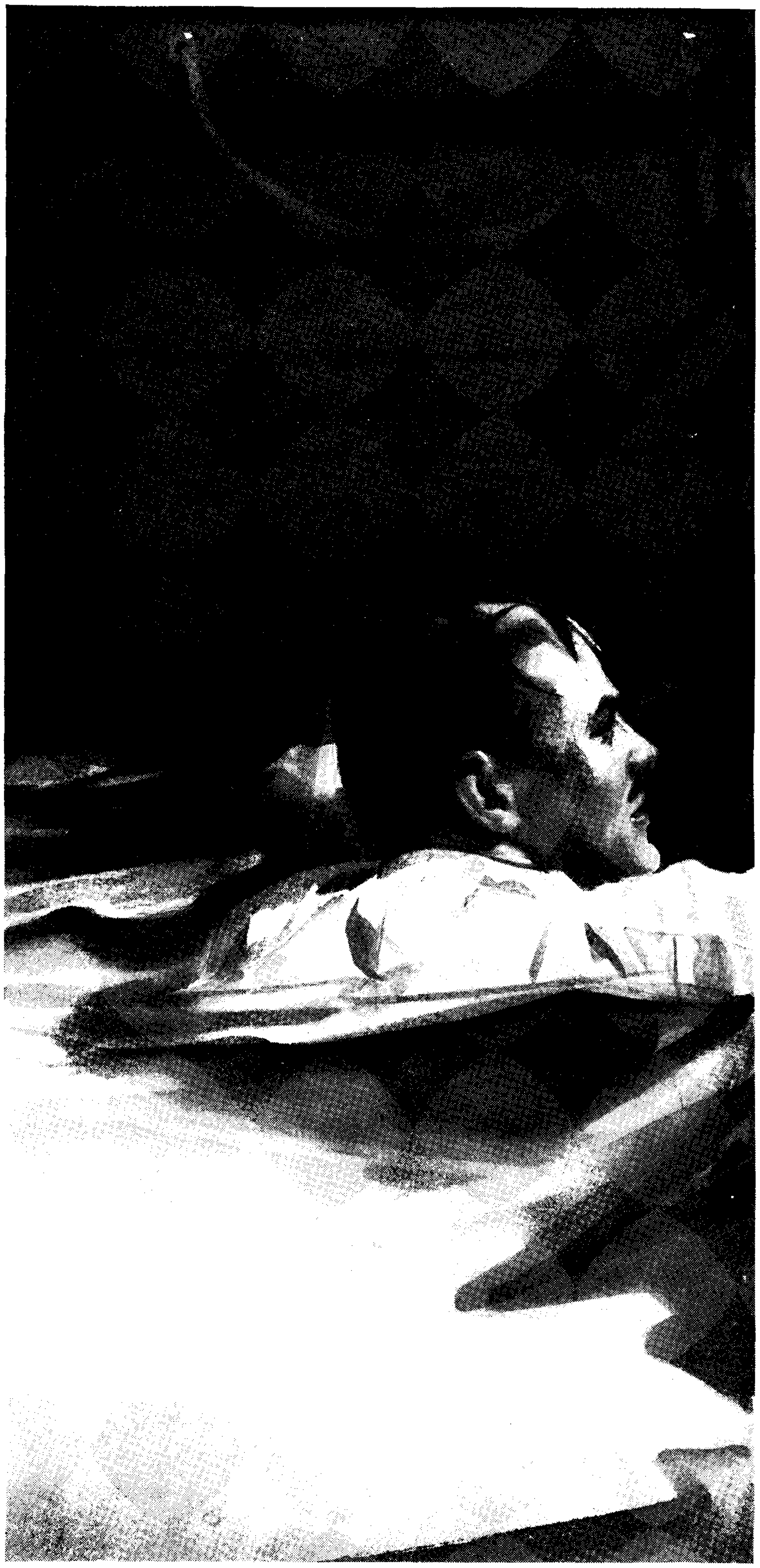
He touched the bandage with which his head was decorated. It was a large, efficient bandage, saturated with some sort of liniment of which George Carey did not approve. He tried to remember what had happened, but his thoughts were hazy. He knew he hadn't been drinking. He knew it because he never drank. Something light once in a while when opportunity offered, but nothing that could really be called drinking; nothing that could cause him to find himself on a ship when he knew perfectly well he had not planned to be on a ship. It was all very unusual and very disturbing. Mr. Carey felt that if his headache would ease up—even for a few minutes—he'd be able to figure things out. At the moment, however, that was a process too fraught with certainty of pain.

A stranger, peeping into that cabin, would have decided that—without bandage—George Carey was an exceedingly handsome man. Even in bed he gave an impression of height and of athletic slenderness. His features were small and well formed. His strong mouth was marked by a thin line of mustache; his eyes were dark brown and inclined to reflect a keen sense of humor; there were faint crow's feet at the corners of his eyes, and quizzical lines at the edges of the mouth. The gauze which swathed his head detracted from any sudden impression of masculine attractiveness which one might otherwise get; yet you would have known that he was a gentleman,



**"And I suppose we were too sure of ourselves, dear; too smugly satisfied that we were different"**

**"I was pretty much all in when they dragged us on board but I was worried plenty about you. Looked as though you had been severely injured rescuing me"**



that he was intelligent, that he was about thirty years of age and that he would, in all probability, prove to be a delightful companion.

But just at the moment, George Carey was not at all concerned with what others might think of him. He was struggling to know what he thought about himself. He was frankly and completely confused as to his whereabouts. *Ship. Ocean. Injured head. Even the* blue pajamas with the strange monogram on the jacket. He pressed a tiny button marked "Steward."

THE door opened almost instantly to admit a rather cadaverous individual in dark trousers and white coat. The steward's long, lean face was marked by solicitude. He said, with great cheeriness, "Good morning, Mr. Wilson.

George Carey looked up, startled, and said, "Good morning."

"How are you feeling this morning, sir?"

"Pretty rocky."

"Your head . . . ?"

"Yes."

"I was afraid it would, sir. That was a nasty crack you got. I seen them when they drug you on board—"

"Oh! So they drug me on board, eh?"

"Yes, sir. You was out cold. And why not, thinks I, with one of them lifeboat oars layin' your head wide open."

"I take it," said George Carey, "that I was unconscious for a while."

"Stiff, sir. Stiff as a dried herring."

"Delightful. And they put me in here . . . ?"

"Where else, sir? The doc said you'd be more comfortable than in the hospital." The steward's eyes shone. "I'm telling you, Mr. Wilson, that sure was something you done last night. Nobody else seen that guy go overboard. All they seen was when you jumped. They didn't know whether you was trying to rescue somebody or knock yourself off. It sure was exciting."

It occurred to George Carey that there were more and more things which he could not understand. He asked, "And what happened after that?"

"I ain't surprised you don't remember. Lemme see . . . Well, the whistle blowed and the engines stopped, and they dropped a boat overside and turned the searchlight on the water. Good thing the sea was smooth, like it's been all through the trip, or most likely they'd've never found you and Mr. Rountree."

"May I ask who Mr. Rountree is?"

"He's the gent you rescued."

"Oh. . . . I trust he's all right."

"Fit as a fiddle, Mr. Wilson, and tellin' everybody how you held him up when he was going down for the third time—only he swears it was the fourth or fifth. And he's all worried up about you gettin' hit on the head with that oar."

"I'm not so pleased myself."

"It was a hefty wallop all right. Now suppose I fetch you a good hot cup of black coffee. . . ." The steward turned to go, but George Carey halted him.

"JUST a minute. There are a few more things I want to ask. . . . You see, I'm not thinking very clearly."

"You wouldn't be. That's right, sir. And if I can say so, Mr. Wilson, we're all mighty proud of you. Mighty proud. Sparks was tellin' me this morning that they sent the story out over the wireless. I bet it's already been printed in all the papers this morning."

"All what papers?"

"The newspapers, sir. In all the States."

"I see. . . . And tell me this: Are we headed for the States?"

"Why, yes, sir." The steward grinned broadly. He said, "I declare, Mr. Wilson—you're a card. Always bein' funny—even with a headache."

"Humor before breakfast. . . . And just one more thing: How does it happen that you are calling me Mr. Wilson?"

*The steward appeared to find the* query excessively funny. His deep-throated laughter reverberated through the limited confines of the cabin. He said, "I declare—you sure *are* a card."

"Agreed. I'm a card. But what I'm trying to find out is . . ."

The door of the cabin opened slightly, and a mild voice inquired, "May I come in?"

Without waiting for an answer, a man followed the voice into the stateroom. Carey found himself gazing at a cherubic little man, round of body and of face, pudgy rather than stout, and of less than average height.

The stranger had bright, twinkling, baby-blue eyes. He had pink cheeks and a very bald, pink head. His age might have been anywhere from thirty-five to forty, and he gazed at the gentleman on the bed with an expression of comprehensive adoration.

THE newcomer was immaculately dressed, although a severe critic might have found his raiment almost too studied. The suit was gray—pearl gray—and the broadcloth shirt was also of gray, although a shade more pale. The necktie was of an almost austere blue, and about the man's neck was a black ribbon on the end of which was suspended a pair of gold-rimmed glasses.

Soft pink fingers rescued these glasses from a small pink nose, and the stranger gestured with them. He said, "Good morning, Larry. How's our hero this morning?"

George Carey turned away from the mild, pleasant voice and glanced inquiringly at his room steward.

"You remember, Mr. Wilson. This is Mr. Rountree—the gentleman you rescued last night."

Mr. Rountree beamed. "You certainly did, Larry. I didn't have much chance to thank you last night—and that's why I'm here now."

"Forget it," advised George Carey.

"Afraid that's impossible. Quite impossible." Mr. Rountree's soft voice was freighted with gratitude, and he continued to punctuate his rather staccato remarks with motions of his gold-rimmed glasses. "I made a monkey out of myself, falling overboard. I owe you my life, which is a rather heavy debt. It is, truly. I'm not very ready with words—"

George Carey shook his head and addressed the steward. "I think I'd like a cup of coffee. Black."

"Right away, sir. And I'll tell the doctor you're awake."

The door closed. Jason Rountree pulled a chair close to the bed, said, "May I?" and seated himself. He asked anxiously, "Hurt much?"

"A little."

"I'm awfully sorry they had to hit you."

"Had to?"

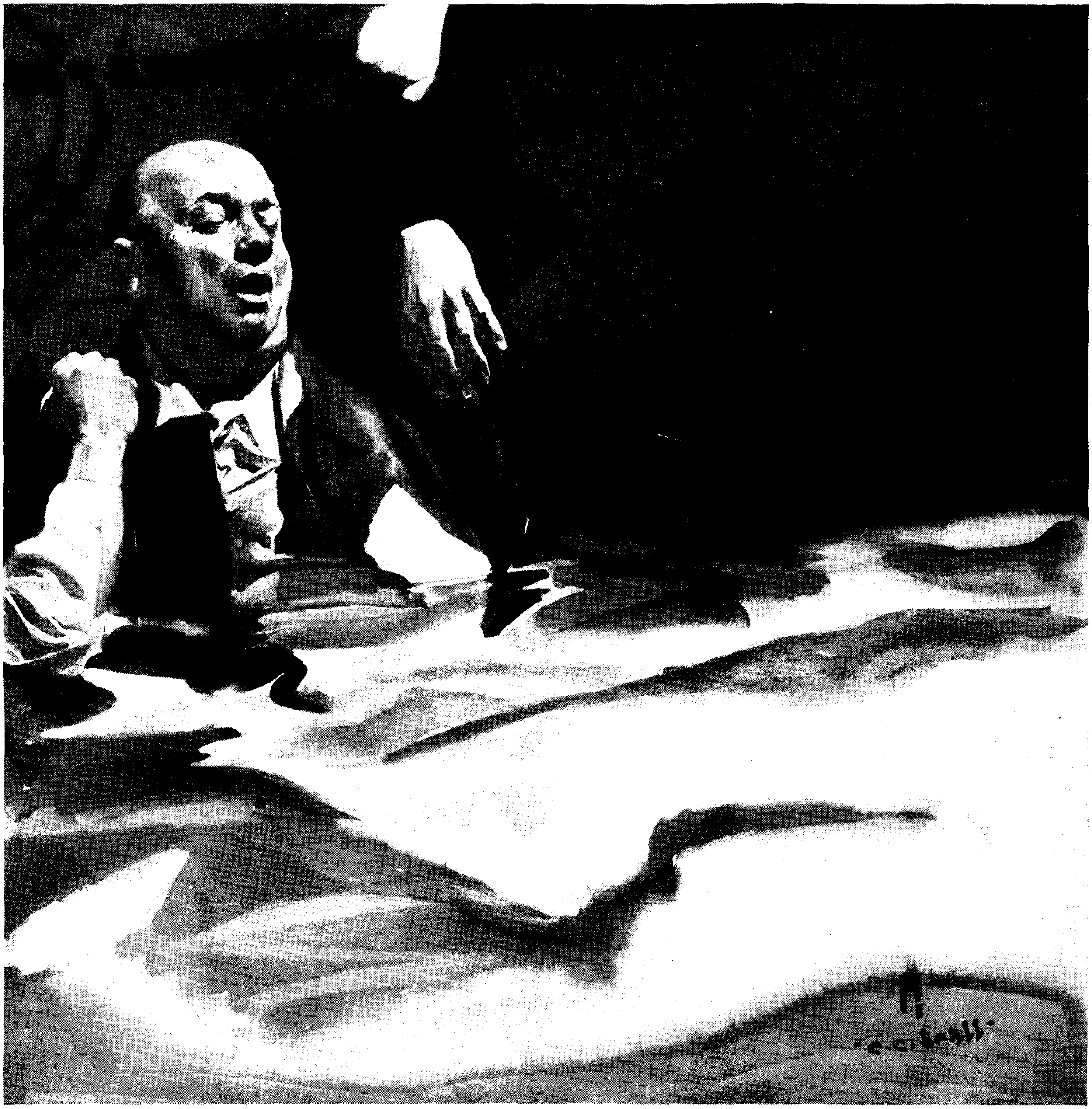
The glasses made a small circle in the air. "I didn't mean it just that way. I suppose I was fighting you, and when the lifeboat swung around to pick us up, an oar caught you right on the head. I was pretty much all in when they dragged us on board, but I was worried plenty about you. Really was. Felt badly. Looked as though you had been severely injured rescuing me. I didn't like that."

GEORGE CAREY asked politely, "You're feeling all right now?"

"Perfect. Never felt better." Mr. Rountree's pink face twisted slightly. "Except I still have a toothache. But that's nothing compared to what you're feeling. Nothing at all. Just a toothache."

Carey shook his head. "I wish I could remember things clearly."

"I wish so, too. I certainly do. You were really mighty fine. As I said, I owe you whatever my life is worth. No need to keep on repeating. I simply want you to understand that I mean it, and that if



there is anything I could do—now or any time—all I need is a hint."

"I believe you're sincere."

"I am."

George Carey studied the man whose life he had saved. He was a delightful little chap, and there was more than a suspicion of vast worldly wisdom behind those baby-blue eyes and the bright, birdlike manner. George Carey said, "You really feel that you'd like to do something for me?"

"Nothing would make me happier."

"You owe me your life?"

"Yes. And it means a heap to me."

"Well, all I want from you is one thing, Mr. Rountree—"

"Please!" The gold-rimmed glasses were poked in George Carey's direction. "Certainly you wouldn't mind calling me Jason." He gestured apologetically. "I've been thinking of you as Larry since last night. Doesn't seem right to be formal under these circumstances. So if I can be Jason to you . . ."

"Okay, Jason. Now here's the setup. I've got to talk. I've got to ask questions. But most important of all, I've got to trust you."

Jason Rountree radiated happiness. "I think you can do that, Larry. I do, really. You don't know anything about me, but I can explain easy—easily—enough."

"I'd like to hear."

"I HOPE you won't be shocked. Don't believe you will. For the last few years I've been following the races. Wherever and whenever. Saratoga—Belmont—Havre de Grace—New Orleans. But before that . . ." Mr. Rountree paused, as though fearful of destroying his benefactor's friendship: "Well, before that, Larry, I was what you might call on the illegal side."

"Meaning what?"

"Well, frankly, I owned a speak-easy. A very nice one. In New York. It was against the law then, but it would be all right now. Entirely proper—so I don't feel bad about it. I retired after repeal. Been enjoying myself since. That's how I happened to come on this cruise. Carefree and foot-loose: that's me. Anyway . . ." The glasses were placed on Mr. Rountree's nose. "In my business, Larry—the business I used to be in—a man saw and heard lots of things. He had to learn to keep his mouth shut. I'm telling you that so you won't be afraid to trust me."

The man on the bed smiled. "I do trust you. And this will be strictly between us."

"Absolutely." Jason paused as the steward entered to deposit a cup of steaming coffee on the bedside table. Then Mr. Rountree made a circular gesture of dismissal. "That'll be all," he said, and the steward vanished, smiling fatuously.

"Now," invited Jason Rountree. "Suppose you tell me what's worrying you."

"Right." George Carey leaned back against the pillows, took a deep draught of the black coffee, and gazed at Jason Rountree.

"First," he inquired, "why do you insist on calling me Larry Wilson?"

"What?" Mr. Rountree looked startled. "What's that?"

"Why do you call me Larry Wilson?"

"That's your name, isn't it?"

"Is it?"

"My goodness . . ." Jason rose abruptly and started for the door. George Carey

***(Continued on page 48)***

# Rules for Suckers

## By John T. Flynn

***Dollars are crowding back into Wall Street—by the million. Stocks are moving rapidly up and down. A new boom is on the way—a bigger one than that of 1929 unless the new controls keep it in check. Most important of these is the SEC, now operating busily. The sucker crop, however, is perennial***

CARTOONS BY D. R. FITZPATRICK

WELL! Well! If here isn't our old friend Wall Street back in the news again.

For years—six long ones—the old street had been living in the shadows. There was, of course, the great General Shadow of the universal slump. But Broad and Wall had its own special collection of haunts. It was investigated by Mr. Hoover, who pursued the shorts, who, in his eyes, were no better than Democrats. And then it was investigated by Roosevelt and finally legislated against and new-dealed. People lost billions there and hated the place. It has been under suspicion, and now the SEC, or Gay-Pay-Oo, broods over the scene. Under the circumstances it has been rather difficult for brokers to keep their spirits up.

But suddenly in the latter part of last year the clouds began to thin out and the long, pleasant rays of sunlight began to break through and send their genial light and warmth all through the dark corners where prosperity had refused to turn up. The last straw to break the back of gloom was what happened the day after election. The brokers went to their offices after the appalling news of election night to find their desks piled high with buy orders. A banker who had spent a couple of months at Republican headquarters fighting for liberty said: "This is the most successful disaster I have ever seen."

Wall Street, of course, was once the magic island—the modern cave of Ali Baba where the hidden treasure lay, where all you needed was a little cash and a lot of luck to grow rich in a few weeks. Then suddenly all the treasure seemed to vanish. Instead of sudden riches we had sudden debt. But last year the dreamers returned.

The naïve illusion which many nurse about Wall Street is a never-ending source of amazement. Back in the 'twenties a lady asked me about the chances of a certain stock about which she had been favored with a tip. I told her it would probably go up but not nearly so much as she supposed. "Oh!" she said, "I think I'll buy it anyhow. Suppose I only double my money." That was the way people felt then. And the preposterous delusion persists. And, you may ask, why not?

Suppose you had bought 100 shares of American Locomotive, Preferred, at 66 sometime last year. That would mean an investment of $6,600. In December that stock was selling at 119. Your investment would have been worth $11,900—total profit, $5,300. Think of it—$5,300 profit on $6,600 staked—80 per cent. Pretty soft!

But listen! Suppose you had bought American Steel Foundry at 20. A hundred shares would have cost $2,000. In December it was 59—$5,900 for the hundred shares. Profit, $3,900. There's doubling your money—doubling it almost twice—190 per cent profit.

But you haven't heard anything yet. Suppose, instead of buying American Locomotive, Preferred, you had bought Baldwin, Common, at 2. You might have had 5,000 shares for $10,000. In a few months those shares had soared to $50,000—$40,000 profit—a clean 400 per cent.

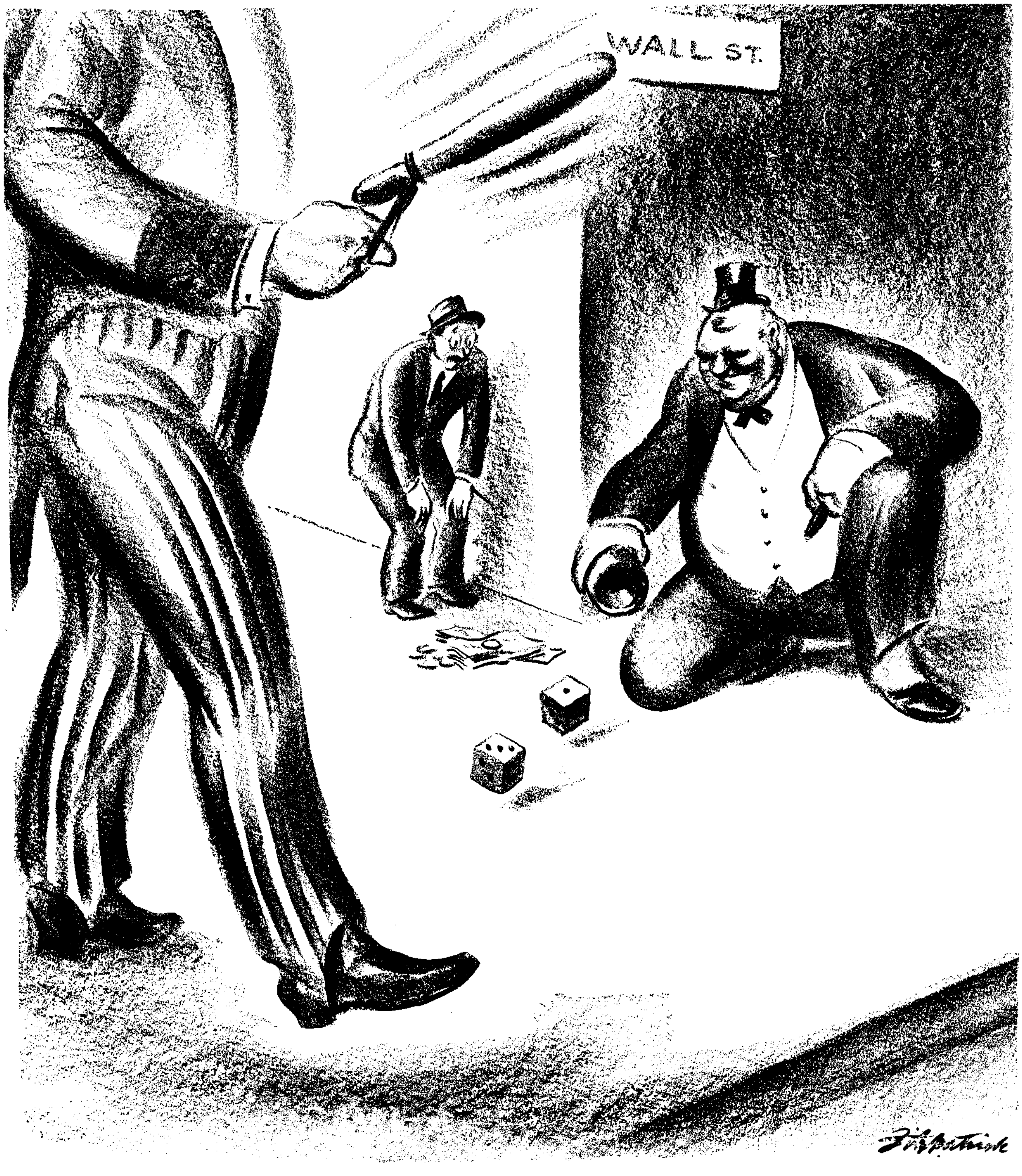
Yes, friends, there's millions in it, if—*if!* If what? But let's go on with the glamorous, golden story. Suppose you had bought Clark Equipment at 46. A hundred shares of that would mean a mere $4,600. By December, where had it gone? To 32. But that would mean a loss of $1,400. Of course it would have been foolish to buy Clark Equipment. Better try something else. What? Continental Steel, for instance. That was selling for 46 too. And in December that was not 32, like Clark Equipment. It was 28. Loss $1,800. That's the trouble. Maybe they are not so easy to pick. Suppose you had bought Granby Consolidated at 11—1,000 shares for $11,000. In December it was 4—$4,000. Loss $7,000.

### Gilt-Edged Guideposts

But of course it's foolish to pick things like Granby Consolidated. The thing to do is to keep your eyes on active stocks for which there is an active market. Something like Atlas Tack, for instance. Instead of buying Clark Equipment you might have bought Atlas Tack or A. O. Smith or Advance Rumely. Apparently people were buying these shares, people who knew. There was a demand for them. If you had bought Atlas Tack at 30 you could have sold it for—what's this? Only 14. You could have gotten A. O. Smith at 72. But, alas! it went to 44. But Advance Rumely—you might have purchased 100 shares of that at 21—$2,100. In November that was—Great heavens! Only 3. Loss, $1,800 out of $2,100.

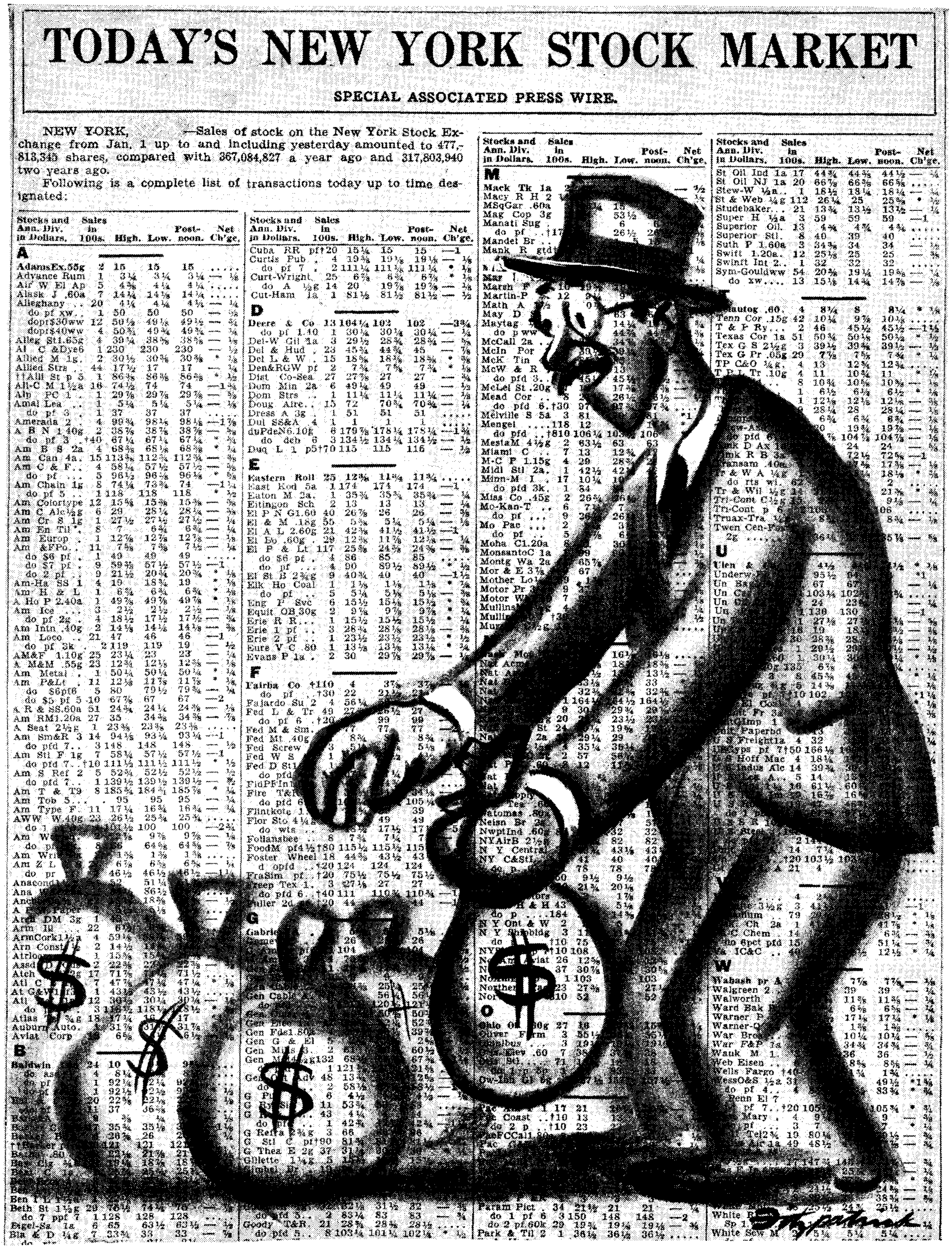
That's the trouble with this game. There's so much chance of picking the wrong stock. You have to do more than pick the right ones. You have to pick them at the right time. And you have to sell them at the right time.

Only last October a leading New York bank printed an interesting advertisement. Since 1894 it said there had been 794 railroad receiverships; in the last



**The Securities and Exchange Commission—known as the SEC—is the big G-man patrolling the financial beat**

**Wall Street, of course, was once the magic island—the modern cave of Ali Baba where the hidden treasure lay**



NEW YORK, —Sales of stock on the New York Stock Exchange from Jan. 1 up to and including yesterday amounted to 477,813,345 shares, compared with 367,084,827 a year ago and 317,803,940 two years ago.

Following is a complete list of transactions today up to time designated:

six years, 101. Of all the Class 1 railroads now operating in the United States, over half have been in receivership or bankruptcy at some time since 1894. Yet the securities of nearly all these investments at some time during that time were blue chips. And there is the story. The blue chip of yesteryear is the white elephant of today. Can you win at it? Yes, if you know how to speculate. Do you know how to speculate? The answer is *No*.

But it is all this activity, these potential profits, this churning up and down of shares, which marks the return of Wall Street to the precincts of the sun. The signs have been all around for some time. The tip services have been functioning and the counsel or services have been offering you their gilt-edged guideposts and books along the primrose path. And the stock salesman is loose in the land—probably you have had a telephone call from a "boiler room," or a visit, if your name is still on any of the sucker lists.

### A New Policeman on Wall Street

Look at your daily papers. "The 1937 Boom and How to Profit By It," reads one ad. "Eight new opportunities," "An Engineer Bridges Wall Street," read others.

"What's ahead for stocks?" If you want to know, just send for Bulletin X-147. "How to understand the market—the Point and Figure Method." "Is there a scientific approach to stock-market problems?" Just write to Mr. Van Blank for that little pamphlet: "Danger Signals in the Market." You can tell when the cycle is ready for the grand slide. Booklet on request—"What stocks to buy. When to buy them. When to *sell*." *That's absolutely all you need to know.* And you can get it on a four-weeks' trial for $1. So why stay poor?

And so, you ask, can it be that the old Wall Street is to return? Which leads us to ask what is Wall Street, 1937-model, like? Is it better or worse? What about the SEC? What has it done to the Temple? And where are the money-changers?

Well, there have been some changes. But what the sum of it all is to be remains to be seen. We shall have to wait to see whether a real boom develops and the folks start tossing their money around like sailors before we can know.

Let's go down to the neighborhood of the Temple and have a look around. First of all, a lot of the big boys have gone during these dismal years—the men whose names were on every tongue in the purlieus of Wall Street during the great days of Calvin Coolidge.

Percy Rockefeller is dead. William C. Durant, who lived in the midst of telephones to his many brokers' offices, even on shipboard, is in bankruptcy and is now promoting some new gadget. Jesse Livermore is in his second bankruptcy. Arthur Cutten, the $20-a-week clerk who became king of the grain pit and then flowed into Wall Street during the great boom, is dead, leaving an estate of $350,000 subject to a claim of $640,000—the pitiful remnant of a fortune made over the tape which ran to scores of millions. Mike Meehan, the theater-ticket salesman who bought a Curb seat and then rose like a rocket to own eight Stock Exchange seats, and who dazzled the world with his famous pools in Radio, is ill in a sanitarium and under charges by the SEC for market manipulation. In fact, the Street has not been a particularly fruitful or hospitable spot for the old-style adventurers up to now. The public psychology hasn't been right. The old experiences are too vividly recent.

And as for the busy issues—the active shares, the market leaders—how different they are. Take the most active shares of 1928 and 1929. They were Allied Chemical and Dye, American Can, American Smelting and Refining, General Motors, United States Steel, Anaconda, Mack Trucks, International Nickel, Woolworth, Radio, Baldwin, Montgomery Ward, S. O. of New Jersey, Chrysler, Columbia Graphophone, Consolidated Gas and a few others.

Now look at the list—Curtiss-Wright, Ohio Oil, Hupp Motor Car, International Hydro-Electric A, Consolidated Oil, Texas Gulf Products, Baldwin Locomotive, Commonwealth and Southern, Houston Oil.

But there is one great difference discernible now in Wall Street. And, of course, the same thing is discernible in all the little Wall Streets all over the country. It is the old gentleman with the long white goatee, and trousers hitched under his boots, walking up and down outside with the policeman's stick in his hand. For now the federal government is on watch over Wall Street.

### Keeping an Eye on the Market

This is the fruit of the Securities Exchange Act and the Securities Act of 1933, better known as the Truth-in-Securities Act. As a result of this legislation there is a commission—the Securities and Exchange Commission—known as the SEC. And this commission is the big G-man patrolling the financial beat. The big question down on that beat is—will the SEC do very much about it? And what will it do? Will it help trade in the Temple? Or will it hurt?

The Securities and Exchange Commission has its headquarters in Washington in the building formerly occupied by the Interstate Commerce Commission. There are five commissioners. Commissioner James Landis is chairman and presides generally over the Commission's affairs and looks particularly after the studies and researches of the body. Commissioner Robert E. Healy heads the legal department and is at present directing an investigation of investment trusts. Commissioner Ross heads the division which administers the Utility Holding Company Act. Commissioner George Matthews manages the division which administers the Securities Act of 1933 (Truth-in-Securities Act) under which all new securities are registered before issuance. Commissioner William O. Douglas heads the most important section, the Trading Division, which supervises the affairs of stock exchanges

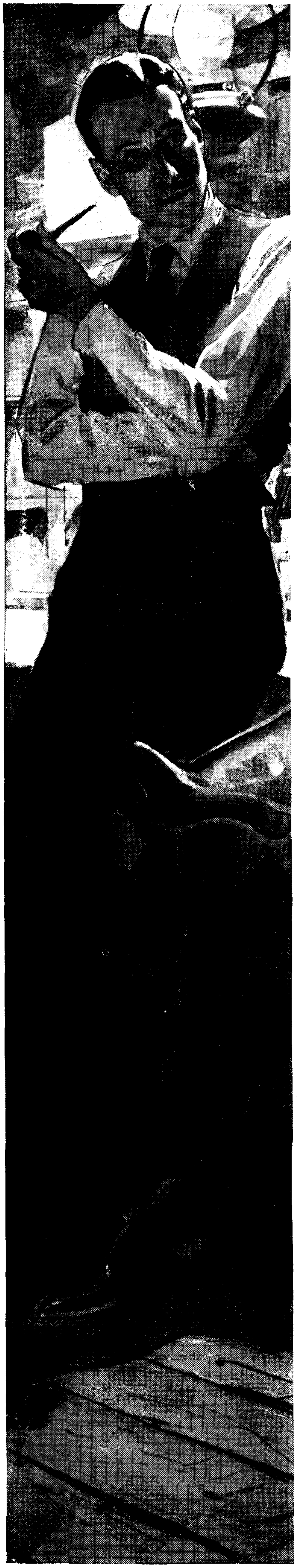
*(Continued on page 27)*

# Sea Lawyer

## By Kenneth Perkins

*In the bayou country they say there's not a smarter man anywhere around than Lam Scudder. They say nobody ever fooled Lam. But a girl named Babet fooled Lam Scudder—for a while*

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER



LAM SCUDDER kept the general store on Bayou Breck. It was half chandler, half grocery store—a curious establishment belonging to neither sea nor land but to the great marsh. The sea peasants who traded there saw nothing unusual about it, for it supplied their wants and expressed their characteristics. But to the chance visitor coming down from New Orleans the place seemed definitely amphibian.

Lam was a long-boned fellow with great haggard eyes, who spent hours every night reading law by an oil lamp that had a hurricane shade. He was twenty-eight and had been in love with a girl ten years his junior ever since she was a spindly, chalky-faced thing of fourteen. But she never looked at him.

She came in one night to buy rouge. This, of course, was when she was grown up. She also came to get a pair of silk stockings which Lam had promised to buy her on his last trip to New Orleans for supplies. He would do jobs of this sort for the marsh folk, for he was a sort of personal mail-order house. He watched the girl put the rouge on her mouth, his great eyes burning. He noticed that her eyes were burning likewise.

When she had fixed her lips she sat on a barrel of flour and changed her cotton stockings for the new silk ones. She did this here in the store because her father would not hear of her wearing silk stockings.

"This'll be fun, going to the *baile* with whoever you're going with," Lam said, feasting on her. "If I weren't keeping this store I'd go there myself, so I could have a dance with you?" He put it as a question.

She laughed. "A boy from New Orleans is taking me there. I'm dancing every dance with him. He's down here two weeks hunting ducks. He's got a motorboat. There's a duck cabin on the boat. He's coming to get me here."

"An escort ought to get a girl at her own house instead of making her meet him halfway."

Her lashes went up quickly, rather angrily. "What about it? I don't want my father to know I'm going with him."

"If your father says anything to me about your meeting him, why, I'll say I talked with the boy and he's all right."

"I should say he is all right."

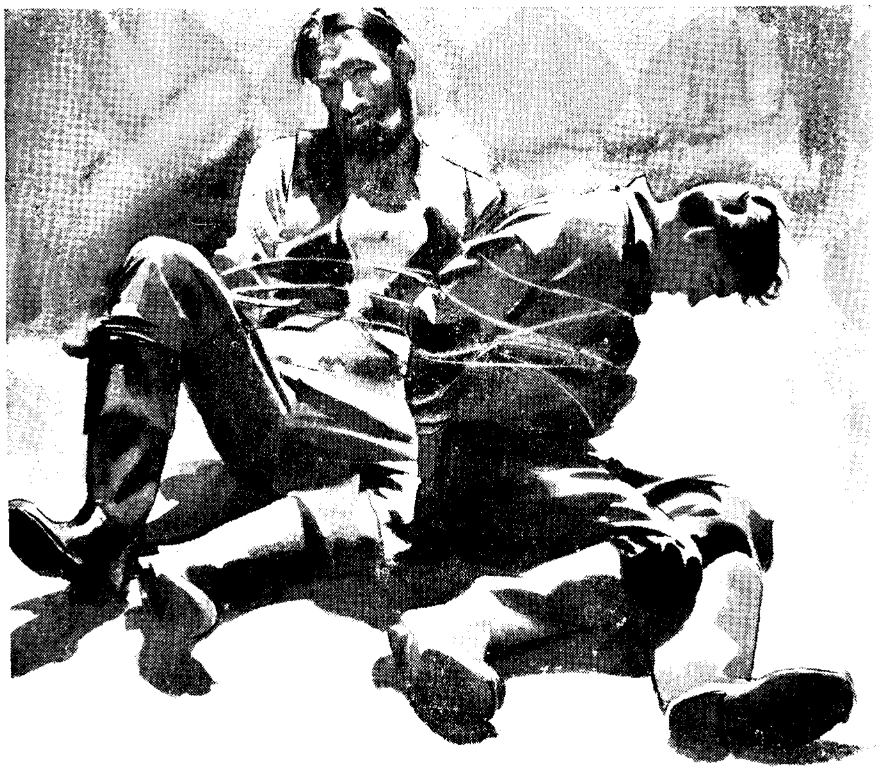
"What's he look like?"

"Not like any of these redbones down here. He's different. Course, he's only dressed in duck-hunting clothes but they're new ones. Everything's new. He always looks fresh and shaved. He's got red hair."

SEVERAL men came into the store then. One of them wore a badge and had a tightly muscled face with big ears.

"Put this up in your store somewhere, Lam," he said. He showed a placard with the word "Wanted" in big letters. "We got a good lead on that smuggling ring—the first one in months."

Lam Scudder and the girl knew all about that. That is, all that anyone in the marsh knew. The revenue man was always asking about the fishing smacks and luggers and motorboats that stood off for the sea marshes farther down when certain freighters were known to be out in the Gulf. They were primarily after Chinese runners. One of the shrimp platforms a few miles down from Lam's store was a Chinese camp. They supplied sun-dried shrimps for the Chinese restaurants in New York. The marsh was a cosmopolitan world, for, besides Cajans and Portuguese, Cubans and Catalans, there were Orientals. The shrimp camp down on the bayou's seaward shore was just like a little Chinatown on stilts.



On the floor sat two bound, glassy-eyed men

The girl's face was ghastly as she read the placard which Lam was tacking up near the altar. The reward was for five hundred dollars for the arrest and conviction of a man aged about twenty-two, red-haired, and posing as a duck hunter from New Orleans. He was wanted not only for Chinese running but for murder.

The revenue man was talking exuberantly. "The murder won't be so easy to pin on him but we got him for running Chinks anyway. Laffon here"—he pointed his thumb at one of the oystermen who had come in with him—"he saw it all. The redheaded guy delivered the Chink in a duck-cabined boat day before yesterday and that night Laffon saw another Chink, must've been the pay-off man, leave the platform camp and go out to the marsh. Laffon followed him and saw him stop at the guy's motorboat and talk to him."

"What's the murder business about?" Lam asked calmly.

"A couple Chinks were thrown overboard from a boat when the smugglers saw our cutter hauling over for 'em. Got rid of all the evidence that way—just throwing it overboard and drowning it."

"How do you know they were thrown overboard?" a high nervous voice put in. They all turned to the girl.

"We found their bodies," the revenue man said, lighting his pipe. "The boat got away, for the simple reason we weren't chasing it at all. They just thought we were."

"I'll ask everyone that comes in here," Lam Scudder said. "Maybe I'll find out something."

"If you do, I'll be over to the dance," the revenuer said. "It's a good place to do a little investigating."

WHEN he went out with the two oystermen Lam tore down the sign and ripped it to many pieces. The girl sank to a barrel, her rouged lips gasping for breath, her eyes glassy. Lam Scudder put his arm around her. "Looks like there's a mistake somewhere," he said.

She burst into hysterics. When the popping bark of the revenuer's motorboat died off down the bayou she started screaming that Newt Kerry didn't do it; he wasn't a criminal; he was being framed. Lam tried to quiet her. Then she broke down and wept. She wept on Lam's shoulder. He found himself sud-

She laughed. "A boy from New Orleans is taking me there," she said

denly very miserable, but when she stopped crying he ran the scale of human emotions from misery upward. He tried to mask the relief, yes, even the joy in his voice when he said, "Guess he won't be here to take you to the dance. You better forget him."

Lam Scudder was mistaken in both observations. She would never forget him, and in the second place the hunted man came within twenty minutes.

He came when Lam went out to get the girl some Creole lemonade and ginger. Lam got back just in time to hear a tap on the window. The girl's eyes snapped from the window to Lam's face, clinging there anxiously.

"Don't be afraid of me," he laughed. "I won't turn him in."

She slipped out and was gone a long time. Some shrimpers, heading for the Saturday *baile*, came in for tobacco, then went back to their lugger. When Lam was alone in his store the girl burst in, her eyes dancing with excitement.

"He told me all about it. It's the simplest thing in the world. He's innocent!"

"I thought we knew that already," Lam said.

"He saved a Chinaman from drowning when he was in the sea marsh. And he took him over to the shrimp camp. That's all there is to it. The Chinaman must have been one of those who had been thrown overboard, because he was swimming way out beyond the oyster reefs. Newt Kerry was in his duck blind when he saw him."

"Then why didn't he go straight to the sheriff and tell him all about it?"

"He's afraid no one'll believe him. He wants to get back to his dad in New Orleans. He wants gas and some provisions." She looked at Lam anxiously. "You'll help him, Lam? You believe him!"

Lam looked at her tragic eyes longingly.

"Sure." There was a pause. "But tell him to come in here. I want to see him."

The girl gave him a fearful, anxious look. Lam did not appear to be a man who would say one thing and mean another. He had a face that was big, open, bony, benign. Anyone would trust him. She went out and got the fugitive.

SHE brought him in like a mother whose little boy has fallen into the duck pond with his Sunday clothes. The nervous tensity of her face made her seem much older than she was—old enough, in fact, to be his mother. As for the young fugitive, he seemed scarcely out of his teens.

"Don't be afraid," Babet said to the sopping youth. "This is Lam Scudder. He's all right. I've known him since I was a baby. He'll give you everything you need and show you how to get up to New Orleans without being caught."

Lam reached for the boy's inert hand and shook it. "Now listen," he said. "I want to get one thing straight. The federals know about that Chink that came to see you last night. Can you explain that to the federals?"

"Course I can!" the boy cried hotly. "He was the pay-off man, that's what. He thought I was one of the gang. He offered me two thousand."

"Two thousand for one Chink!" Lam exclaimed. "Better tell the federals it was only two hundred."

"My God! I'm telling you what happened!" the boy burst out frantically. "I'm not making this up. He showed me the roll—a lot of hundred-dollar bills."

"What did he look like?" Lam asked.

"He was a fat Chink with a black sombrero. He came right into my cabin before I knew what happened. He didn't have any lights on his boat. He smelt like a horse. I was glad when he got off."

"Take this and cool down for a minute," Lam said, pouring rum. "Looks to me like this fat Chink might be the foreman over at the drying camp, Wong Jack. The revenue men will be glad to know that."

"But can't you see, even if they do know it and go for him, he'll identify me. He saw me deliver that half-drowned Chink. That's why he thought I was one of the gang. Maybe I had the same kind of boat—"

"Then look," Lam said. "Why don't you catch the gang and get the reward yourself—the reward that's out for your own hide?"

"Me? How?" The distracted youth looked over to the girl whose eyes were glorious.

"Lam's pretty smart. You've got to clear yourself," she said. "Whatever Lam says, you do."

"You've got one swell lead—better than the federals," Lam said. "The Chink made a mistake and you know who he is. They don't."

THE boy gaped and as the girl beamed on him he shook his head helplessly. "I got a job. I got to get back to town. My dad will give me hell getting mixed up in this thing. He owns a bagasse mill and told me to be back by Sunday or he'd give me hell. I got to get back home. I'm in a jam enough already. I don't want to go chasing any smuggling gang."

"I get what you mean," Lam said "You want to get somewhere where you're known. Good idea. All right, I'll help you get out."

"I told you that you could bank on good old Lam!" Babet threw her arms about Lam's long neck and kissed him.

"You go out to the towhead," he said to her. "Watch for boats and tell me if they're standing into the inlet. I'll fix the kid up with gas and some grub."

Newt Kerry had hidden his motorboat in a trail that was curtained with the moss of the oaks. Lam helped get the provisions aboard with a pirogue, to avoid wading. According to his habit when amateur hunters and fishermen stocked up at his store, he put the provisions in their proper places. For example, he always liked them to keep their matches and salt in a dry spot. He packed everything away, including the flour, which he was about to pour into a large canister. At the bottom of the almost empty canister he found a roll of hundred-dollar bills.

The roll counted up to two thousand.

Lam Scudder pocketed it just as Kerry called from the cockpit, where he was casting off, "Don't bother packing the stuff. I want to get going!"

"Wait till I see if the coast is clear," Lam said. He went ashore a moment, returned. "A fishing smack just stood in through the inlet. Better wait till I find out what they're here for."

He heard Newt Kerry breathing.

"You come along with me," Lam said.

"What for?"

"Got to hide you."

"I'm putting you to a lot of trouble," the boy said in a tight voice.

"Come on and let's not talk."

Newt Kerry felt the determined hand on his shoulder when he was shoved into a shucking shed in a pile of oyster shells. And he heard the click of a padlock.

Lam Scudder went back to the store, waving to the girl, who was standing on watch, far out at the end of the oak island. She hurried back, running.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"I just wanted to ask one thing," he said. "Are you sure of this bird?"

"Aren't you doing what you said you'd do, Lam?"

"Not yet."

Her lip curled slowly. "I thought you were making a pretty grand play. You aren't going to help him escape after all those heroics of yours!"

Lam shook his head. "The kid's guilty."

"You're lying."

"All right, maybe he isn't. But if I find out he is, I'm not going to be a sap. I'm not going to fix things for him. It'd be helping him fool you."

"I thought so! You'd be glad enough to prove he's guilty. You're jealous, Lam Scudder!"

He stiffened slightly but kept his temper. "Sure, I'm jealous."

"Which means it's no use expecting you to give him an even break."

"He's got to have better than an even break. There's only one little chance in a thousand he's innocent."

The girl's gasp came at the same moment that three old Cajan fishermen entered the store.

Lam turned instantly to his counter. The girl sank to a cracker box.

"Thought you were going to the dance tonight, Babet? How come?" the customers said. She did not want to talk. Lam changed the subject.

"Who-all did you see in Bayou St. Crome?" he asked, pouring rum.

They named five or six Portuguese.

"Who were on the reefs?"

They named some oystermen.

"Have this one on the house." Lam drank with them. "Is that all there was down there today?"

They began to understand that he was not merely making conversation.

"How come all this checking up?"

Lam changed the subject once again. "I'm going to sell my lugger. Figure on getting a boat with a duck cabin." He filled the glasses and they talked about where Lam could pick up a boat. They all tried to think up everyone in the marsh who had a boat of the draft and horsepower Lam wanted. They got quite a list of owners all the way from the Delta to Houma.

IN THE list Lam Scudder noticed two names which were mentioned in the first list—those who had been that day at Bayou St. Crome: Jo Hubbel and Flop Reedy, trappers.

The shrimp-drying camp was in Bayou St. Crome. Quite a coincidence. Lam glanced over to the girl.

"Say, listen," he said to his guests. "That revenue man, the guy with the ears, was here tonight hunting for a Chinese runner. I wish one of you gents would find the revenuer and send him here."

"What for?" It was Babet Parish who asked this question, her voice savage.

They all turned and looked at her.

"The revenuer headed down to the *baile*," Lam went on calmly. "One of you boys take a sail down there and tell him I got a good line on his man."

"You men get out of here!" Babet screamed.

"Do what I told you!" Lam snapped at the three astonished drinkers. "Tell him I'll have his man ready. But first he's got to go over to the shrimp camp and arrest Wong Jack."

Lam filled his pipe, watching the girl. She was not a girl any more. She was something with the flaming pale eyes of a tigress. But she contained herself enough to think up the worst invective she knew:

"If you ever thought you had a chance with me, Lam Scudder, think how you stand now! You're a crawling moccasin. That's what I think of you!"

"Can I say something?"

"Say something? God in heaven! You've said enough so the whole marsh will know you've got Newt Kerry here and you're turning him over. The whole marsh is at that dance!"

"I want 'em to know it. That's the way I'm going to trap the crooks."

She would not listen. "And you'll turn over an innocent man—for spite? Or is it for that reward? You're small enough for that. Don't talk!"

"Shut up and listen!" he burst out hotly. "The crook—or maybe it's more'n one—will be trying to find Newt Kerry. The Chink paid him by mistake. I'm going on that one fool little hunch. The crook wants that two thousand."

"What two thousand?"

"The kid has the money in a flour canister on his boat. Maybe that'll hold you."

THE LOVE JUNGLE

"It rained last night and lot C is full of mud. D'ya think we ought to make another war picture?"

GARRETT PRICE

YES, it held her. She stood wringing her hands, gasping for air, her young breast heaving fiercely. Then she asked, her voice breaking, "Where's Newt? Where've you hidden him?"

"Better wait till I get rid of these customers," Lam counseled as another lugger chugged up the bayou. "It wouldn't do to have them find out where I hid the boy."

"What's the difference? You're going to turn him over anyway."

"Maybe. And maybe not. Why don't you take a chance?"

Some more Islingues—young shrimpers heading for the *baile* dance, trooped into the store. And just as they left another batch came. Every time the girl went out to search for her hidden sweetheart another lugger hove to. On Saturday night when the *bailes* were held, Lam's store did a good business supplying the dancers with molasses rum. An hour passed. Then two trappers sauntered in, bought salt fat back, hung around, filling their pipes.

Lam watched them. He knew they were trappers who leased bayou frontage for their muskrat traps in Terrebonne Parish. He knew also that one was called Reedy, the other Hubbel.

"Say, Lam, what's this about your finding the redheaded smuggler?"

"Where'd you hear that?" Lam asked.

"Someone said the revenue officer was at the *baile* dance and you sent for him."

"There's lots of talking at a *baile*, and lots of rum, too."

"Sure, but we know it's true—and we want him." He showed a revolver's nose over the edge of the counter.

Lam grinned. "A stick-up?"

"Right."

"You want my prisoner. Is that it?"

"Sure. Pretty smart fellow. Didn't think you were so smart."

Babet Parish was frightened. If she did not trust Lam Scudder she certainly would not trust two birds of this feather. They weren't very prepossessing to start with. One had a sore mouth from too much sunburn, and yellow fingers from too many cigarettes. "What do you think you're doing?" she burst out.

"We're just helping you, lady. That's all. When a lady's in distress, why, we help her. We're going to free your boy for you."

"No, you aren't!" she said coolly. "You want the reward. That's all you're here for! Lam, don't give him up, I'm begging you!"

"Yeah, but I don't want to be shot," Lam said.

"Get walking, Horseface."

LAM took them straight to the oaks. "His boat's yonder," he said. He let the remark slip casually, for apparently it had nothing to do with the matter at hand. But one of them said, in the same casual voice as Lam's, "Let's have a look at the boat first."

They all went into the oak grove and one of the trappers climbed aboard the motorboat.

His flashlight lit the duck cabin's interior and through the open door Lam Scudder could see him searching the canisters, quickly, then frantically. He came out, silent, dark, tense. Both the men threw their flashes into each other's faces and stared, their brows shagged. Lam saw danger in their mouths.

"All right. Take us to the kid," one of them said.

When they approached the shed Lam had a man on each side of him. Their guns were out but no longer stuck in his back. He went straight to the shed, but the girl slipped in front of him, the light of both flashes pouring on her white face. She gave Lam one desperate look. Her fists were doubled, her eyes blazing at the flashlights unwinking, deadly.

She said, "You aren't going to take him!"

She struck Lam in the face just as he unlocked the door. One of the trappers shoved her out of the way and went into the shack.

Newt Kerry stood there blinking, his hands raised. He offered no fight. It was Lam who made the offer now.

He made it while the girl was still kicking and clawing in a frenzied attempt to get into the shack and save the prisoner. Compared to her, Lam was quite unobtrusive. He dropped one trapper—the one who had remained outside—with a moderate thud on the chin. He dropped the second, who was searching Newt Kerry's pockets, with a heavier crack on the back of the neck. They both fell and lay there like bags of meal.

While the girl and Newt Kerry were trying to guess just what in the world had happened, Lam picked up their guns and said to Kerry:

"Get that rope in the shed and tie up these birds. And if you try to run away I'll smack you down, too."

LUGGERS and seine skiffs, outboards and pirogues, stood in the bayou from many trails. Dancers from the *baile*, old Cajan oystermen, island farmers, a revenue officer and a fat Chinaman crowded Lam Scudder's general store.

On the floor in front of the counter sat two bound, glassy-eyed men. Newt Kerry, the hunted fugitive, stood behind the counter restoring his shattered nerves with white mule. Lam sat on a barrel and the girl doctored his black eye with lard and a slice of bacon. Lam mumbled something to the revenue man.

"But how do you know these are the right guys?" the latter asked.

"Let the Chink tell you." Lam looked at the Chinaman out of one eye. "If you are afraid to tell the truth, Wong Jack, I'm giving you some good legal advice."

"You savvy legal advice, Jack?" the federal put in. "This storekeeper is aiming to be a big lawyer. Ketchum good advice."

Lam Scudder cleared his long throat. "To aid or abet the landing in Louisiana from any vessel, any Chinese not lawfully entitled to enter, is punishable by a fine of one thousand dollars."

Wong Jack's face was a mass of friendly wrinkles. His fat shoulders shrugged.

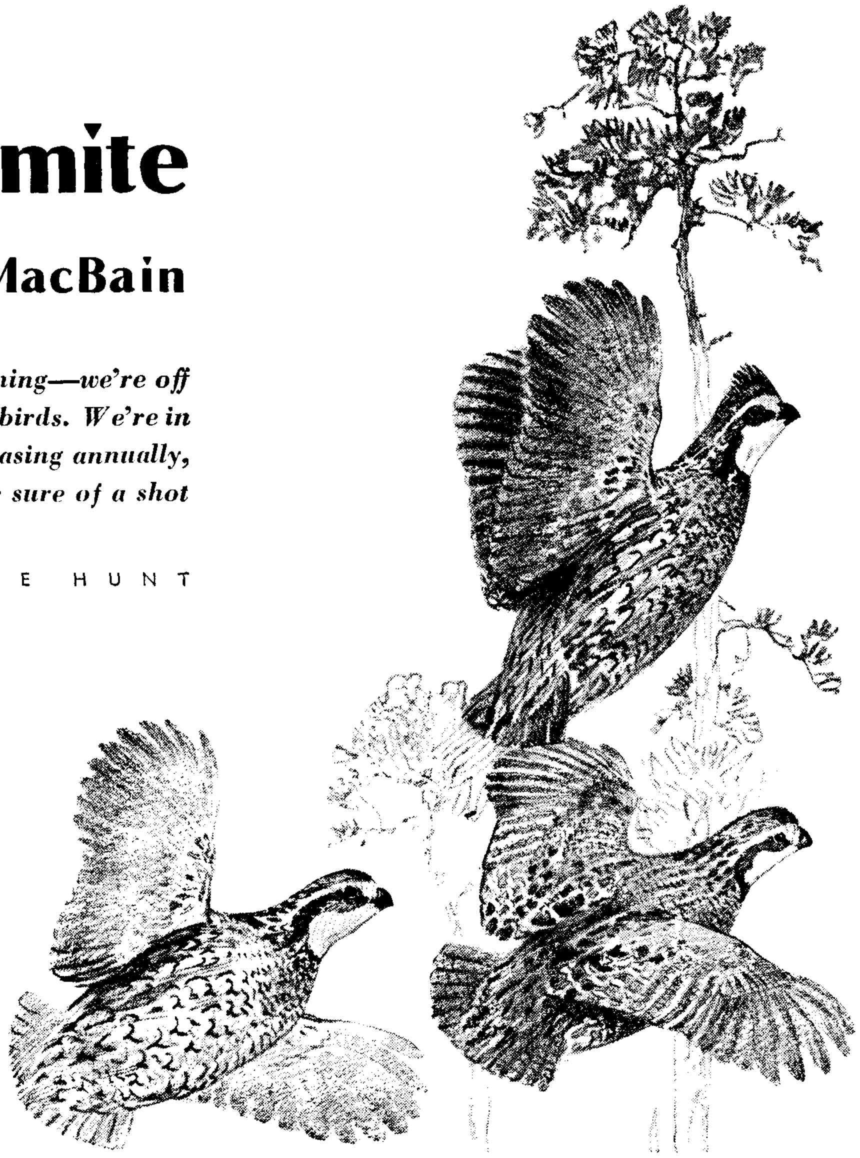
"And imprisonment for a term not exceeding one year," Lam added. "Unless you give us the whole truth, Wong Jack."

"I told him he might get off with just a fine," the revenuer explained. "What I'm after is the guys who threw those Chinks overboard and drowned 'em. You tell us, Jack," he said to the complacent Chinaman. "You know these two birds? You pay-um smuggle Chinese?"

The Chinaman nodded rhythmically like a pigeon when it walks. He was a jovial sort of Buddha. His fingers, raw from shrimp juice, revealed his trade.

"I paid this man," he said, rolling his fat head in Newt Kerry's direction. "My mistake. Very sorry."

*(Continued on page 52)*



# Feathered Dynamite

## By Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain

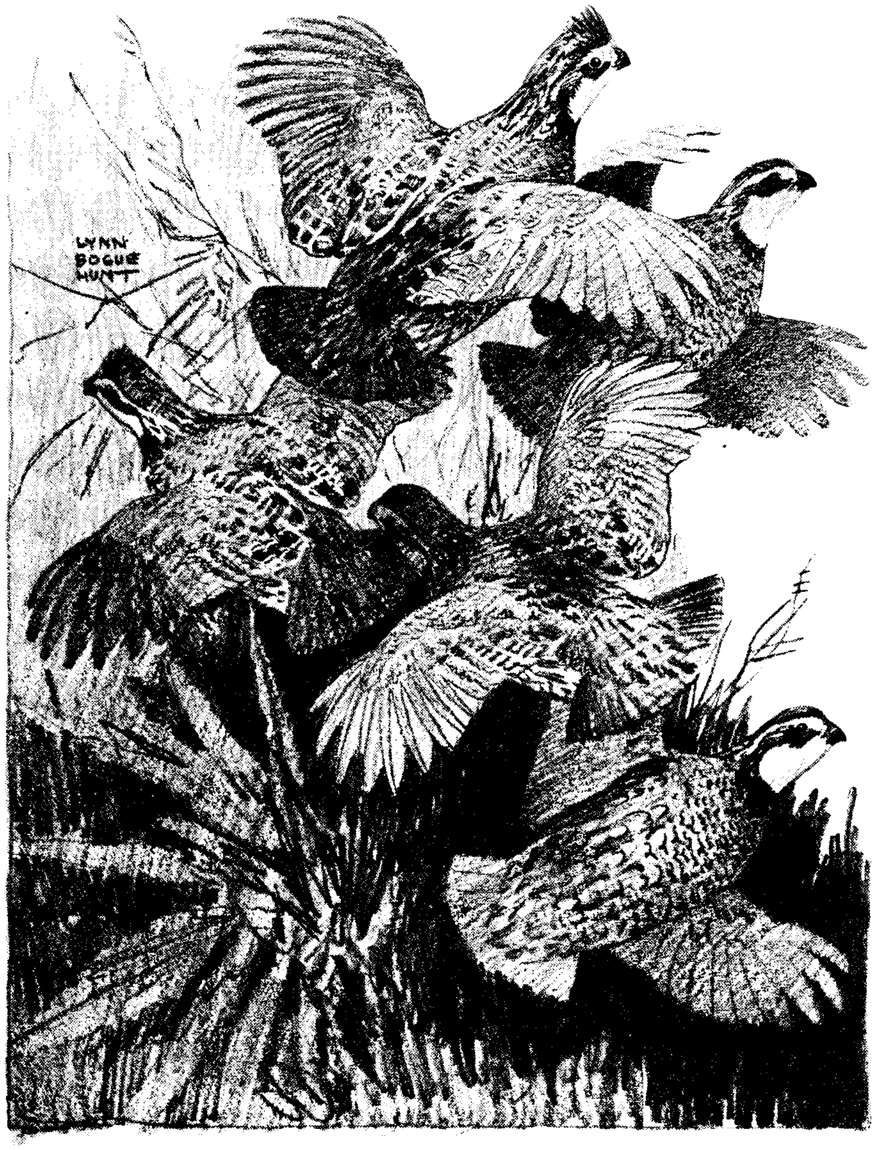
*This is once when you won't mind getting up in the morning—we're off to hunt quail, the fastest, trickiest, most satisfactory game birds. We're in the right place too, North Carolina, where quail are increasing annually, due to sound conservation methods. Come along, you're sure of a shot*

ILLUSTRATED BY LYNN BOGUE HUNT

THERE is only one bird in Carolina. To be sure, there are warblers and orioles and larks; there are buzzards wheeling overhead and turtledoves cooing in the cornfields; but to your native Carolinian these myriads of feathered songsters, rendering their matutinal chorus within approximately a shoe's throw of your bedroom window each morning, simply don't belong in the same ornithological league. When they say "bird" down here in the South, they mean just one thing. They mean quail

So when Elijah told us that yonder by that patch of cowpeas was likely-lookin' cover and that he suspicioned maybe some birds might 'a' been usin' there directly, we gripped our guns a little tighter, waved the dog ahead and advanced cautiously across the sandy furrows. Behind us, Elijah slapped one broad sole ahead of the other, with the stolid expression of a man dealing a deck of cards, his hands thrust in his pockets and the gamebag flapping emptily at his hip. Thus far, it seems, our marksmanship had not impressed Elijah. His lower lip had protruded farther and farther as the morning wore on, and lately his comments had begun to take on a somewhat sour note. He was not speaking to us, as it happened. Since we had missed our third successive covey, he had addressed himself exclusively to the dog.

"Po' boy," he murmured sympathetically. "Nemmeyou mind, boy. Ain' yo' fault. You points 'em where they is, but gen'lemen shoots 'em where they aint."



Abruptly he paused and held up a warning hand. The dog, making game along the hedgerow of tangled honeysuckle and reeds at the edge of the field, had banged into another solid point, his head thrust forward and slightly lowered, his tail stiffened, one foreleg cocked, his nose aimed at the very center of the thicket. We glanced at each other, held our guns at high port and advanced side by side, step by step, our fingers caressing the triggers nervously. Elijah, at our heels, soothed us with last-minute instructions.

"Remember, them birds got a lot of space around 'em," he cautioned. "Effen you gonna kill one, you got to shoot right between it."

We had taken two steps beyond the dog when it happened. There was a whirring explosion underfoot, the air was filled suddenly with downy shrapnel flying away from us in all directions, our guns spoke four times so fast that they made one continuous blast. The quail coasted onward across the field, swerved, and disappeared into the pines. The echoes died away. A single tattered oak-leaf drifted downward in the ensuing silence, volplaned back and forth, fluttered, and came to rest beside the toe of our boot, where it nestled, rocking gently. The dog turned and looked at us. Elijah looked at the dog.

"Sorry, boy," he apologized at last. "Too bad, boy. Gen'lemen done miss 'em again." He patted the dog's head sadly. "You got to do ever'thing else aroun' here, boy; reckon you gonna have to learn to shoot 'em, too. . . ."

At least, we could console ourselves, we weren't the only ones. When an aroused covey really sets out to go places, you can smell the scorched feathers, and you need to have a steady eye, lightning reflexes, plenty of experience, and a pants-pocket full of horseshoes to be a good quail shot. And that is why, as the snows pile higher in the North and Carolina's open season from Thanksgiving to middle February offers a convenient winter hunting ground, an ever-increasing number of sportsmen from New York and Michigan and Ohio head southward each season, equipped with cars and guns and dogs, eager to try their marksmanship on this elusive bird, no bigger than your hand, but considerably harder to put in your pocket.

Pick up that bird which your dog has just retrieved to you (and you better pick it up quick, before the gunner who really shot it comes over to claim it). Observe the plump streamlined body, the foreshortened neck and tiny bump of a head with its black crest and short stubby beak, the powerful shoulders under a russet shawl of feathers, the short wide wings that can lift the bird off the ground and carry it out of range with almost incredible speed.

This speed is the quail's sole defense; the bird is born with it, and an hour or two after the chicks first pip their shells—each chick carries its own can opener for this purpose, consisting of a little piece of bone attached to the upper beak, with which it slices the top of the shell three quarters round and rolls back this upper segment as neatly as a well-bred Britisher opening his morning egg at the Athenaeum—they can scuttle off out of sight as fast as bumblebees. Often the hen will protect her chicks further by dragging her wing, in plausible imitation of a crippled bird, in an effort to lure an enemy away.

It is the quail's uncanny speed, coupled with its unique adaptability to man's environment, that has made this explosive atom one of the most widely sought birds in America. The normal range of the bobwhite quail and his Western cousins, the rarer plumed quail and the California or valley quail, covers the

*(Continued on page 38)*

# Russian Roulette

## By Georges Surdez

***The strange case of Sergeant Burkowski, who died many deaths, and his friend Feldheim, who had to explain one of them to their superior officers***

LIEUTENANT:

An official request for further explanations concerning the death by suicide of Sergeant Burkowski last month has arrived from Regimental Headquarters in Meknes. Before making another report of the affair, I believe it is better to inform you of the circumstances, so that you may advise me about what to say and what not. In my nine years in the Foreign Legion this exact situation never came up before. I may seem to criticize a man who is not only a dead man but who was also my superior in rank. The Lieutenant has known me for some years and cannot misunderstand my honest intentions.

A few months ago, I was sent here to Bou Khous Blockhouse to replace the second in command, invalided to Algeria at his own request. I liked Sergeant-Chief Burkowski from the start, there never was a quarrel between us, no bad words exchanged—unless you count the times when he would say, "Feldheim, you thick-skulled German," and, if there were no inferiors about to overhear, I would say something about "crazy Russians." I am aware, of course, that personalities and nationalities are against regulations in the Legion, but the Lieutenant knows how such things go.

Sergeant Burkowski, as you may know, talked like all Russians. That is, he was a bit boastful about what he had been, how much money he had had, the schools he had been to. And, like all Russians, he thought he was a gambler. He would gamble or bet on anything, any time, whether he had the money to pay or not. And he was very lucky. I do not gamble as a rule, but what with boredom here in the mountains and the fact that he was my superior, from time to time I would risk small sums which he invariably won. On anything—the number of nails missing in a Legionnaire's boots, a date in history, how many shots would be fired by some sniper during the night.

THOSE small sums, when added at the end of a month, amounted to more than you might think.

One month, September, my entire pay went to Sergeant Burkowski. I decided to stop playing with him and told him so. He said that he was not surprised, that Germans were methodical, not speculative, and that this was both their strength to start with and their weakness at the end. I let that go. He was my superior.

And he is dead and cannot be brought to account, and as this is a private communication, Lieutenant, I may say that Sergeant Burkowski craved gambling so badly that he would gamble even with the Legionnaires. Four different times I warned him it was not right for a sergeant to play cards or bet with corporals and privates. But he told me he knew more about Communism than I would ever learn, and that discipline was not maintained by growls and kicks in the pants anywhere except in Germany. That is an exaggeration. I have known men who had served in the German army and had never been kicked. But I could not argue with him, a superior.

Before long, nobody would gamble or bet with him. And he grew so nervous that it was pitiful. One night, after we had finished dinner, he takes out his revolver, a '92 model, and looks at me.

"Feldheim," he says, "did you ever hear of Russian Roulette?"

When I said I had not, he told me all about it. When he was with the Russian army in Rumania, around 1917, and things were cracking up, so that their officers felt that they were not only losing prestige, money, family and country, but were being also dishonored before their colleagues of the Allied armies, some officer would suddenly pull out his revolver, anywhere, at the table, in a café, at a gathering of friends, remove a cartridge from the cylinder, spin the cylinder, snap it back in place, put it to his head and pull the trigger. There were five chances to one that the hammer would set off a live cartridge and blow his brains all over the place. Sometimes it happened, sometimes not. When it did, there was nothing more to be said or done; when it didn't, the fellow waited another day.

And as he explained, Burkowski removed a cartridge from the gun, spun the cylinder with his thumb, snapped it shut without looking at it. He said something about me never understanding the thrill of it, put the muzzle against his temple, and pressed the trigger. There was a click.

HE GRINNED and seemed to feel better.

At least six times during the winter, Lieutenant, he did the same thing. It made me very nervous, as I knew I would have to give explanations.

A month ago, he gets a letter from England. He had had a sister there, who had married a wealthy Britisher long before the war. She had died and he was inheriting part of her money. As nearly as we could figure, it was almost a million francs. His enlistment had six months to run, then he would be free to spend the money. He had not seen his sister in twenty years, and did not feel badly on her account.

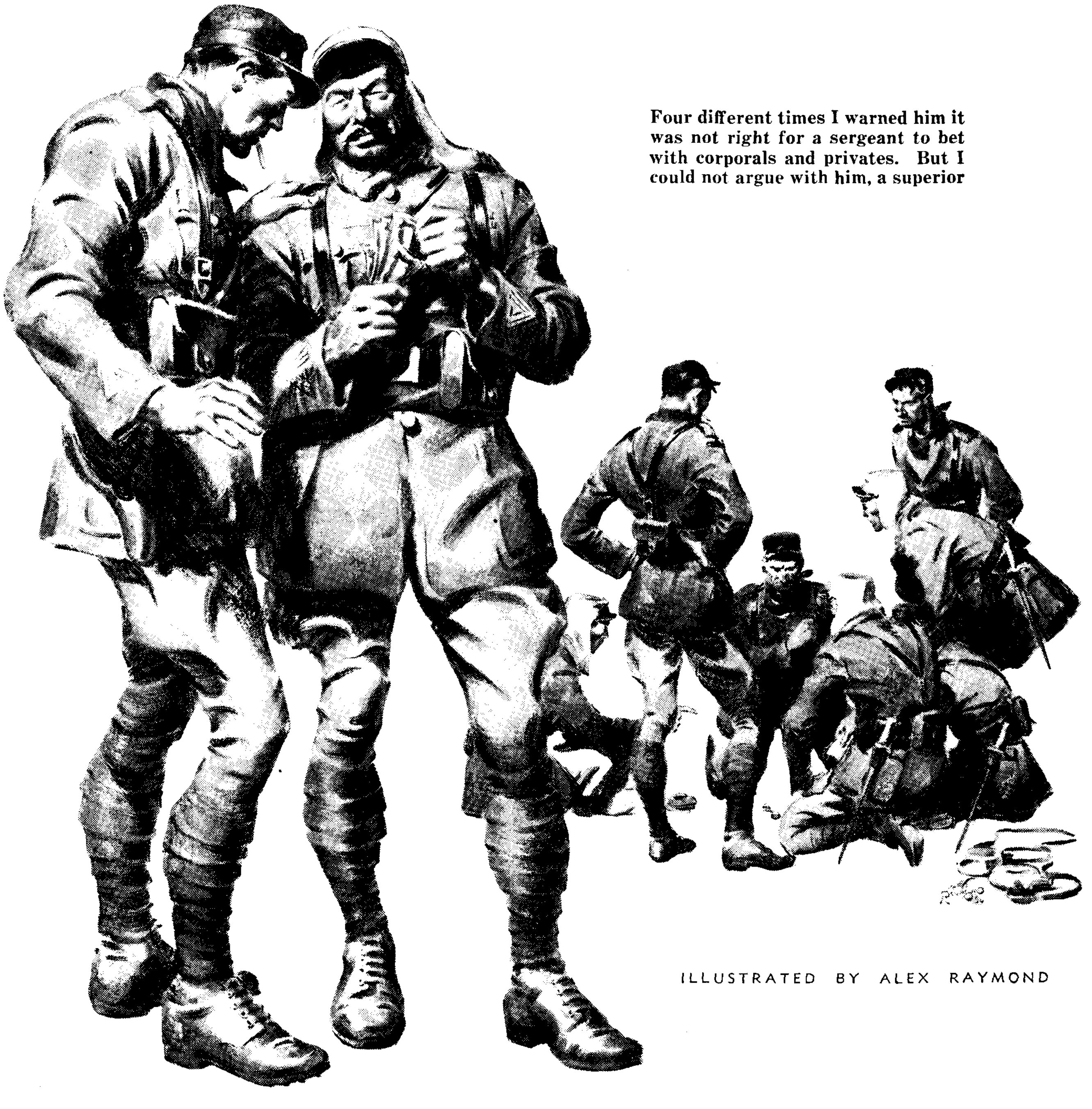
I made a foolish remark about his having been lucky not to shoot himself. That made him smile queerly. He told me that the money would soon be gone, and that stinking life would go on. He said "stinking life." And he told me he would give himself a chance to escape it. This time he took out five cartridges and left one, reversing the order of chances. And he spun the cylinder under the table, snapped it shut. I tried to argue with him, and he laughed at me.

"Listen," I started to tell him, "you'll lose this time, and I'll explain why."

"Are you sure?" he asked.

"No. But I have a theory as to why—" I wanted to go on.

*(Continued on page 57)*



**Four different times I warned him it was not right for a sergeant to bet with corporals and privates. But I could not argue with him, a superior**

ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX RAYMOND

# Hamlet in High

*The story of a very lively actor named Gielgud who has geared up Hamlet into a smash hit*

**By Henry F. Pringle**

PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff Photographer

AMONG the smash hits on Broadway this season have been John Gielgud's performance of Hamlet and a musical hurdy-gurdy called Red, Hot and Blue, in which Ethel Merman and Jimmy Durante cavort. This proves, among other things, that the theater public has versatile tastes. It also proves that Mr. Gielgud, who has been famous in England for some years but almost unknown in the United States, is really a great actor.

The sterling quality of Gielgud's performance and the fact that Leslie Howard, matinee idol and movie star, also did a Hamlet, have renewed an ancient controversy.

Gielgud didn't want to go into the competition with Leslie Howard. He had planned to put on Hamlet in New York last year and had delayed his production when he heard that Howard was also going to present the neurotic Dane. Then Leslie put off his own production until last fall. Gielgud could postpone things no longer and he prepared, with no small misgivings, for the fray.

His alarm was based partly on a sense of inferiority which gripped him whenever he thought of Leslie Howard. For Leslie had had far more experience and was infinitely better known. Worst of all, he is extremely handsome, while Gielgud, whose nose is much too big, must depend wholly on his gifts as an actor. The inferiority stemmed, too, from an occasion seven or eight years ago when Gielgud was hired to be Howard's understudy.

A revival of John Balderstone's Berkeley Square was being put on in London with Leslie Howard as the star. Gielgud, in addition to being understudy, was to have played the part at special matinees which Howard could not appear in, due to prior engagements. It was Gielgud's big chance, as he was still unknown. At a rehearsal, however, the producer, Gilbert Miller, appeared.

"Who's that young man?" he barked when he saw Gielgud. Informed of his identity, he said that the actor was in no way qualified. So Gielgud never got his opportunity.

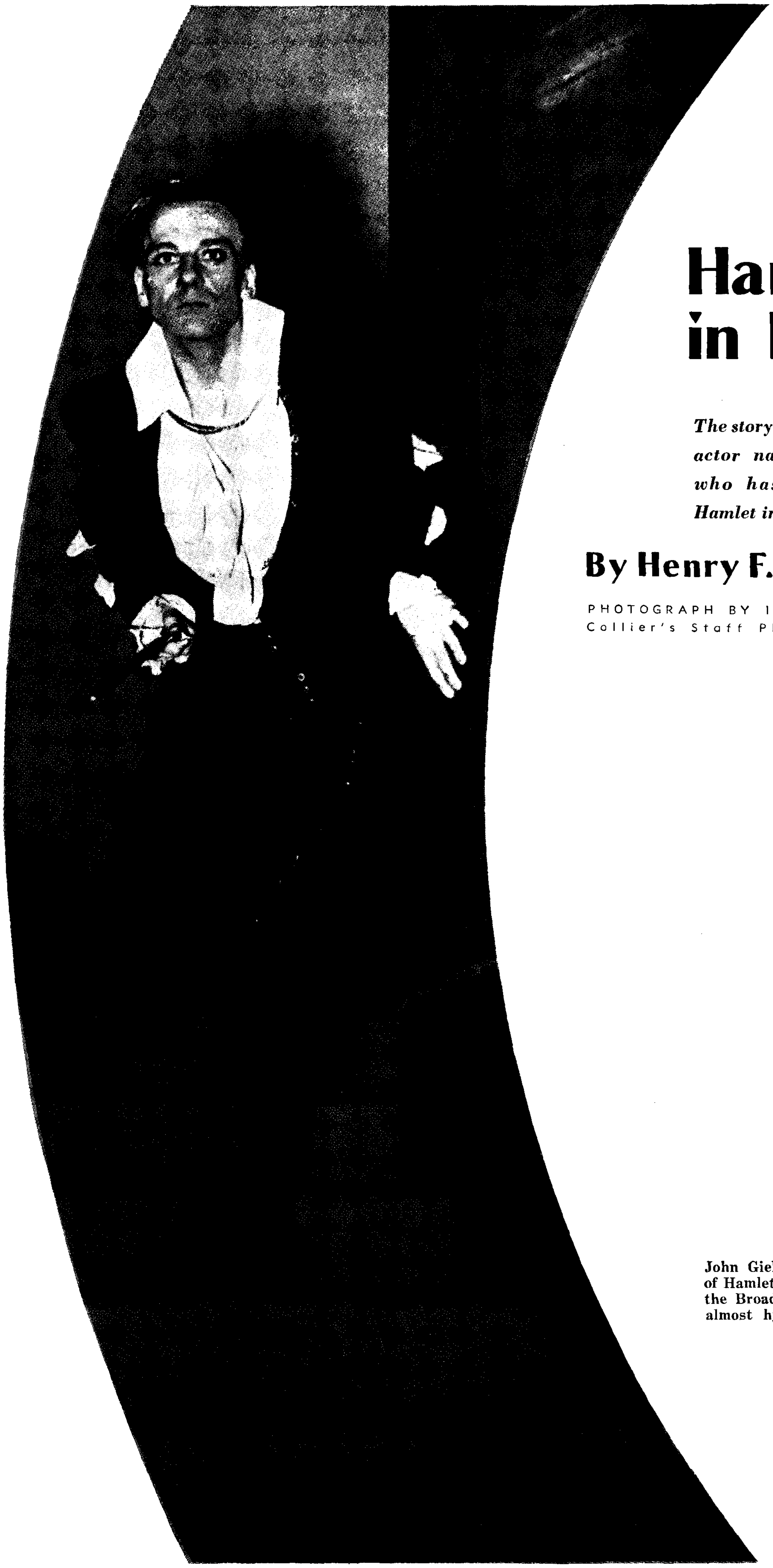
### Alas, Poor Howard

The complex toward Leslie Howard must be fading now. John Gielgud's Hamlet opened first on Broadway and was received with almost hysterical acclaim. When Leslie gave his own version, some weeks later, the comparisons were caustic. The most penetrating of them, curiously enough, came from Libby Holman, once renowned as a torch singer. Miss Holman may not be an authority on Shakespeare but she knows what she likes. She had been to a Gielgud performance. Then she dropped in to watch Howard.

"I hope," she observed at the end of the first act, "that they've got Walter Hampden warming up in the wings."

Times change, and with them changes the appearance of actors. John Gielgud, who is thirty-two years old, bears no resemblance to the Shakespeare tragedians of the old school. He strikes no poses. He can go for days without quoting Shakespeare. He is a pleasant-appearing young man of medium height. He has blue eyes, and his light-brown hair is slicked back over his rather high forehead. His nose is undeniably large, a handicap which does not depress him unduly and which is annoying only when people suggest, as they tactlessly do, that he could play Cyrano without building up his proboscis with putty.

John Gielgud is well-tailored, polite and very British. He may not spout Shakespeare, but he talks pretty incessantly. And being an actor, a due proportion of the talk is about himself. He holds forth on the peculiarities of audiences and how they can make or mar



**John Gielgud, in the role of Hamlet, was received by the Broadway critics with almost hysterical acclaim**

a performance. He likes to give his views and theories on the construction of Shakespeare's dramas. He tells how bored an actor can become after one hundred or more performances, and how weary he is on Saturday night.

The most incredible thing about John Gielgud, perhaps, is that he became an actor at all. No young Thespian in the history of the stage has been so weighted down with relatives who were famous in the theater. His great-aunt was Ellen Terry, whose name is among the immortals. Among the other family connections were Kate Terry, Phyllis Nielson-Terry and Mme. Aspberg, a Polish actress of such renown that her bust is now in the National Theater in Warsaw. Gordon Craig, the actor and playwright, is his second cousin.

Prolonged family huddles and outspoken doubts greeted John Gielgud's announcement, when he was only seventeen, that he wanted a stage career. His father, although merely a stockbroker, joined in the chorus of disapproval and suggested that he become an architect instead. Great-aunt Ellen Terry doubtless banged on the floor with her cane and said that his ambition was a lot of tosh. Young John, however, persisted. He asked to be allowed to try the theater until he was twenty-six years old. A failure by then, he would surrender and follow some other trade. And he was precariously close to the dead line when, at last, he was successful.

### Thanks to Noel Coward

Gielgud's professional appearance, which ended in disaster, resulted from an attack of mumps. He had been working with some amateur companies outside of London. One of these was run by a friend at Oxford. When he was nineteen, John was stricken with mumps but was confident, after a few weeks, that he had recovered sufficiently to call on his Oxford friend. A production of Romeo and Juliet was being projected, with the friend as the star. Gielgud was promised a minor part, and rehearsals began. Then the friend came down with the bulbous ailment. In this crisis, Gielgud was told that he would have to play Romeo himself. He was delighted, and learned the part. The production was delayed, however. The friend recovered. John bustled off to London where, he had heard, a professional showing of Romeo and Juliet was being arranged. He was given an audition and, to his amazement, was awarded the part. He did his energetic best on the opening night, but it was pretty bad. The critics roasted him. Great-aunt Ellen went to see him.

"Well," she said cryptically, "I now know what John looked like as Romeo, anyway." The implication was that she had been able to hear few of his lines and his appearance was nothing to boast about.

The Terry clan nodded its collective head and muttered that his failure had been obvious from the start. They were, as a matter of fact, more than a little unreasonable.

In due time, as he continued to work very hard, the clan relented somewhat. Phyllis Nielson-Terry, his cousin, gave him a job as super on one of her tours through the provinces, and in this capacity he learned much about the technique of acting. After this he had a small part in Henry the Fifth. His next bit was in Charley's Aunt, a hardy perennial which the English nation considers the funniest play ever written and which is revived again and again.

The years drifted by, and the age of twenty-six, when he would have to leave the stage, grew close. Gielgud's first real opportunity was offered by Noel Coward. This genius in all branches of the drama was playing in The Vortex in London and desired to abandon his part, after a month or two, to wander off on a tramp steamer. He gave Gielgud the role. The play was a success and Gielgud rose to a measure of renown. Then came appearances in various Chekhov plays. Noel Coward, back from his wanderings, grew tired of the theater again; this time he was playing in The Constant Nymph, and he turned once more to Gielgud.

HARRISON GENEALOGICAL BUREAU
Priscilla

"Mr. O'Toole, as a result of our findings, may I be the first one to address you as 'Serene Highness'?" LOUIS PRISCILLA

### Rivals' Friendship

"Naturally," Mr. Gielgud admits, "I consider that Noel Coward was most important to my career. He came forward on two occasions when I badly needed something good."

He was a success in the English theater, but he was not a star. In 1932 the script of a new play, Richard of Bordeaux, by a new author, fell into his hands. Gielgud was given authority to act in it and to direct it as well. With the author, he eliminated some scenes and added new ones. Richard of Bordeaux ran for a solid year and Gielgud was an established star. Meanwhile, he had been appearing in various Shakespearean dramas. He did Macbeth, Hamlet and Richard II. Memory of his failure as Romeo never left him. Twice, during these years, he tried it and again the critics were less than warm. Last winter, however, he alternated with Laurence Olivier in the roles of Romeo and Mercutio. This novelty attracted the crowds and the production established a record for the play.

Hamlet, by now, is an old story to Gielgud. He put it on in London in November, 1934, and gave 185 consecutive performances, a total exceeded only by Sir Henry Irving sixty years ago. He is naturally gratified by the uproar which greeted his performance in New York and, being human, by his victory over Leslie Howard.

The two actors are excellent friends. They have felicitated each other with the best of grace. But this war of Hamlets was, if professional, a war none the less. The fact that his Hamlet has been almost universally proclaimed superior has buoyed Gielgud's self-confidence quite a lot. He was, though, alarmed when Howard said that he wanted to attend a matinee. He replied that he would be utterly confused if he was aware that his rival was in the house. If Leslie wanted to attend, let him sneak in without revealing his presence. But there was an additional reason why he did not want Howard out in front.

"The audience," he has explained candidly, "might be watching Leslie more than me."

There is a hard streak to young John Gielgud. I would hate to be an actor in his company and miss a line. I am sure that his wrath would be vitriolic. Nor does he associate socially, too much, with his fellow actors.

"Be on excellent terms with your fellow actors," he quotes from the sayings of Great-aunt Ellen Terry, "but familiar with none."

His life in New York during the run of Hamlet was rather lonely. Gielgud does not enjoy parties. He had few close friends. He would go to the home of Guthrie McClintic, who produced the play, and Katharine Cornell. Sometimes he could be inveigled into a night club. But Hamlet is the most exhausting of roles. Normally, Gielgud was much too tired to do anything at all.

### Nine Days on Broadway

His life in London isn't very different from that in New York. He refers to himself, jokingly, as "pure cockney," by which he means that he was raised and brought up in the city of fog and smoke. He was reared in prosperity, though, for his father had been fairly successful in business. Mr. and Mrs. Gielgud have by now, naturally, become reconciled to his stage career. He is the most famous of their brood. One brother is head of the drama department of the British Broadcasting Company. Another, who was wounded in the war, is affiliated with the Red Cross. There is, besides, a younger sister.

Gielgud, in London, lives the quiet life of a typical Britisher. He has a favorite club or two. He gives a due amount of attention to his clothes. In one way, he is very lucky. Excessive weight, which is the nightmare of nearly all actors, does not threaten him at all. He has no tendency to grow stout. Thus he is not forced to exercise any more than he likes. He rides a little. He took up fencing because skill in that art is vital to many Shakespearean roles. He plays some tennis. But he is not really athletic.

His current triumph in Hamlet is all the sweeter because his first appearance in New York ended in failure. This was not his fault, but the experience stung. In January, 1928, a production of The Patriot was staged at the Majestic Theater. An actor hired for the Grand Duke Alexander was dismissed as incompetent during rehearsals. Gielgud was summoned from London, studied his lines on the boat and arrived the day before the opening. The critics branded The Patriot a dull show. They either did not mention Gielgud at all or said that he "gave a good account of himself." The run lasted for only nine days, whereupon Gielgud went back to England.

### Too Old for Romeo

Gielgud, as befits his standing in the theater, takes himself seriously. He feels that he has a responsibility to the stage and that he must act in or direct good plays. He refuses to be deflected by movies. He has appeared in one or two films, however. They were English productions, and he was forced to work in them while busy on the London stage also. He found it utterly exhausting to get to the studio in the early morning, work all day and then act at night. Gielgud discovered, too, that the lack of an audience was disconcerting. Finally, the method of making movies baffled him. His latest film, The Secret Agent, was so altered in the shooting that he could not recognize certain aspects of the character he was supposed to be playing.

"The motion picture as an art fascinates me," Gielgud has said, "but I don't like the current way of making pictures. And I certainly don't like the idea of doing something which does not reach an audience until six months have passed. By the end of a given six months I want to be seen in something new and, I hope, better. I've never sat through one of my finished pictures because I'm ashamed of them."

He has therefore rejected with determination the alluring offers from Hollywood which have followed his Hamlet. He insists that he will never go to Movieland—until his stage career has passed its peak, in any event. Then, possibly, he will do character parts.

John Gielgud is replete with theories about acting, the cinema, Shakespeare and all other aspects of his profession. This is why he talks pretty steadily. He thinks that the Hollywood offerings of Shakespeare are bad because they are too grandiose. He thinks that actors who stay in Hollywood too long are ruined as actors. Among the opinions that Gielgud has dogmatically set forth are one or two which may get him into trouble. He has said, for instance, that he will never play Romeo again because he is too old. On that, there are signs that he is already weakening. He has said, too, that no actor older than thirty-four is capable of playing Hamlet.

These dicta, duly published, will probably return to plague him. For Gielgud admits that he is already thirty-two. And his career as a Shakespearean actor is now at its very crest.

# The Luck Card

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

## By Heywood Broun

THE man in the next seat obviously was crying. He was furtive about it and darted at his eyes with quick, hawklike swoops of his handkerchief. As a matter of fact I was crying myself, but after all I am an easy weeper in the theater and the picture had moved me profoundly. My fellow spectator finally noticed that he was not alone in his grief and when the film was over we grinned at each other through our tears and I said, "I think we both need a drink after that."

We found a table in the little bar next door and after ordering we exchanged introductions. The name of my friend turned out to be Peter Neale and he said he lived in Larchmont and worked in New York as a life insurance salesman. Before bedding down to his drink he carefully compared the time indicated by his watch with the clock on the wall.

"I always catch the 6:18," he explained. "It's a matter of pride with me. I haven't missed it once in fifteen years."

"You seem to lead a well-ordered life," I ventured. "Maybe that's why you were so affected by the picture and its story of that man and woman who met by accident and then found it impossible to achieve their romance."

My new-found friend nodded and took another highball. "There's something in what you say," he admitted, "particularly about that accidental meeting. You see, I met my wife just twenty years ago and we came together by chance. Of course it wasn't a runaway horse like the one Dorothy Dole was riding, but still it was an accident or very nearly so. You see, I met my wife as she was sinking for the third time."

"That sounds romantic," I said. "Snatching your love out of the breakers is an unusual kind of meeting."

"There weren't any breakers," he confessed. "It was in a big swimming pool they used to have near Rye. You may not believe it but in those days I was a lifeguard.

"The worst of it was Bill Hedges and I had to do all the rescuing. There was a third lifeguard, Ignorant Dan McGrew, but he was of no use to us. His real name was Jack McGraw, but we called him Ignorant Dan McGrew after a man in a poem and because he couldn't read or write. He couldn't even swim. He had political pull."

"NOT Jack McGraw, the race-track man who owns Pretty Connie?" I asked.

"That's the one," said Peter Neale, "and he got his start, in fact, he got everything he has, out of being a lifeguard and him not able to swim a stroke. That was no handicap. That helped him. You see, he had nothing to do but walk up and down and show off his shoulders and talk with people. Bill or I would be out there in the middle of the pool dragging somebody out while Dan would be sitting on a campstool fascinating some lovely lady. He fascinated a little widow from Boston and she married him to make an honest man of him. At the end of a year she divorced him and gave him a million dollars as a going-away present. Then just a couple of years ago he buys Pretty Connie for three thousand dollars and the filly comes on to win the Preakness. Some people have all the luck. The lucky stiff. He still can't swim a stroke and he still gets red if anybody asks him for an autograph.

"Come to think of it, Dan's not being able to swim had a good deal to do with me meeting my wife. You see, if he'd been a regular lifeguard and not just a bank walker it might have been his turn to jump in when she screamed for help. As things were, Bill Hedges and I had to divide the work. We didn't do it in rotation. We made a game of it for the fun. Between drownings Bill and I sat under an umbrella playing pinochle. When a holler came we'd cut the cards to see which of us should jump in. That's the way it was the afternoon my future wife hollered. She was way out in the middle of the pool. Bill cut the ace of spades and I had the queen of hearts. You understand low man was stuck. I was alongside of this girl with just a few strokes but she'd swallowed a lot of water and she threw both arms around my neck and damn' near strangled me. I biffed her a couple of times and she lost consciousness. You can bet your life that was the last time I ever hit her. We put the pulmotor on her and presently my wife, her name is Laura, came to. She happened to be facing me instead of Bill Hedges and her first words were, 'You darling,' and so the next day we were married and we've been married ever since, all on account of the queen of hearts. Some people call it the luck card. I've just got time for one more drink before I catch that old 6:18. What will you have?"

I ordered buttermilk and observed, "That's a very thrilling story and I was right when I said the picture made you cry because it was about a man whose life was all snarled up and yours is so nicely settled."

"Where was it that guy was going to go at the end of the picture?" asked Peter Neale.

"It was Africa, wasn't it?" I suggested.

"That's right, Africa," replied Neale, finishing his highball. "It's a long way off. I understand there are some very interesting places there, gold mines, diamonds and adventure."

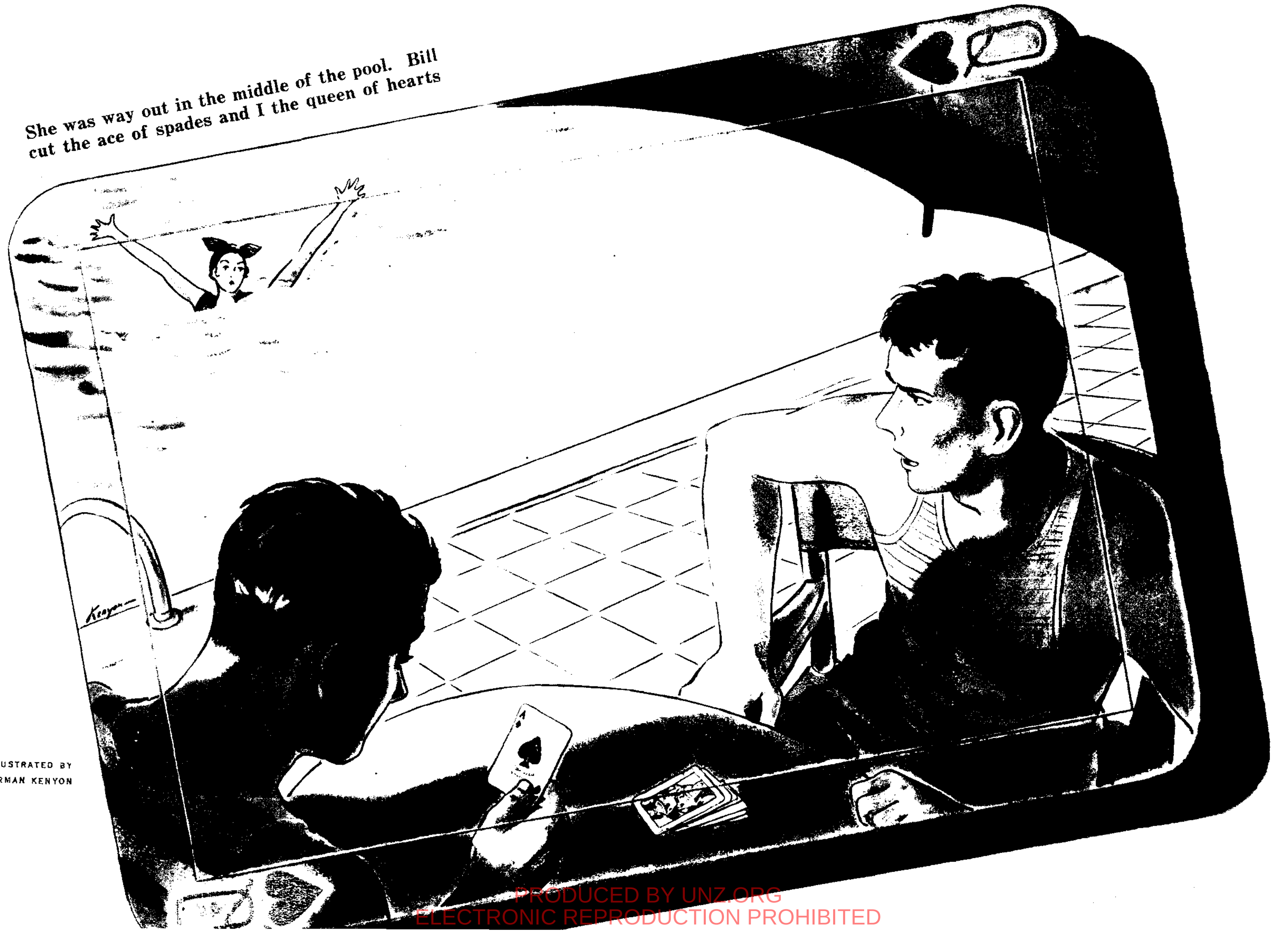
He looked at his watch to make sure that he still had time to catch his train. He got up a little slowly and held out his hand. "Pleased to have met you," he said. "It's a funny world. Sometimes I wonder what would have happened to me if I had cut the ace of spades and Bill Hedges had pulled the luck card."

"That unhappy ending seems to have upset you," I suggested. "Remember, it was only a picture. The hero didn't actually go to Africa. He's probably off in some bar now having a drink. That's real. You've got something real every day when you go back to your little home in Larchmont on the 6:18."

"It's real enough," he answered. "We've got two fine kids and the second mortgage is nearly paid off. But I'm still wondering whether that fellow in the picture was lucky or unlucky when the girl dished him and he went to Africa. Ignorant Dan McGrew, he was adventurous and he didn't do so bad even if he couldn't swim a stroke. The big bum!"

A SUDDEN look of determination came over the face of my friend. "Have you got change for a fifty-cent piece?" he asked, and when I supplied it he went to the telephone. He was gone almost ten minutes. When he returned he had something of the haggard look of the hero. "Another highball," he said to the waiter and then he turned to me and explained, "For the first time in fifteen years I'm not catching the 6:18."

He drank the whisky in one gulp and then he added, "I'm taking the 7:12."



She was way out in the middle of the pool. Bill cut the ace of spades and I the queen of hearts

ILLUSTRATED BY
NORMAN KENYON

She leaned away. Her eyes were half fright, half laughing despair

# Best Man

*The effect of a career-woman on a man with old-fashioned ideas. A love story which establishes the virtues of a truly modern point of view*

## By Malcolm Reiss

SHE was lovely. Her mouth was a trifle wide perhaps, and she had a way of walking which reminded Charlie of a kid strolling home from school, but she made all the other women at the party look like jennies, and some of them were beautiful.

Charlie got up from where he was seated on the window sill. For a moment he stood to get himself wound up. When he looked up again Neil was already there.

"Hullo," Charlie heard him say.

"Hello."

"Whose girl are you?"

Giggles are awful but Bridget Fleming could giggle and get away with it. "Why, nobody's girl," she said.

"Then how about going out to supper with me," said Neil. There was nothing slow about Mr. Hibbs, the fixer.

That same night after her show was over, Neil brought Bridget down to the basement. Charlie had guessed they would come. He had put on a worn tweed jacket which he thought looked well on him. He had stood for five minutes in front of the mirror brushing his hair. When he heard their voices in the areaway he prepared to show surprise.

Bridget had a fine way of bursting into a room. It was as if she wanted above everything to be there. Wanted to see you. She swept her small hat away.

"You're Neil's roommate. I noticed you at the party."

"That's right," said Charlie, pleased.

She walked around the dim room, touching the books, peering at Neil's Hansen seascapes. Finally she stopped in front of the drawing board with its drawings and T-square and triangle.

"What's this?"

Modesty was never one of Neil's long suits. "You see those drawings," he said. "I will tell you something. Those drawings are going to win the Asa Corvallis memorial competition."

"You're an architect," she said. "How nice."

Charlie wished that he had been an architect. He was a copywriter with an advertising outfit, and for the moment, compared with T-squares and triangles, it seemed an unglamorous sort of job.

Bridget seated herself on the bench in front of the fireplace. "This is an awfully pretty basement."

"It's not a bad place," said Charlie.

With the lights dim the way they were it gave a satisfying feel. Not really a basement but on the speak-easy floor. Charlie had to admit that the place was dirty, and it lay in a part of town that was hard to reach, but Neil and he liked it.

"You know," said Bridget, "it would be fun to live in a place like this for a while. But not for always."

"You don't think I'm going to live in a place like this forever?" said Neil. "Do you know what I'm going to have? I'm going to have a duplex on Fifth Avenue. I'll design everything for it myself. The furniture. Even the window catches. And I think I'll have a joint in the country. A big place in the country and a small place in town."

Bridget was looking at him, brows raised, and her face had a quizzical expression.

"Cozy," she said.

"Maybe you think I'm talking through my hat," Neil said cheerfully. "But I'm not. It's just that I happen to have the knack of knowing what I want. For that very simple reason some people get places and others don't."

Walking over to the drawing board he clicked the hooded lamp. He looked young and conquering, standing there. Charlie knew that he was waiting for Bridget's approval.

"When I win this competition," he went on, "I'll be able to quit my job and design pre-fabricated houses. There's where the money is."

"Do you want to design pre-fabricated houses or do you want to make money?" Bridget asked, chin on her fist.

Neil smiled his most cynical smile. "Make money. The pre-fabricated houses can take care of themselves."

"And you," Charlie said to Bridget. "What's your idea?"

"To be a great actress," she said simply.

"We've come across; how about you, Charlie?" said Neil.

Charlie hesitated. Then the grin came. "I want to marry Bridget."

For a moment there was a pause. Charlie caught Bridget's startled glance. Then Neil jumped in. "Maybe I can fix it for you," he said. And they all leaned back and roared.

NEIL HIBBS continued to see a good deal of Bridget. They used to meet Saturdays in the morning and walk along the docks. It was spring, and spring in New York gets into people. Charlie could see the thing in Neil's clear eyes.

One night they had been asleep for a while when there came a tapping at the window. A tapping at the window and giggles.

"Who's there?"

"Me," said Bridget, laughing. "Me. I."

"What do you want?" said Neil.

"I want to come in. I've brought a friend."

Neil gave a grunt and wound himself out of bed.

"Meet Mr. Pressard," said Bridget through the grating. "Mr. Pressard, meet Mr. Hibbs." Charlie, from where he was lying in the dark, could tell that Bridget was having a wonderful time.

"Now can't we come in?"

"Certainly not," said Neil. "We've been in bed hours."

"Oh, hell, let 'em in," said Charlie.

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER C. KLETT

Bridget was chuckling, shaking the bars. She said, "There's a time to eat and a time to sleep. Twelve is no time to sleep, Neil."

"You can't come in," Neil said. "That's final."

"Good night then, darling," she called. A moment later there was the sound of a car starting. Neil went to the table and snapped on the lamp.

"That was a swell time to call," he said. "I suppose she considers that being Bohemian."

He was silent for a moment and Charlie guessed he was thinking about the other fellow.

"You should have let them in. It looks to me like you gave the other bird a break."

"That guy!" said Neil. "You know what happened? I put my hand out and he didn't even take it."

"Maybe," said Charlie, "he was scared you were going to hurt him."

One Saturday afternoon Charlie and Neil strolled up to Thirty-third Street. Nothing less than the main post office, they decided, could adequately handle the Asa Corvallis prize drawings. Before handing them through the window Neil stopped and kissed the container twice. Loudly.

"*Bon voyage* and *succès fou*," he cried.

WITH the drawings completed and off his mind, Neil saw even more of Bridget. They used to meet after work and wander to a convenient pool for a swim. Sometimes they dined at the open-air cafeteria on the roof. Once or twice Neil even went so far as to meet her after her show and take her places. Neil figured that if Pressard could stay up maybe he'd better stay up too.

One evening as they were sitting in the room smoking, Neil said, "What sort of girl do you figure on marrying, Charlie?"

"A nice one," Charlie said. "Fat."

"I always sort of figured on marrying a rich one. You might as well while you're about it. Someone with a successful architect in the family."

"What interests me about you," said Charlie, "is your impractical streak."

But for all that he could see that Neil was worried. He wasn't much surprised some days later when Neil came out with it.

"Say, what is there about any particular woman that makes her special?"

"You don't have to be a cynic to answer that one."

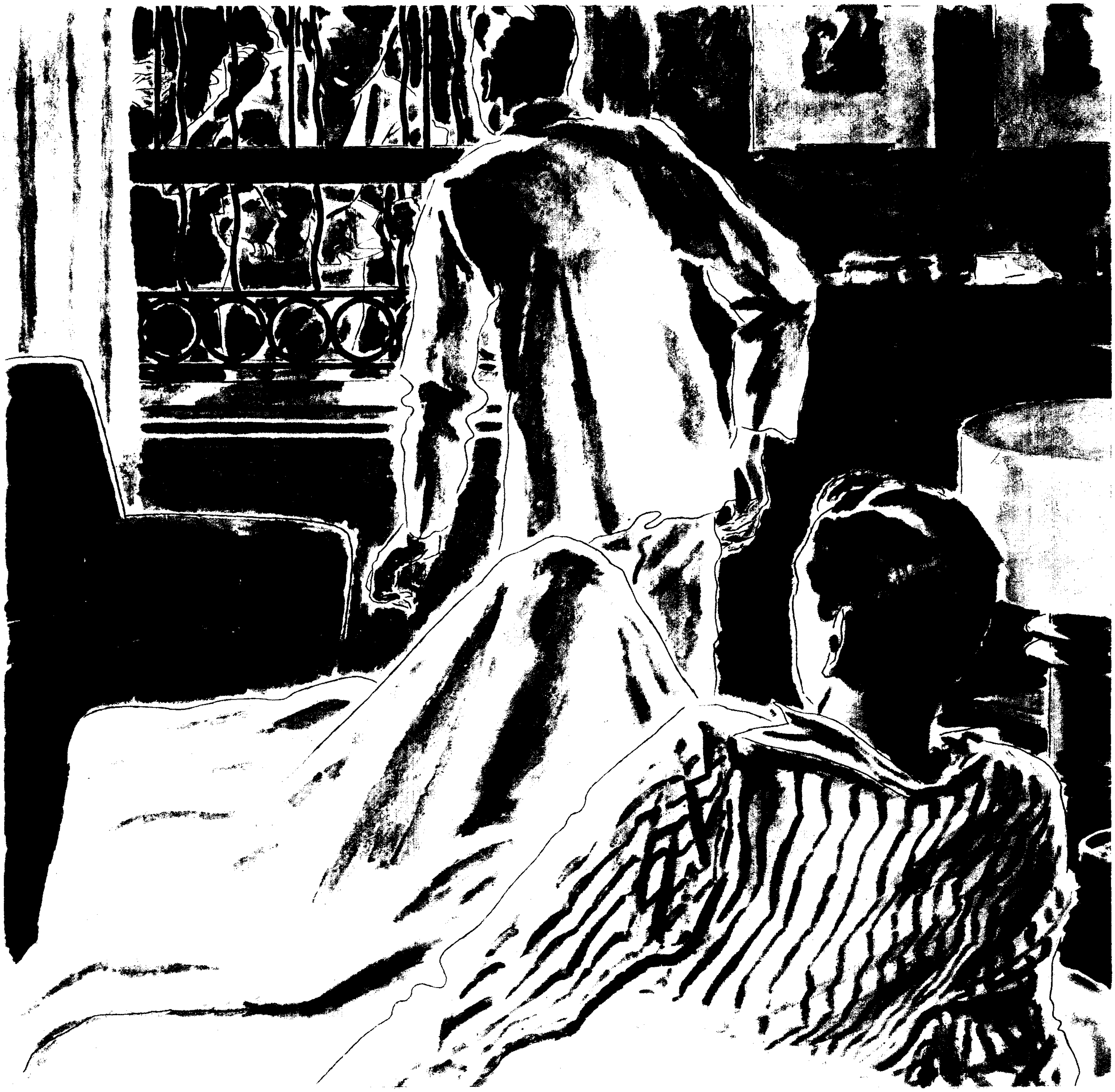
Neil's face, as he turned from the window, was positively scared. "Me of all people. You think it's funny but it isn't funny—I'm in love."

"There's no harm being in love," Charlie said.

"There is for me."

"I'd like to be up against it like you," said Charlie.

(Continued on page 58)



**"Oh, hell, let 'em in," said Charlie. Bridget was chuckling, shaking the bars. She said, "There's a time to eat and a time to sleep. Twelve is no time to sleep, Neil." "You can't come in," Neil said. "That's final"**

# Deep West

## By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GANNAM

*The Story Thus Far:*

CONNIE DALE, daughter of old Jack Dale, owner of the Hat ranch near the little town of Two Dance, tells Jim Benbow, her father's foreman, that she has promised to marry Clay Rand, a neighboring ranchman. Benbow, himself in love with Connie, accepts the news with what calmness he can summon, and concentrates with savage energy upon the most serious problem he has ever encountered: how to secure legal evidence against a mysterious band of cattle rustlers who have been raiding Hat by night.

He strongly suspects that Cash Gore, foreman of Jubal Frick's Running M ranch, is secretly directing the troublemakers; and he feels sure that Frick, an honest man, is aware of what is going on.

Two murders—the killing of a Cheyenne detective, imported to combat the marauders, and a wandering cowboy from Texas—convince Benbow that he is dealing with an exceedingly dangerous gang. Twice, the notorious Indian Riley, one of Gore's aides, tries to assassinate him; on both occasions his life is saved by Clay Rand. So, quite naturally, he trusts Rand. But two of his friends—Price Peters and Izee Custer—overhear a conversation which convinces them that the man Connie Dale is to marry is, somehow, deeply involved in the rustlers' activities! They say nothing of this to Benbow; but they keep an eye on Clay Rand.

In Two Dance one evening, Benbow walks into an ambush; he succeeds in killing one of his assailants—a Running M hand; and he makes his escape. The experience convinces him that he must bring his enemies to justice quickly. Another bunch of Hat cattle have just disappeared; arming himself and taking along provisions for two days, he picks up the trail and follows it.

As he rides along he is quite unconscious that behind him, quietly trailing him, is a solitary rider!

### V

WHEN Gore met Rand behind the Masonic Hall the previous night he had said: "Go to Hat in the morning and see if Pete Cruze has come down from the hills. And if Benbow's left the ranch I want to know it."

"I said I was through," answered Rand.

"You do what I tell you," said Gore, his voice giving Rand no consideration at all.

"Listen, Cash," Rand said heavily, "I—"

But Gore swung about on his heels and strode on into the darkness. And a moment later the sound of gunfire raced up from the depths of the Dunmire compound.

After the fight was over and the Two Dance outfits started homeward, Rand strolled down to Faro Charley's. But there wasn't anything here to hold his interest. The place was wrecked and empty, and Rand, who always needed the stir and excitement of a crowd around him to feel happy, bought a bottle of whisky and tramped back to the Cattle King. He went into the dining room, got a water glass and returned to pull a table and chair nearer the big center stove. He had the place to himself except for Jack Auslander, who ran this hotel; and after a while Auslander said, "If you're stayin' over, take Number Ten," and went off to bed.

Clay filled up the glass, listening to the corners of the hotel cut the driving wind with the sound of a steam saw snarling into wood. He felt the big building shake as that blast piled up broadside against the walls. The big bracket lamp across the room hurt his eyes with its steady shining; he got up and turned the flame down and settled into his chair again, the heat easing him and the whisky loosening his muscles.

There was that power in whisky—to cut him off from the past, to blur those things which, though behind him, still clung to his memory. When he drank, it was for that reason—to bring on that forgetfulness. Yet now when he had emptied the glass there was no peace. He could see himself as he was, cruelly shaped in the strange lucid light of his mind. He could see what he had done, and how little there was left for him to do.

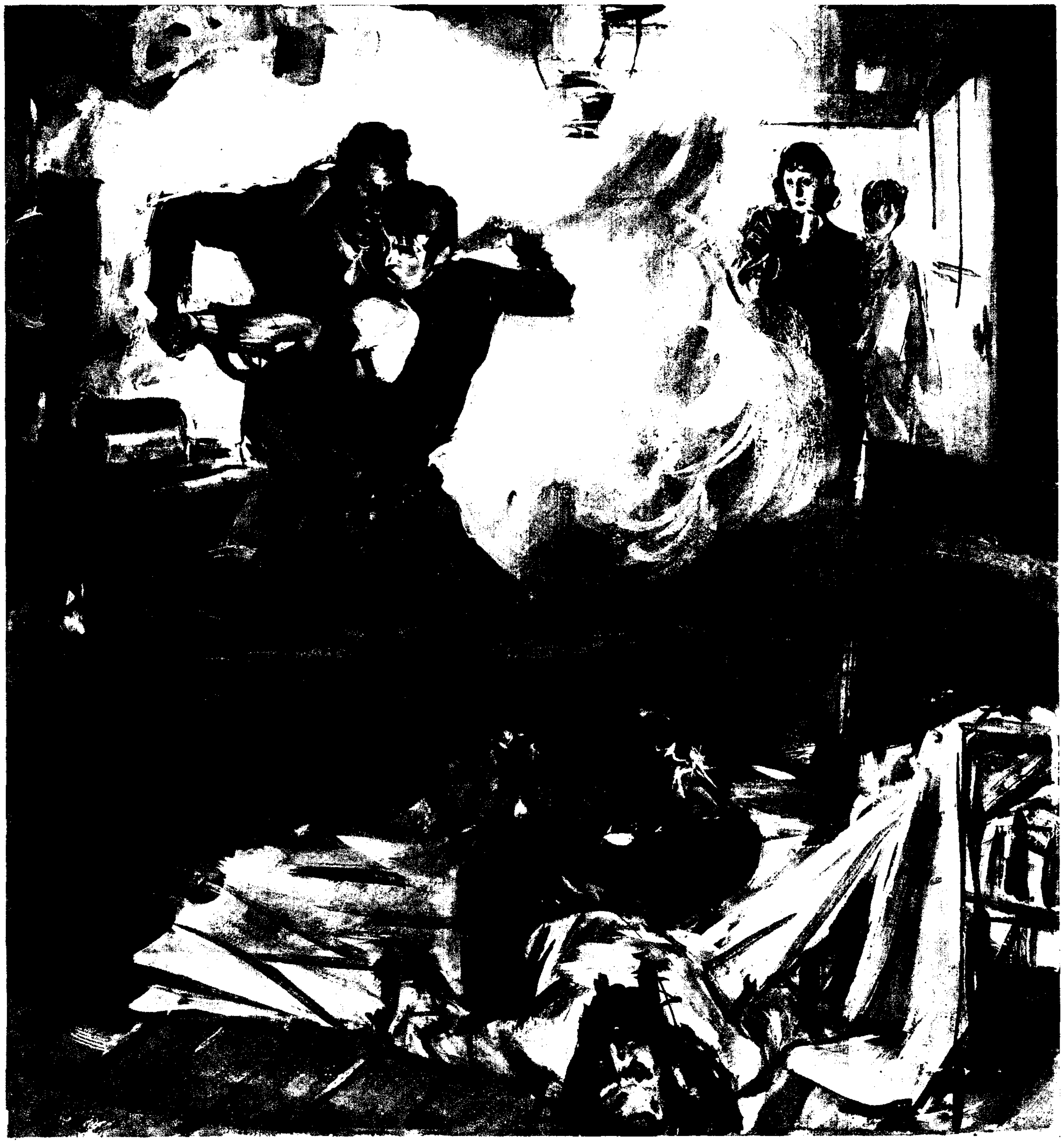
To this point he had always believed he could stop and back up and take the honest road. To this point. Tonight, after meeting Gore, he at last knew that there was no hope of ever retracing his way. In the relentless clarity which illumined his thinking he could see each step of that crooked way which had led him into partnership with Gore. And now Gore—so smileless and obscure and merciless a man—had ordered him to trace Benbow, and there was no way he could avoid hurting the only soul left in the valley who still trusted him.

WHEN he thought of it, the light of this room got dimmer and dimmer. He had known for some months that there was a tide running against him and that somehow the valley had caught on. There were no telltale tracks behind him; yet the valley knew. He could read it in men's attitudes toward him. The warmth had gone out of their talk and a feeling lay reserved in their eyes. Gordon Howland had almost spoken that suspicion and then had stilled his tongue because of Benbow's presence at the cattlemen's meeting. Benbow didn't know; and there was a kind of conspiracy of silence here to keep from breaking the news to that big, solid man whose loyalty was like a hoop of steel.

They weren't protecting him, Rand understood. It was Benbow they were protecting, remembering how deep and how solid Benbow's affections were.

He filled his glass again, but left it on the table, his hands dropped between his knees and his handsome face reddened and pulled into long, slack lines. He thought of Connie and for a moment one wild thought ripped its way through him, leaving ruin behind; and then he tried to think of what he could do and afterward his thoughts whirled out into emptiness and he was once more, as so often, a man adrift on the turbulent surface of his own ungoverned and unstable appetites.

He took his glass of whisky and crossed the lobby and climbed the stairs, with his legs stretched to brace him, and went into Number Ten. His exploring hand swept across the darkness, struck the table lamp and sent it crashing to the floor. He downed the whisky and sat on the edge of the bed, loose and lost in a world that had no light; and then, thoroughly drunk, he rolled back on the



**The heat of the stove rushed across Benbow's face and flamed on his eyes as he fell over it with Turk beneath him**

# FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE... SMOKE CAMELS!

"That tells one big reason why I smoke Camels," says SIG BUCHMAYR, skiing wizard

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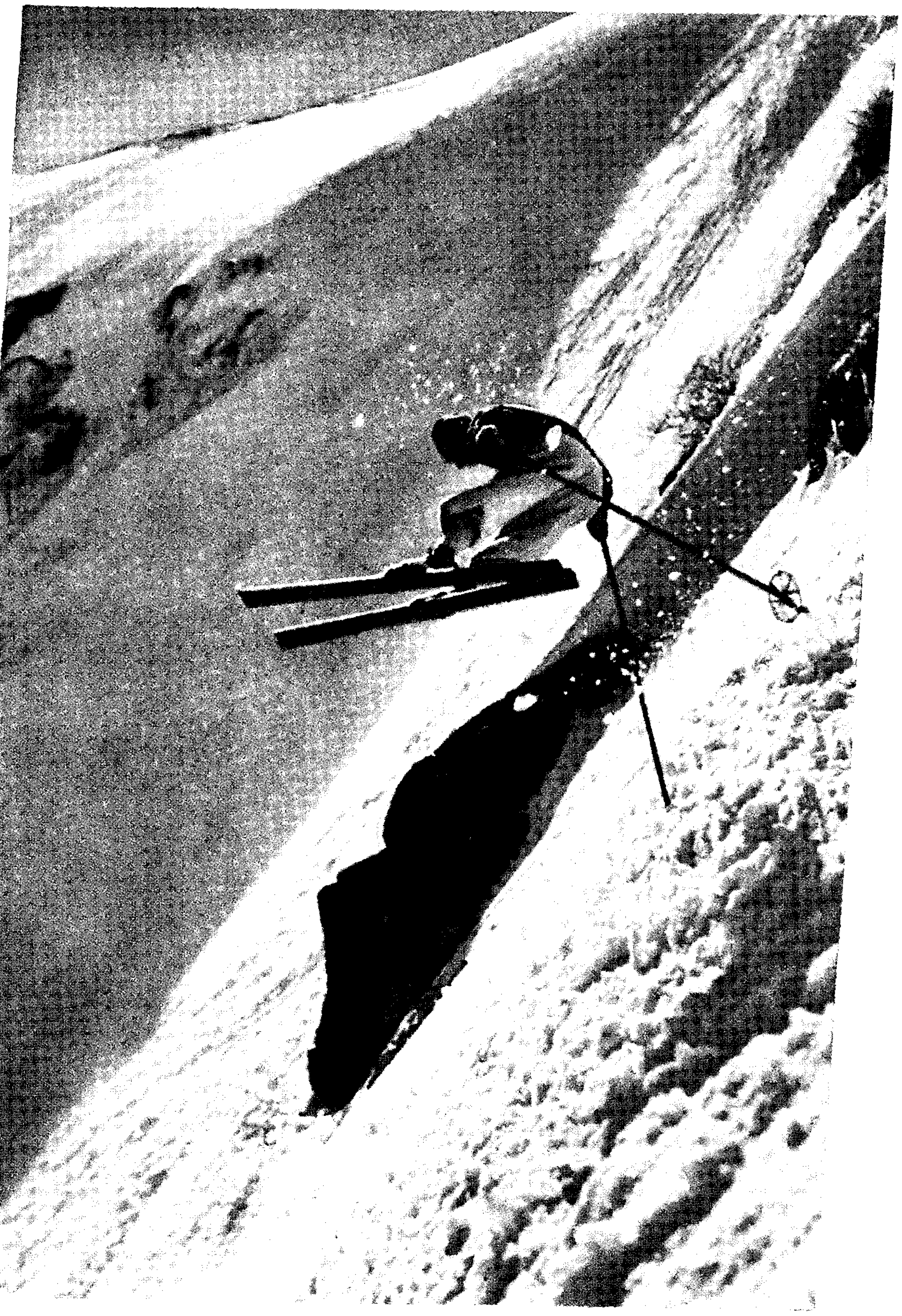
"THERE are many hazards in skiing," continues Buchmayr, shown executing a difficult jump turn (*right*) and enjoying Camels "for digestion's sake" during a hearty meal (*below*). "Skiing takes a healthy set of nerves and good digestion. I smoke Camels a lot. I know they don't get on my nerves. And they help my digestion. Camels and food are always in the same picture where I'm concerned. I wouldn't enjoy my meals as much if I couldn't smoke Camels at my meals and afterwards. Camels set me right! Lighting up a Camel seems to give me new 'zip.'"

Vigorous, active people—in sport, society, and the world of work—count on healthy nerves and proper nutrition to see them through. Take your cue from them and make Camel *your* cigarette. Camels set you right!



**WHEN YOU SMOKE CAMELS** at your meals and enjoy more Camels afterwards, digestion gets a welcome "lift." The flow of digestive fluids—the alkaline digestive fluids so vital to proper nutrition—speeds up. Strain and tension are lessened. And you have a delightful sense of digestive well-being. Camels are better for steady smoking. They don't get on your nerves—tire your taste—or irritate sensitive throats.

**CHAMPION GIRL BRONC BUSTER.** Alice Greenough's digestion must stand up under terrific pounding and jolting. Does she smoke? "Of course," says this attractive rodeo star. "In fact, Camels are one of the big pleasures in my life. 'For digestion's sake—smoke Camels' is a rule with me at every mealtime."

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

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bed, clawed the blankets awkwardly around him and fell asleep.

Early next morning, he rode through Hat's yard and found Izee coming out of the house.

"Jim here?"

Izee stared at him, obviously in no cheerful frame of mind. He said, after a deliberate and thoughtful pause: "Think he went to see George Gray."

"What's the matter?"

"Nothin'," said Izee promptly. Then he added: "Old Jack ain't so well," and turned to watch Rand go inside.

Clay found Connie in the office. She was at the window, and had been looking out across the misty wind-driven valley. She turned and her glance went over him carefully. He hadn't shaved and his eyes were bloodshot and his nerves kept shifting him about, and seeing all that she turned back to the window in a manner that freshened his irritable temper.

"That's a cheerful way to meet a man. What's the matter with me?"

"I wish I knew, Clay."

"What?"

"If I did, perhaps I could do something about it."

He was surly with his answer. "If a man wants to go loose once in a while what's wrong with that?"

It whipped her around. She was angry with him and her pride was stung. All this came rapidly out. "Go loose, then! I didn't ask you any questions and I don't need any answers. But after you go walking through the mud, don't come here and leave it on Hat's carpets."

HE SAID, "Oh, Connie," with so changed a manner that she quit talking and stared at him. He looked beaten, and unsure and half bitter. "Don't rag a man. When are we going to put all this waitin' behind? It's time to be married."

She said: "You've never mentioned it before."

"No, I guess not. I guess I've been waiting to get a little money ahead. Man hates to take a woman off a rich ranch to a poor one. But it's a long drag, and I'm tired of waitin'. And I'm tired of the outfit I'm trying to run. I've got enough money to get married and move on. California's the country. Let's try that, Connie."

She said: "What's better than Hat?"

"Hat's yours, not mine."

"Half of it is mine, someday. The other half is Jim's—though he's never been told."

"Your dad," said Clay in a dry tone, "is generous to his foreman." He was considering it, watching Connie Dale with a close and narrowing glance. "So that would make the three of us living on Hat. You and me and Jim. And I'd be the stranger moving in. Not for me, Connie."

"He's your best friend, Clay."

"Sure. But friend or no friend, that's too damned close. Not for me." He was irritable again. "Anyhow, I'm tired of the country. Let's move out. I've had no luck here and never will."

She said: "I was born here, Clay. I'd hate to go."

"I thought," he said sourly, "a woman was supposed to take her husband's side of it, for better or for worse."

She let a small, appealing cry escape her. "Oh, Clay, why make it so hard? If nothing can hold you here, where will you ever find anything anywhere to hold you?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Let it go. Where's Jim?"

"He went out last night."

"Up in the Yellows?" he asked.

She hesitated a moment, her lips anging; her eyes carefully studying A long moment later she said in a reluctant voice, "Yes."

hat's the matter?" he blurted out, ed again. "Ain't I to be trusted?"

She didn't say anything. Izee came into the house and crossed to the office. He looked at both these people and then put his hands over the stove. "Damned cold."

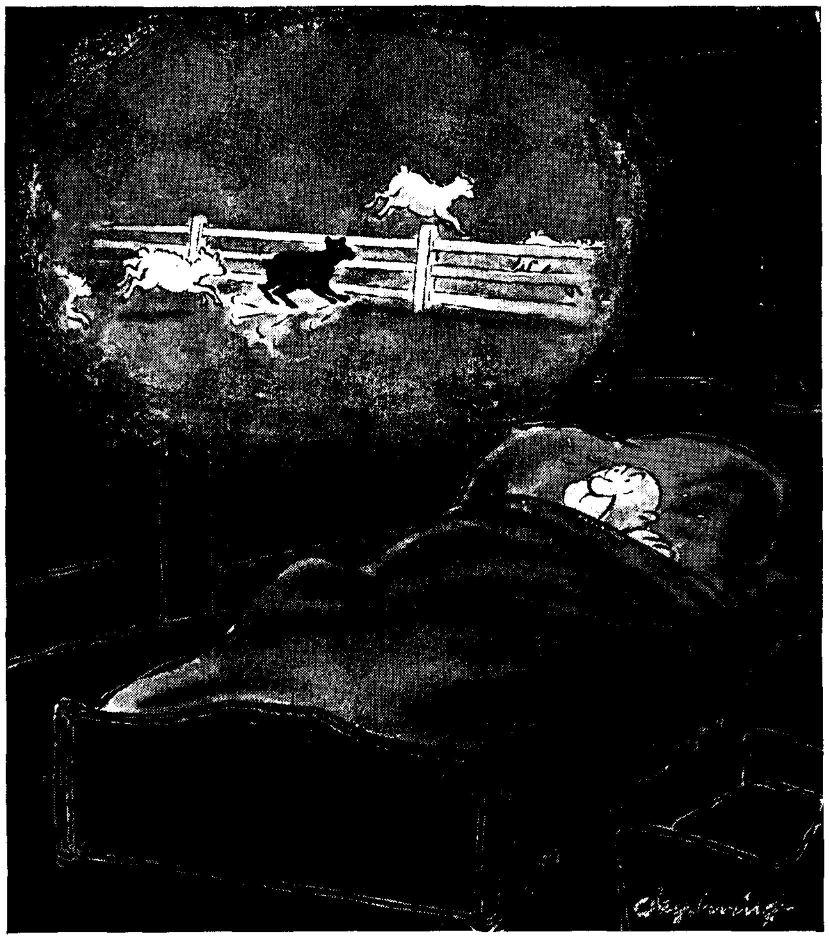
"Izee," said Rand ironically, "I thought you said Jim was down at Block T."

Izee threw a quick glance at Connie. "Maybe," he said, "I was wrong," and then the room was very still and these three people were uncomfortably face to face in it. Abruptly Rand turned out. He was at the front door when Connie caught up with him.

"Clay," she said, "if you must leave the country, of course I'll go along. But not now. Dad's sick."

He swung about and the inconstant temper of this man made him smile and say indifferently: "Sure. There's other lands as green as this one." He went out of the house and was soon gone from the yard.

She stood a little while in the living room, saddened by what she knew of this man. It was hard to think of leaving Hat; it was like throwing all her past life away. But he had not seen that. There was little understanding in him for the troubles of other people. Things came so easily to Clay; he took so much for granted, and was so swift to resent anything that blocked his desires. She couldn't help remembering Jim Benbow just then; of the way he sat so patiently in his chair, tied to Hat and to the valley by a sense of loyalty and obligation Clay could never understand. Tied even to Clay by ropes of affection that Clay indifferently realized.



"Tsk! That one always balks!" JAY IRVING

SHE went into the office. Izee was at the window watching Rand trot through the down-sweeping mists of the incredibly cold day. He didn't look at her, but she knew he had something heavy on his mind.

"You didn't want to tell him Jim was in the Yellows. Why?"

"Guess I just can't break the habit of keepin' my mouth shut," said Izee awkwardly.

"Izee," she said, the tone of her voice bringing him around. "What is it?"

"Nothin'," he said, and she knew by the dogged set of his chin that nothing would ever make him say more. He was disturbed and embarrassed and escaped her quiet appraisal by ducking suddenly out of the room.

She climbed the stairs to her father's room. He sat in his bed, shored up by pillows, and the sight of him thus helpless knifed through her painfully and turned her mind strangely back to her girlhood. He had always been so robust, so hearty and arresting a figure. Through all of those years she could remember him as a solid rock in times of trouble, the boom of his voice always comforting to hear.

He said: "Who was it, Connie?"

"Clay."

The same change she had noted in Izee came over her father's graying face—the same shutter-like drop of something inside to cover what he knew and what he felt. It made her say: "What, Dad?"

He shook his head.

"Is it something I ought to know?"

"The only thing worth knowin'," he told her quietly, "is what a man finds out for himself. When you were a kid I put you on a horse. It hurt me like hell to see you take your falls, Connie, but it was the only way to learn. It's got to be the same way now. You got some falls comin'. That's all I can tell you. It's tough to think I can't be around maybe to lend a hand."

"You—" she began, and stopped and looked down at the floor. He didn't want any tears out of her; he had always told her that. So she waited a little before going on. "Don't you worry. Jim will be here."

"I'd like to depend on that."

She put her hand on his arm. "I wish it could have been the way you wanted. Jim's always been your choice. Would it sound funny if I told you that sometimes I wish I hadn't ever known Clay?"

He turned his head and looked at her, shrewd and penetrating with his glance. "No," he said. "You can't do much with your heart. But I started puttin' things into your head long ago, Connie. I'm countin' on that, in the end. I'm countin' on your head, in the long run."

She wanted to ask him what he meant, but she saw weariness pull the blood from his face; and so she rose and fixed his pillows and left the room. In the hall she stopped, silently crying. He had been a great man, always; filling her life with courage and kindness. And now that he was sinking away it left her with an unutterable loneliness, as though all that she could believe in was being withdrawn. Thus empty-hearted she thought of Benbow, with an acute desire to have him near. Going to the end of the hall she looked into the yard and saw Izee still standing against the heavy rush of the wind, staring up the valley in the direction Clay Rand had gone.

CLAY trotted northward from Hat until the milky mists of this bitter day closed down and erased the ranch from his back-glancing eyes. At that point, beyond detection, he swung south, crossed the valley and reached the Ramparts at a spot between Gannon's and Running M. He knew that Gore waited for him and would see him make the crossing. Climbing the Ramparts he dismounted in the usual meeting place; and was impatiently smoking out his third cigarette when Gore arrived.

Gore didn't dismount. He swung his horse around—all this Rand observed with a growing alertness—so that his gun side was nearest. And said: "Where's Benbow?"

"Cash," said Rand, "I told you once I was out of this."

"When I want you to do business for me, you'll do it."

"We'll do business," countered Rand. "I've changed my mind again. I need some quick money."

"Damn a man that keeps changin'," observed Gore, no emotion in his talk. "I always did figure you as a switcher, and I don't trust you none at all."

"Fifty-fifty," observed Rand. "You hoe your row and I'll hoe mine."

"One word from me, Clay, and you're ruined in this valley."

"And when you speak that word," retorted Rand, ironically amused, "you're caught in your own trap. Ever think of that?"

"Maybe."

Rand grinned in a hard and confident way. "You figure another way to handle me when you're through. But listen. I'm not as easy to kill as Arizona was."

"Maybe," breathed Gore, still unstirred. "Where's Benbow?"

"I get my share of this beef?"

"Yes."

"Benbow's up here somewhere."

Cash Gore said: "You took your time tellin' it." And then those two faced each other with a faithless wire-drawn attention, until Rand said: "Scare him out, but if you kill him I'll kill you." Gore pulled his horse back into the brush; and later Rand heard him galloping along the Ramparts' main trail.

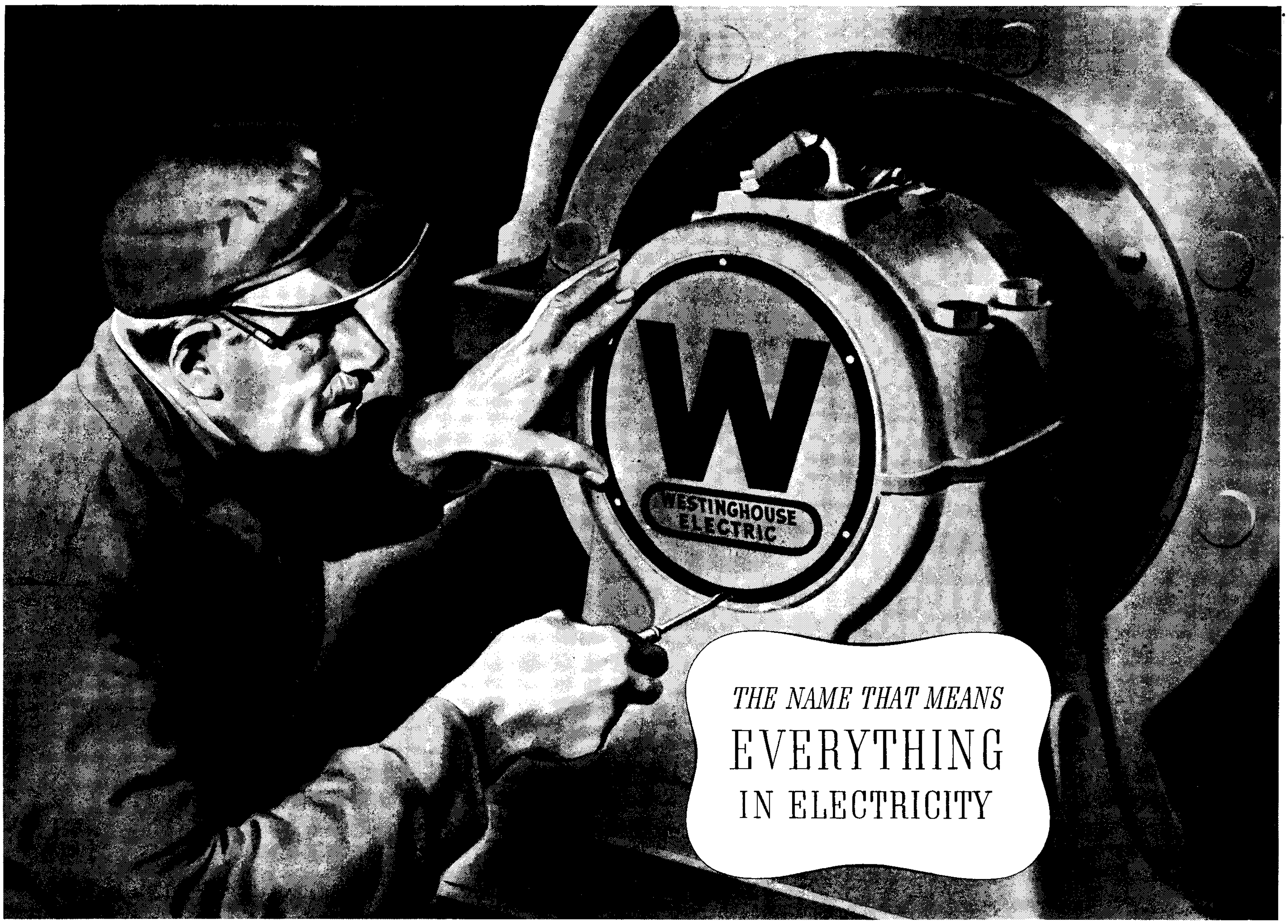
Rand stepped to his saddle and turned down to the flats, aiming for his own place. After he had gone—long after he had gone—Eileen Gannon came from the heavy brush near the meeting spot and went to her horse not far away.

THE trail ran broadly through the badlands, beaten solid by the traffic it had borne. Benbow's horse traced the way at an alternate walk and canter; and now and then he looked above him to see the rim of the gulley cut its faint shape against the sky's overwhelming black. Up there the wind rolled wildly, sending its hollow reverberations all along these buried corridors.

For a while the trail was straight, but an hour from the entry point his pony began to swing around a series of chim-

(Continued on page 53)

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF THE WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC AND MANUFACTURING COMPANY • EAST PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA



*In the dual meaning of a phrase is expressed the double foundation upon which a great institution stands: unquestioned quality, and unlimited scope of service.*

THE workman who attaches the Westinghouse name plate to a motor knows that it stands for 50 years of development, constant research, a reputation for dependable performance that is the pride of every Westinghouse man and his daily responsibility to maintain.

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And so "the name that means everything in electricity" has a dual significance when applied to Westinghouse: a source of supply for practically everything electrical; a concern so thoroughly identified with electrical achievements that anyone may buy its products with utmost confidence.

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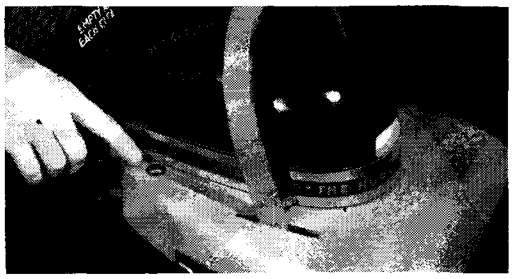
*The name that means everything in electricity*

# NEW CLEANING IDEA

*Hoover extends service of electric cleaner with complete ensemble for cleaning furnishings as well as rugs. New wonder-metal lightness to save your back. A dozen conveniences to save your time.*

ANTON BRUEHL

**Leisure** Improve your bridge. Take a nap. Go a-gadding—you'll have more leisure with the new Hoover, with its greater efficiency for faster cleaning and its dozen-and-one new work-saving features.



**"Empty Me"** —Many a bag has d—when it got too full for comfort and efficiency could only talk." The new Hoover One Fifty k but it does signal you—an ingenious red s—when the bag is ready for the shakedown.

"Totally different!" you'll say. But after all, it's your own ideas—the ideas you've always wanted—come true.

You wanted a lighter cleaner—here it is. The Hoover One Fifty Cleaning Ensemble, made with magnesium, lightest structural metal in the world, one-third lighter than aluminum—an outstanding achievement in lightness.

You wanted cleaning tools you'd use. We've made the Hoover an instant-converting ensemble, with light-weight, fun-to-use tools all in a Handy Cleaning Kit.

You wanted a cleaner that almost runs itself. We've given you the Time-to-Empty Signal, Automatic Rug Adjuster, Clip-on Plug, Plug-in Automatic Tool Connector—almost uncanny conveniences to save time and fuss.

You wanted modern beauty. We've given you the clean-cut, "tear-drop" design by Henry Dreyfuss . . . the non-marring stratosphere gray finish.

You wanted still faster cleaning. We've increased efficiency greatly and made the operation even quieter.

It's the first basically new cleaner in ten years.

**A PIECE OF SANDPAPER** You wouldn't sandpaper your rugs—but you do . . . every time you walk over your grit-packed carpets. Stop this destructive grit wear—with the only cleaning action exclusively made for grit removal, the patented Hoover Positive Agitation. It vibrates the rug and you can literally watch the dirt dance out. Only Hoover has it.

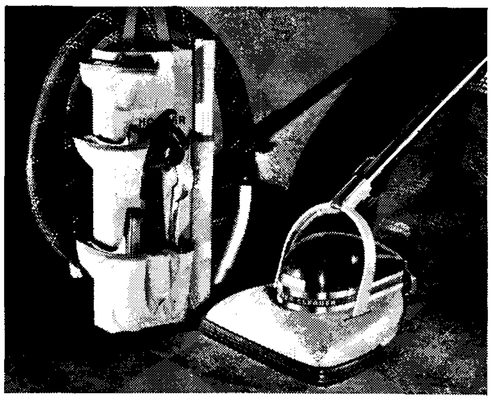
You'll thrill when you try it (without obligation). You'll thrill more when you own it. The Hoover is sold by leading dealers everywhere, through trustworthy neighborhood representatives. **$1.50 a week, payable monthly**

Also the amazing low-priced Hoover "300" complete with cleaning tools, for only $1.00 a week, payable monthly.

**Back Saver** Made with Magnesium (one-third lighter than even aluminum), the new Hoover floats o'er rugs with the greatest of ease. The hood is of bakelite; the tools of duralumin.

**I Spy** —under chairs for dirt you might miss—in dark corners for sly lint or fuzz. It's the handy, unobtrusive Dirt Finder on your new Hoover.

**Smart** If you have a toe, the new Hoover has the brains to adjust itself to rugs of any thickness . . . Toe touches pedal on side of cleaner —Hoover does the rest! Lowers to exact height.



**THE HOOVER**
*One Fifty*
**CLEANING ENSEMBLE**

# Rules for Suckers

*Continued from page 11*

throughout the country. But, of course, all commissioners act together in discussing and arriving at decisions on matters of fundamental policy.

The reader who is an investor or a speculator would do himself a service if he would get it fixed in his mind that the Trading Division (or the SEC for that matter) does not manage the exchanges. Nor does it study the investment value of stocks. Nor does it guarantee investments or speculations. Nor does it give investment or speculation advice. It merely polices the stock or security markets—the exchanges and the over-the-counter markets as well.

The organization and management of the markets is still in the hands of the exchanges. In New York it is in the New York Stock Exchange and the Curb Exchange. These are still private associations owned and operated by the members. Both are directly managed by boards of governors answerable to the members. These boards make the rules affecting trading and administer those rules. The SEC and its Trading Division merely keeps an eye on the exchanges to see that the rules of the Commission and the laws are enforced. But, of course, within certain limits, it can either suggest rules to the exchanges or compel the adoption of rules.

### In the Observation Tower

Generally speaking, I think, the two New York exchanges at least have gotten along rather well with the SEC. There have been no major clashes yet, though there may be one before this gets into print over the question of segregation, which we will speak of later. The Stock Exchange has made some wise and wholesome changes in its rules, in its governing policies and in its personnel. Charles R. Gay is the new president of the Exchange. I think it may be said that Mr. Gay is an excellent choice at this time. He is a member of a very old and very respectable house whose own ethical practices have been the best. He is more approachable, more understanding, less arbitrary and frozen in his views than some of his predecessors. He is an advocate of reform in Wall Street.

The Exchange has adopted a number of new rules, most, if not all, of which were suggested to it by the SEC. It has enlarged the governing committee by adding eight new members called governing members who may not be members of the Exchange. This is a wise course which enables the office partners of large commission houses more intimately concerned in the investing public's welfare to be represented on the governing board. It has also provided for an advisory committee made of outsiders, non-brokers, bankers like Fred Kent of New York, and unattached persons like A. A. Berle to sit with the governing committee and represent, without vote, of course, the point of view of the public.

Under the law it is an offense for a broker to do anything which has for its objective the creation of an artificial market, an appearance of activity which does not really exist. Why do you so often buy stocks which go down instead of those which go up? Or why do you buy them only after they go up? The answer in the past, at least, has been that you are first caught by the signs of unusual activity in the stock. You see it rising. You are lured by the clever publicity artfully sent out. You buy and then the stock collapses. The principal element in the strategy by which you were hooked is this artificial activity. That is now against the law. And one of the important tasks of the SEC is to keep a ceaseless lookout for evidences of this.

If you will go into the Commission's New York offices in Broadway—close to the Exchange—at one spot you will find a group of tickers from the several exchanges. There sits an experienced ticker reader. As you know, the ticker tape carries a record of every trade, the price and the volume. A trained observer can look at that and get a pretty good picture of what is going on in the market.

Presently he sees that XYZ stock has jumped up half a point. XYZ is an obscure issue in which there is very little activity. Perhaps a hundred or two hundred shares a week change hands. But here, suddenly, 100 shares are sold at 4½ instead of 4. In a few minutes 200 shares appear on the tape at 4¾. Then there is a series of trades—100 to 500 or even 1,000 shares. The price rises steadily. In a few hours, 2,000 shares have changed hands and the price is up to 7. That's a big jump—75 per cent.

There is certainly ground for suspicion here. The ticker observer immediately sends the investigation chief a memo: "XYZ opened at 4; now 7. Small corporation, only 140,000 shares, majority closely held. Usual sales, hundred to two hundred a week for six weeks. 2,000 shares sold this morning, 75 per cent jump in price. Looks like a jiggle."

"So it's *you* takes my paper every morning and leaves two cents!"

GARRETT PRICE

Thus the facts are in possession of the government instantly. The investigation department acts, as a rule, at once. The trades have not been very many. By inquiry on the floor it can find out at once the names of the brokers making the trades. At the brokers' offices it can get the names of the persons making the trades from the brokers' slips. It can summon the specialist in the stock who is usually at some spot in a movement like this. Before nightfall it can have in its possession all of the surface facts about that operation—who bought and who sold and through whom.

At this point frequently the activity stops. If it was undertaken to push the stock up to unload later on the public, the effect of the swift investigation has the wholesome result of bringing the activity to a sudden end. In that case the losers will be the gentlemen who began the little job they couldn't finish.

Through this watchtower several serious pool operations have been detected and several leading stock exchange firms have been brought on the carpet and now face suspension or other penalties for their misdeeds. The cases are good examples of this activity of the commission. Take the case of Mr. Meehan. It illustrates the strength and the weaknesses of this weapon.

Everybody who has ever contracted a margin or been bitten by a short knows of Mike Meehan, famous specialist in Radio stock. At the end of the big bull market he found himself almost as busted as some of his customers. Well, oddly, it was Mike Meehan who first felt the stroke of the SEC lash upon his back. Here is what happened:

In the week of May 25, 1935, the Curb ticker watcher at SEC headquarters noticed a large number of sales in Bellanca Aircraft stock. When the week was over 4,300 shares had been sold. What made that noticeable was that the week before only 200 shares were sold and in the preceding four weeks only 400 shares were traded. Now here were 4,300 shares changing hands in a number of trades in a single week. Why? Was someone jiggling the stock? So the SEC watched the proceeding. The activity continued for two weeks and the price rose from 2½ to 4¼. That was pretty lofty. Then things began to boil. Monday, June 10th, the sales jumped to 9,200; Tuesday, 2,500; Wednesday, 8,500; Thursday, 5,600; Friday, 3,100; Saturday, 300. Total, 29,200 for the week and the price was around 5.

### And Then the Pay-Off

Then on October 7th, an application arrived at the SEC offices in Washington to issue 197,400 new shares of Bellanca stock.

To an experienced observer, here was the pay-off or the tip-off. Bellanca was a small corporation—only 174,750 shares. That's an ideally sized corporation to manipulate—shares small in number, much easier than molding the shares of U. S. Steel with 15,000,000 outstanding. What had happened was this: Bellanca decided to issue 197,400 new shares. The old shares were selling for 1¾. The Bellanca people wanted to sell the new ones for $5. Now with the market price of the old ones at 1¾ it was obviously impossible to sell 197,400 new ones at $5. So the first thing to do was to work the market some way to drive the price of the old ones up to $5. And thus all that activity we saw beginning in May was for the purpose of forcing the price up to $5 at least. When that had been successfully done, in October the new shares were ready for issuance and for unloading on the public.

The SEC has made formal charges against Mr. Meehan, declaring him to be the broker who did that little job. They charge that he had bought 50,000 of the new shares at a price and had an option on 43,000 more and that he rigged the market to make his profit.

On that charge he has been tried by the Commission. And the case is now resting in the Commission's hands awaiting decision. The decision and the action taken will be one of the most important Wall Street has faced in a long time. Meehan is a prominent broker. If he is trapped and suspended, it will be a big blow to an old and highly respected practice in Wall Street—the noble art of rigging the market and unloading the shares on the good old public.

There are three other cases of manipulation pending before the Commission. They are all against leading brokers—one of them against Charlie Wright, now famous for his operation in alcohol shares investigated by Judge Pecora. The others are lodged against two of the biggest brokerage firms in Wall Street. It is not necessary to go into the details of these cases, save that they are instances of the power of the Commission to follow the activities on the Exchange floors, to see quickly suspicious trading and to run it down.

But a question remains to be answered about this. For one thing, if the Commission by this technique or any other can drive pools and manipulative operations out of the exchanges a tremendous service will have been rendered not merely to the investor but to the whole people as well whose economic life is upset by the bad influences and effects set up by these practices. But can the Commission succeed?

### Sifting Out the Facts

Up to now there has really been very little of this sort of thing. Many little flurries and a few more daring, but nothing like the intensive and widespread operations of the pool promoters back in the 'twenties and right up to 1933. The reason, of course, is twofold. The opportunities have not been present. The reputation of Wall Street has kept the sucker away. And you can't run these games profitably unless the suckers are there in numbers to walk off with the hook. In the second place the brokers have been afraid of the new laws.

The Commission has not yet made up its mind on certain great, controlling matters of policy and until it does it would be a very bad thing for the Exchange to have its bad boys break out in an orgy of crazy operations. I think it fair to say that thus far the Exchange—and the Curb as well—have co-operated rather well with the SEC and its investigation department.

But what will happen if the boom comes back; if the boom psychology takes possession of the market; if the suckers flock back into the Street crying aloud for easy money and begging to be rooked? Will it be able to watch effectively the vast operations which will get under way? Will not the brokers be able to work out means of evading this watchfulness?

Hence one must reserve decision as to the effectiveness of this mere policing of manipulation. That remains to be tested when the big pot begins to boil.

In the meantime the SEC has been dealing with some very important and fundamental questions of policy. After all, this business of regulating speculation is new. The Commission must find its way. As a matter of fact, knowledge of the economic consequences of speculation is very little. A whole batch of opinions have been proclaimed for years about speculation—proclaimed by people who had thought very little of the matter and who were really interested in apologizing for the practice. It has been announced that speculation is necessary to our capital markets; that without it we would have no liquidity in capital investment; that liquidity is essential to the functioning of our financial system; that the floor trader is a boon to the market because he supplies a cushion against declines and a ceiling against rises; that the specialist must be allowed to trade for himself to perform his proper functions effectively, and a host of other propositions.

As a matter of fact, I believe that most of these positions are untenable. But the Commission is studying them and in good time will announce policies which will have a very important influence over the future of the exchanges.

These studies by the SEC have taken up a great deal of its time thus far and few of them have as yet resulted in any

*(Continued on page 30)*

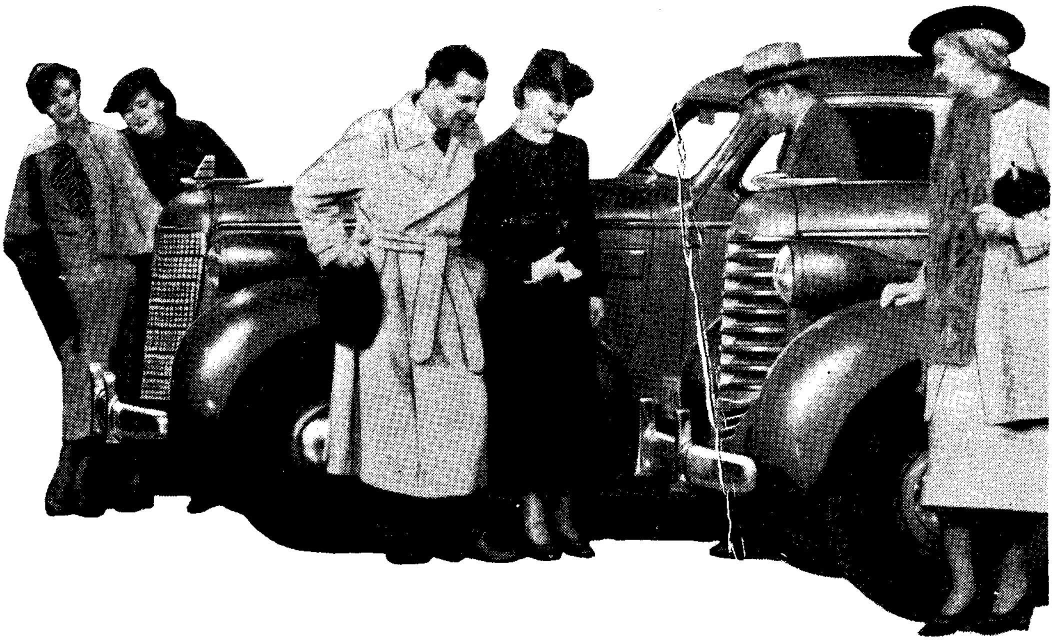
"The most popular Oldsmobile

**Big and Roomy—with Every Modern Comfort Feature**

**New Unisteel Turret Top Bodies by Fisher . . . Knee-Action Wheel New Triple Sealed Super-Hydraulic Brakes . . . Center-Control Stee ing . . . Dual Ride Stabilizers . . . Unobstructed Floors . . . Safety Glas Standard Throughout . . . Electro-Hardened Aluminum Pistons . . . Ne Stabilized Front End . . . Fisher No Draft Ventilation . . . And Man Other Fine-Car Features . . . "The Cars that have Everything for 1937**

**SIXES $685 and up • EIGHTS $785 and up.** List price at Lansing, Michigan, subject to change without notice. Cars illustrate upper left, Six 4-Door Touring Sedan, $815; at right, Eight 4-Do Touring Sedan, $915, list. Standard Accessories: Bumpers, Bump Guards, Spare Tire and Tube, Metal Spring Covers—$37.50 o the Six, $45.00 on the Eight. Additional Accessories and Equi ment—Optional. Taxes, Transportation, Delivery and Ha dling Charges—Extra. GENERAL MOTORS INSTALMENT PLA

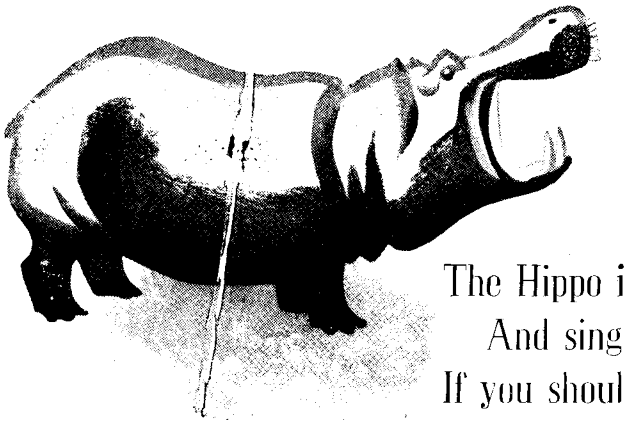
# cars in" History



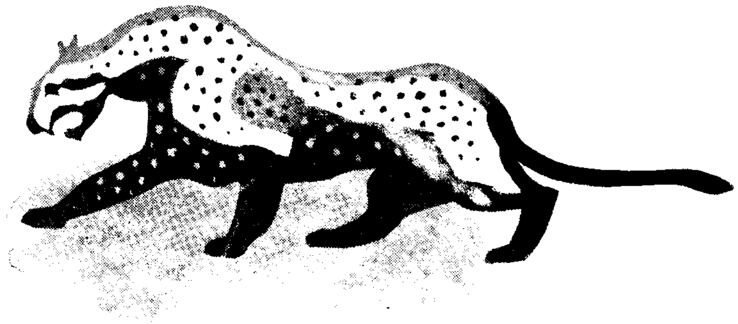
## DISTINCTIVE NEW SIX AND DISTINGUISHED NEW EIGHT ARE BREAKING ALL RECORDS IN SALES BECAUSE THEY BREAK ALL RECORDS FOR VALUE

SALES figures prove it . . . the enthusiasm of owners establishes it beyond a doubt . . . Oldsmobile's two great new cars for 1937 are reaching new heights of popularity, even for Oldsmobile. The big, smart, 95 h. p. Six is winning new thousands of buyers to better-car ownership. The great, luxurious, 110 h. p. Eight is proving to additional thousands that fine-car transportation need not be expensive. With their traditional Oldsmobile quality and dependability, their full complement of modern fine-car features, and a choice of two distinctly different Style-Leader Styles, the 1937 Oldsmobiles are cars that you, too, should see and drive. For they are priced to set the 1937 pace in value!

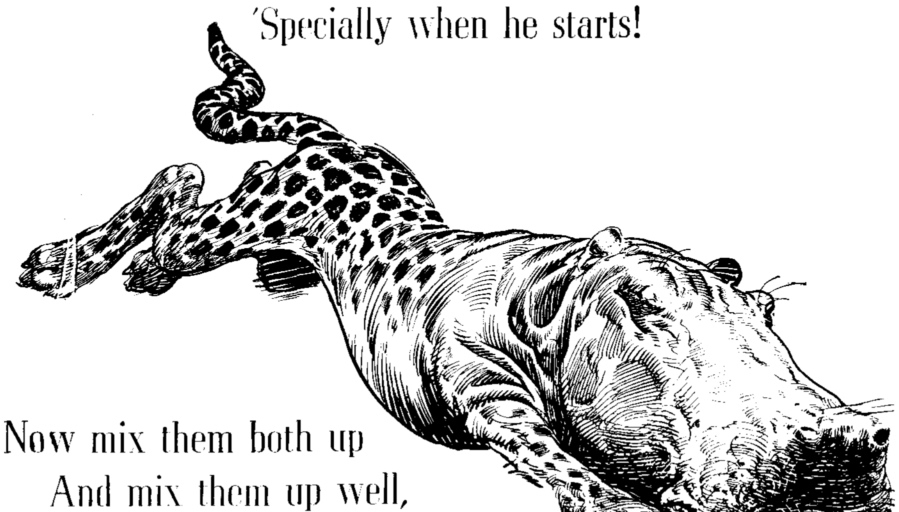
# Oldsmobile 6 and 8



The Hippo is a hardy gent,
And singularly **Tough,**
If you should meet him
on a walk,
You'd better not get rough!



Now take the spotted Leopard—
A gentleman of parts,
He's the **Fastest** gent you ever saw—
'Specially when he starts!



Now mix them both up
And mix them up well,
And there, sir, you have
The **New Golden Shell**

Like two oils in one, it's Tough and it's Fast.
It **Cuts Starting Wear** and how it does last!

Starting causes more Engine Wear than all the running . . .
New Golden Shell Motor Oil is Fast-Flowing
to reduce this wear . . . Tough so it
stands the heat of steady driving.

Golden Shell
The **New** Motor Oil
SHELL

*(Continued from page 27)*

final action. For instance, the Commission took up the question of unlisted markets on exchanges and held that the Curb market in New York might continue its unlisted market. However, the subject is not entirely settled and doubtless will be studied further.

Then the Commission turned over to its economic department the subject popularly known as segregation. At present a broker may perform all sorts of functions. He may represent you as a commission agent. He may speculate for himself. He may carry on an underwriting business. He may manage investment trusts and do a variety of other things. The law directs the Commission to study this subject and report on whether a broker should be forced to elect what functions he should perform and be confined to a single function.

The economic division of the Commission completed the study and reported that there was no defense for combining the broker and trading function in the same person. The Commission apparently was not ready to accept this and without very much consideration it rejected the advice of its economists and turned the study over to another group, made up in part at least of men who formerly worked in Wall Street. One of them was formerly a stock broker and he has since returned to Wall Street as the head of his old firm. This group reversed the decision of the economists. But they did hold that some segregation should be made. They recommended—and the Commission has adopted that recommendation—that no man should be permitted to be both broker and trader on the floor of the Exchange. But they held that a broker who wished to trade for himself could do so only while he was not on the floor.

If true segregation is carried out it will be a great victory for honest trading and a very serious blow to the speculative element on the exchanges. There is an immense number of brokers who make far more out of their own trading than they do out of their commissions. In fact, those who get rich usually get rich out of their own speculations. But whether the Commission's mild rule, which will permit the broker still to speculate, by stepping off the floor and placing his orders, will accomplish its objective is a grave question.

### Plenty of Easy Money

While these serious questions are pending it is easy to see that the Exchange does not want to excite the ire of the Commission or to deliver to its enemies fresh ammunition by permitting the market to plunge into an orgy of old-fashioned monkey business.

The Commission has also made a very fine study of reorganization techniques which may yet flower into extensive legislation. At the present moment it is engaged in an investigation of investment trusts, whose bad practices brought so much loss to investors in the years after the crash.

But in the meantime the country seems hungering for another toss of the bones. The evidences of returning eagerness to buy stocks are many.

First, the business of the Exchange grows. In 1935 the total stock turnover was 381 million shares. In 1936 it was about 500 million in round numbers.

But this is a long way from the hectic figures of '28 and '29. It was a billion in '28 and more than that in '29.

Far more interesting, however, is what has happened to the price of shares. In April, 1935, the average price of fifty leading shares was 77. In 1936 the average price was 144. That is, the prices of these shares have almost doubled.

What produced this rise? The answer must be that it was not the work of manipulation or forced draft. It is the work of several factors.

First, the whole country is aware of what has taken place in our midst. Bigger business, higher prices, better profits, more employment, more purchasing power. In short, better business. The natural consequence of this is that the nation has emerged from its blue mood to one of confidence. And among the principal beneficiaries of these increased profits have been the leading corporations listed on the exchanges.

But also there is plenty of easy money lying around. Bank deposits are ten billion higher than four years ago. They are four billion higher than a year ago. All of those billions belong to people who own the bank deposits of the country and many of them have been looking for investments and speculations.

### Dangerous Talk

The banks have, in addition, enormous excess reserves. Member banks must keep certain reserves with the Federal Reserve banks. When the reserves mount higher than required there is an invitation to credit inflation. In 1926 a leading bank economist warned that credit inflation was imminent because our excess bank reserves were about 700 million. He was right. The credit inflation came and was succeeded by the depression. But now our excess reserves are around two and a half billion. Of course credit is a good—a necessary thing. But credit inflation—piling up credit by pyramided bank loans—is a bad thing. For remember credit inflation is a nice way of saying debt inflation.

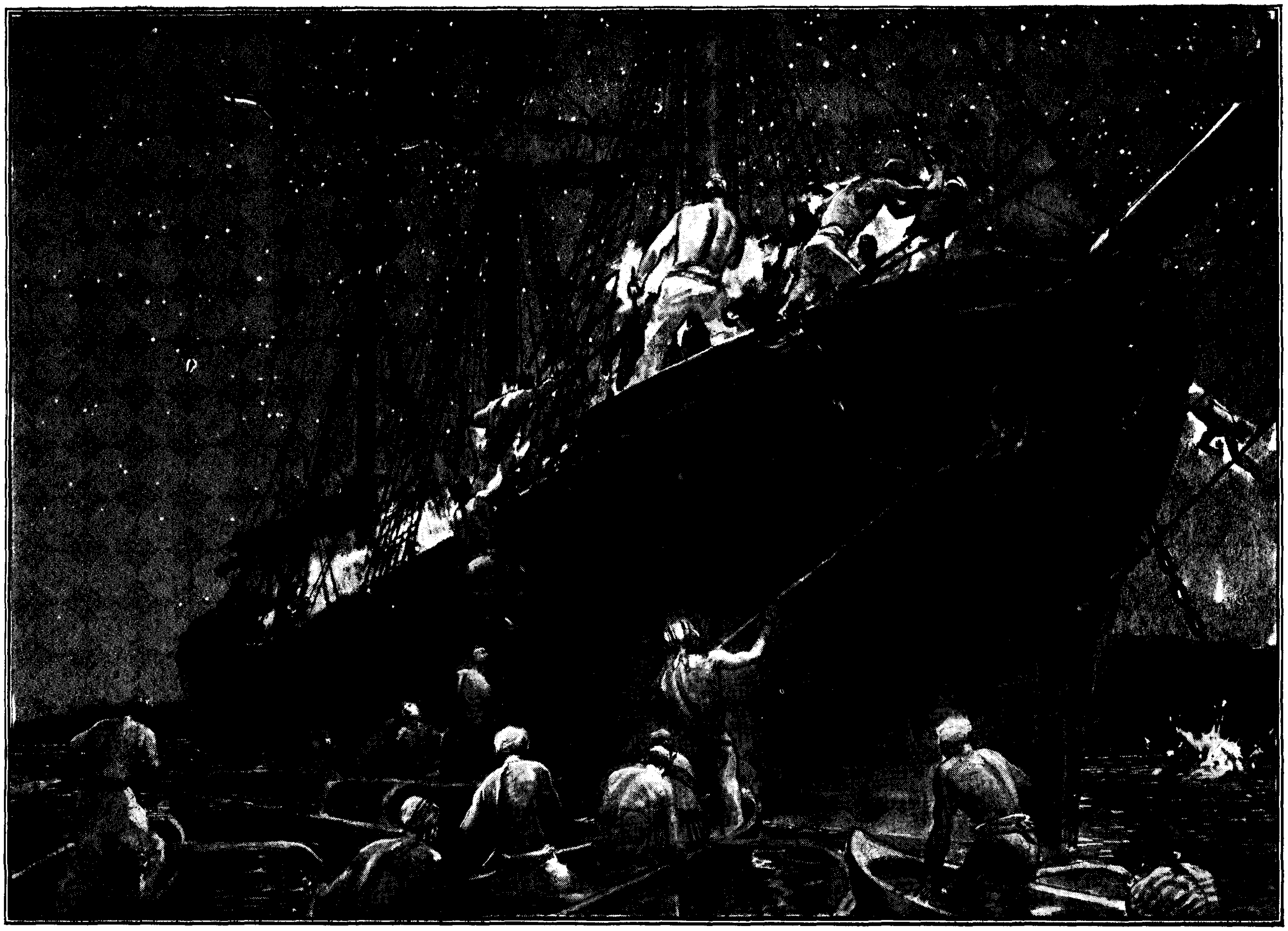
Then there is the continual talk about the coming boom. Wall Street has not credited that talk until now. The prevailing mood there has been one of caution. But now that mood is departing. They are talking about the approach of the biggest boom in our history. They say—at least some of them—that in 1938 we will have no more unemployment relief problem, but an employment shortage. They will tell you we have no need to worry about our deficit; that in 1938 profits will be so high and sales so enormous that taxes from incomes and sales will wipe out the deficit and give us a surplus; that we will be talking about what to do with all the surplus government money.

This, I think, is dangerous talk. There can be no such boom if the exchanges, the banks, the Federal Reserve System and the SEC do their several duties—that is, apply the controls needed to prevent vast bank credit inflation as in 1929.

That there will be a continuous rise in business seems fairly certain; that most activity will rise for a year or two or more seems also certain. That employment will increase and government income from taxes increase is also certain. But the arrival of a boom can come only if we lose our heads. And if we do we will have a repetition of all the ills we suffered in the last five years.

As for you, Mr. Amateur Stock Investor and Speculator, you will do well to attend to your knitting. Stick to that job of yours selling goods or manufacturing them or practicing law or pulling teeth. You know that kind of work. You don't know about stock speculation. If you fall for the old enticements after the bitter lessons of the last few years it will be your own darn-fool fault.

For keep this in mind—the SEC is not going to help you to make money out of stock speculation. That's not its purpose. It doesn't analyze stocks, trends, investments. It won't give you any advice. It merely tries to make rules to keep the old crap game as free from loaded dice as possible. But it's still a crap game. And infinitely more difficult to learn to play than that simple one with a pair of bones.



The canoes bumped and then brown and yellow men swarmed on board. And pandemonium broke loose

# Jungle War

## By Albert Richard Wetjen

*"Bloody" Burkes lives up to his name—another adventure of the wandering Wallaby Jim in a sector where guns speak the final word*

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT MORTON STOOPS

IT WAS hot, steaming and sticky hot, along the narrow trail that wound torturously through the dark jungle. Above, the false dawn was paling the star-swept sky; and the distant muttering of drums, war drums, blended with the hum of myriad insects. Captain Burkes of the Cormorant, "Bloody" Burkes, flicked sweat from his forehead and swore. A vicious-faced man, burly, callous, with a heavy brown mustache, bull throat and the scars of smallpox disfiguring his brutal features. He tripped over a vine, recovered himself with a stream of language and jabbed his carbine savagely into the back of the armed Malay preceding him.

"Move, *you!*" he spat. "There can't be many more traps!"

The Malay whimpered but went on. It was either that or have his spine blown out. He knew "Bloody" Burkes.

"Of all the luck!" Burkes grumbled. "Just ready to pick up and sail and that bloody Kennedy . . ." He choked and panted. His shirt was in ribbons; he was wounded in the left arm; his duck pants were ragged and stained and he limped from a thorn-rip in the foot. His mate, Sali, the half-caste, spoke from behind him, his voice thin and bitter.

"We will attend to Kennedy some other time. But now we think of other things, no?"

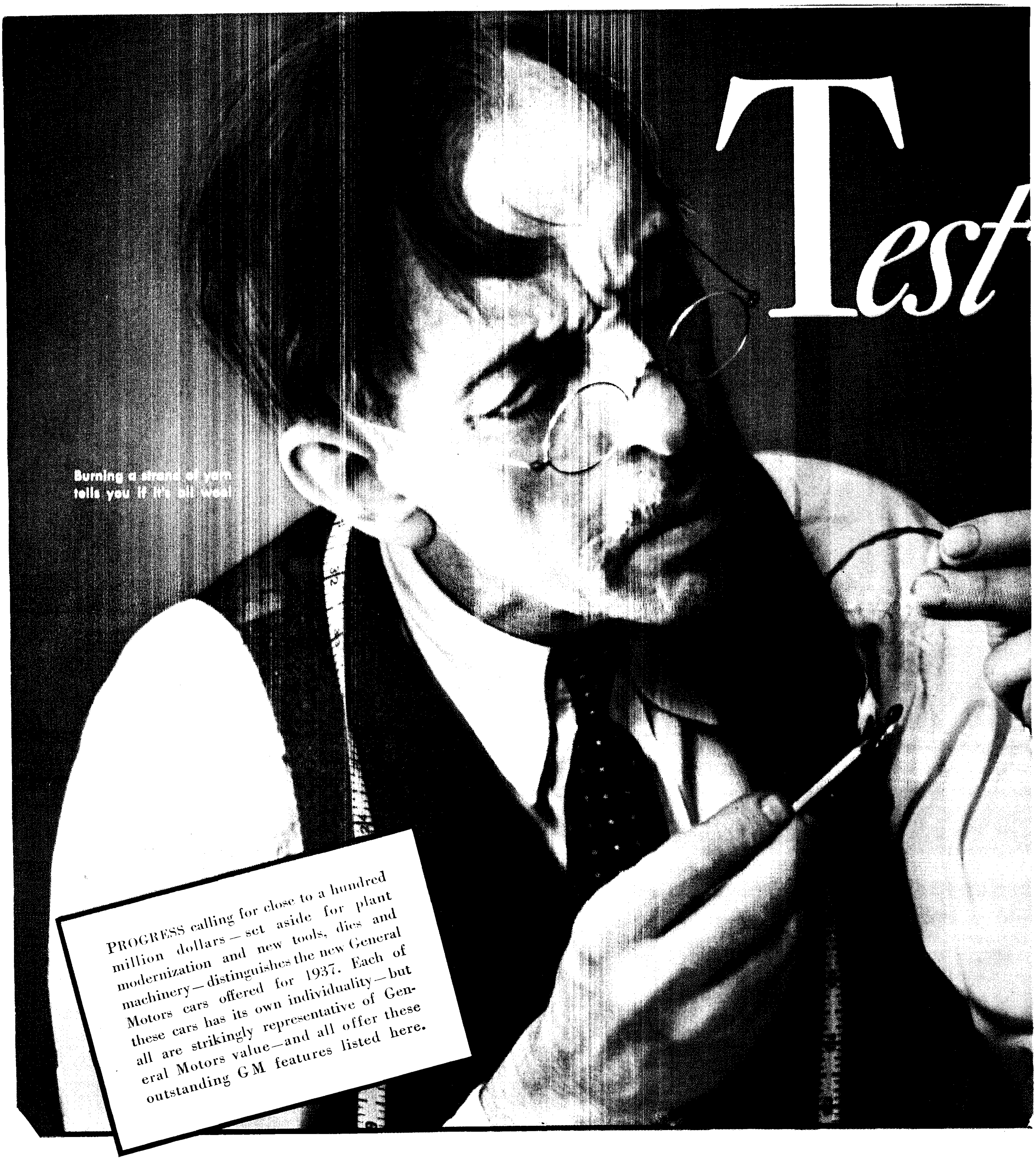
Burkes grunted and pressed on. Behind Sali and himself a score or more of Chinese and Malays, all heavily armed, walked hurriedly, and more often than not winced and groaned with their wounds. Somewhere back on the trail hordes of vengeful savages were closing in . . . closing in . . . silent, murderous, grim. Burkes had anchored the Cormorant two days before in the cove of Marina, on Mennin Island to the north of Borneo. And being "Bloody" Burkes, he had at first pretended friendship and then suddenly raided ashore for sandalwood, women and strong young men for the blackbird trade. Raided in the old island way, closing upon the village and, without warning, blasting away any possible resistance, then setting the frightened captives and survivors to work cutting the valuable wood and loading it before they also were loaded on top of it in the Cormorant's stinking, black holds.

And then this very night, when he had been almost ready to sail, with most of his crew on the beach supervising the last boatloads of captives, what should come foaming in from sea but the Stingaree, Bart Kennedy's ship. And Bart Kennedy had wasted no time. He had jammed men on the Cormorant to secure her and had started for the shore with two whaleboats filled with tight-lipped white seamen. Both they and Bart Kennedy were paying a reckoning.

THERE was nothing much Burkes could do but run. As soon as the sullen, cowed natives left behind in the wrecked village grasped what was happening, which they did when Kennedy and Burkes' men opened fire on each other, they seized hidden weapons and attacked Burkes' rear. He could not face two ways and win, on the open beach as he was. So he turned and blasted a way through the screaming savages until he had reached the comparative safety of the night jungle. Anything was preferable to facing Kennedy just then, he considered, and besides he had a sudden thought.

"You'll remember the talk," he panted at Sali as

# Test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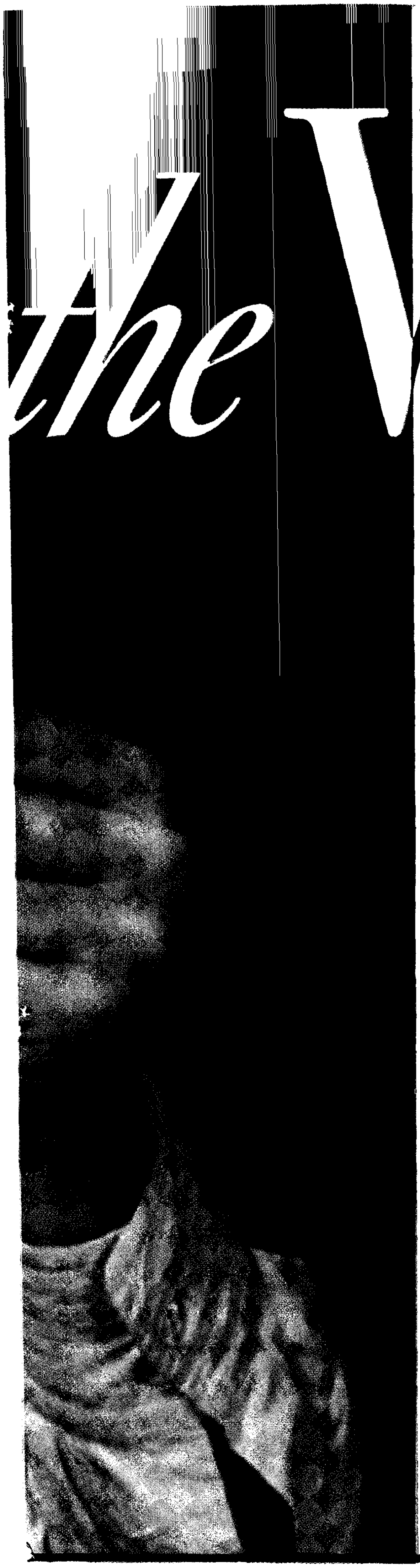

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# ARTHER IN A GENERAL MOTORS CAR

HEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • LA SALLE • CADILLA the native they had dragged along to guide them showed the trail that crossed the island. "What they said in the village only yesterday? Another ship at anchor across the island. That's our chance."

"If we can take her," spat Sali, lean, sallow-faced and vicious. "And we're not trapped in this swine of a jungle."

"We'll take her," Burkes promised grimly. "We've got to. It's that or the smokehouse for our heads."

It had taken some time for the savages to get organized enough for pursuit, and to see first if Kennedy was a friend or a foe, so Burkes had a start. Yet it was slow going. Native trails were always filled with traps for the unwary, traps designed to keep foes away. Spears concealed in the brush to be tripped into a death-flight when a foot touched a cord; poisoned arrows whirring down from braced branches that were similarly tripped. Poisoned needle-pointed small slivers set in the ground; sometimes covered-over pits with the bottoms armed with sharp stakes.

BURKES knew all that. The native guide, familiar with his own trail on this side of the island, steered them clear for a while; yet when he reached unfamiliar territory, the trail kept by another village, he balked. But Burkes had a rope around his neck and kept his carbine jabbed over his kidneys and he forced the native on. A tripped spear took the man under the heart soon after, and then Burkes ordered one of his Malays to the lead. There could be no revolt. To turn into the jungle was death. To turn back was death. To refuse to obey was death. The Malays went sullenly ahead, as they were called. Burkes lost three on that mad dash for the opposite coast, rolling them aside as they went down and brutally ordering another to lead, pressing on and leaving the dying to thresh in agony in the dark.

There was just a hint of the true dawn graying the east when Burkes broke clear of the jungle and stumbled through thinning palms toward the beach.

"There she is," he panted, standing wide-legged. Sali spat betel juice and nodded.

"A big bark. She will be hard to take. Maybe it were better to bargain."

"Bargain, hell!" snapped Burkes. "We'll clean out that packet and take over. And in a hurry. Those black devils can't be far behind."

"There must be a village close by," said Sali. He pointed to a long line of canoes drawn up on the sand several hundred yards to their right, though there was no sign of huts.

"I understand it's way up a small creek," said Burkes roughly. "But to hell with it. If we're spotted from the boat we'll act friendly until we're on board. If they don't spot us we board anyway and start shooting. There'll only be one or two men on deck, the anchor watch."

They launched canoes with care and with moderate quiet. The wind in the threshing palms drowned most noise anyway, and by the time the natives of the creek village, wakened and grown uneasy by the rising mutter of drums closing in, thought to watch their property and came to the beach, the small flotilla was under way, already lost in the shadows on the water where the glimmer of dawn had not yet reached. There was no outcry and no challenge. But Sali, peering ahead, choked suddenly and gripped Burkes' shoulder with a shaking hand.

"We can't take *that* ship!" he said hoarsely, alarmed. "It's the Kestrel!"

"I don't give a damn. . . ." Burkes snarled and then stopped as he remembered. He cursed under his breath. "Wallaby Jim," he muttered uneasily. "Wallaby Jim's ship!" He licked his lips. Wallaby Jim; that tall, calm, gray-eyed man who was a legend in the islands and the fastest and straightest shot in the South. Men did not cross him willingly. "Bloody" Burkes had done so once, up in the Solomons, and the memory of it made an old wound ache in his shoulder.

"Maybe he'd let us board if we asked friendly like," Sali whispered. Burkes spat and shook his head.

"Not that devil. He hates me. But I guess he can stop lead like any other man. Come on! And shoot anyone you see! I need a ship!"

A man called sleepily from the main deck of the Kestrel as the canoes surged in. Burkes shot twice. There was a choked scream and the man fell back. The canoes bumped and surged along the bark's hull, and then brown and yellow men swarmed on board. And pandemonium broke loose.

CAPTAIN CARSTAIRS, better known as Wallaby Jim, hit the deck from his bunk still half asleep, thrust his feet into white shoes and buckled his cartridge belts outside his pajamas. In the main cabin he collided with Bancroft, his mate, and Bancroft was swearing incoherently with rage and excitement.

"The natives were always friendly here!" he shouted above the din. "What's wrong?"

"Your anchor watch!" roared Wallaby. "Asleep, I suppose! Wait till I get my hands . . . !" He went up the companion to the poop without finishing, flinched as a bullet thudded into the scuttle near his head and then, jerking his guns clear, went into action. There was no time to ask questions in the islands, no time to wonder. Things happened and you reacted accordingly.

The Kestrel's main deck was already a shambles. More men, yellow and brown men, were coming over the rails, directed by a white man with a bull's voice and a capacity for obscenity. In the light of the growing dawn Wallaby saw his second mate go down with a bloody head, desperately trying to pump a fresh shell into his carbine. The supercargo was stretched dead near the mainmast and the four Samoans who had composed the anchor watch with them (Wallaby always kept heavy guard even in friendly waters), and who quite obviously had been asleep and were bewildered, were trying desperately to stem the attack. The rest of the crew, dazed with the suddenness of the raid, were pouring out of the fo'c'sle and seizing whatever weapons happened to be handy.

But there was no chance. The second mate collapsed with a knife in his throat. Three of the Samoans were literally blown off their feet. For'ard the men made a short stand and then turning went over the side in long, clean dives, panic-stricken.

"This is no native raid," gritted Wallaby, bringing down two yellow men coming up the poop companion. "And that's 'Bloody' Burkes' voice or I'm crazy!"

He saw Burkes then, standing midships and shooting two .45's, fired at him twice, nicking his throat once and missing the second time in the uncertain light, and then his revolvers clicked empty. There was no time to reload. Half a dozen of the attackers were on the poop now taking aim. Bancroft was cursing over a wounded left arm. And Wallaby did the only thing possible. He holstered his empty guns, grabbed Bancroft, and the two of them dived over the rail in a shower of lead. They went deep, side by side, swam until they were breathless, came up for air and went down again, the lead spurting the water about them. Fifteen minutes later Wallaby hauled himself into the shallows and stood up, aiding Bancroft. Here and there along the beach the survivors of his crew were staggering ashore.

He turned to look at his bark and saw the canvas sheeted home. The roaring splash of the anchor cables dropping as the shackles were knocked clear came to him. He saw the wind take the Kestrel and she swung. A slatting of canvas, roared orders, and she heeled a little and moved toward the open sea.

"Cleaned," Wallaby swore. "Cleaned by a murdering swine I ought to have settled with long ago! Bancroft . . ."

"Look out!" choked Bancroft, and Wallaby whipped back to the shore. A horde of savages was breaking from the jungle, silent at first, and then breaking into hideous, hysterical screaming as they saw the two white men. It was no matter, they were not Burkes and Sali. The savages were prepared to avenge themselves on any white man, even on Kennedy's crew, save it was too powerful. They had seen, some of them, their fathers, brothers, mothers even, go down before the withering, treacherous fire of Burkes' men when he had raided the village.

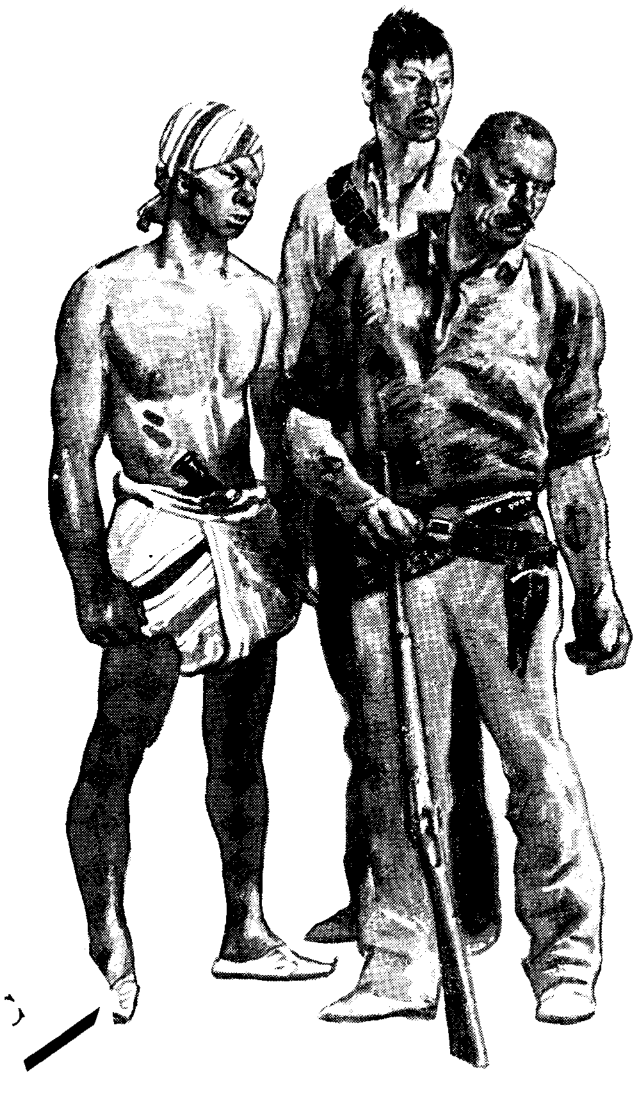
SPEARS began to slicker into the sand and the shallows. Wallaby reloaded his own guns and then Bancroft's with steady fingers, quite calm, for the other man was partly helpless with his shot left arm. And then the two of them faced the horde. A few of the Kestrel's men who had retained their carbines were on their knees and already shooting, but it was hopeless.

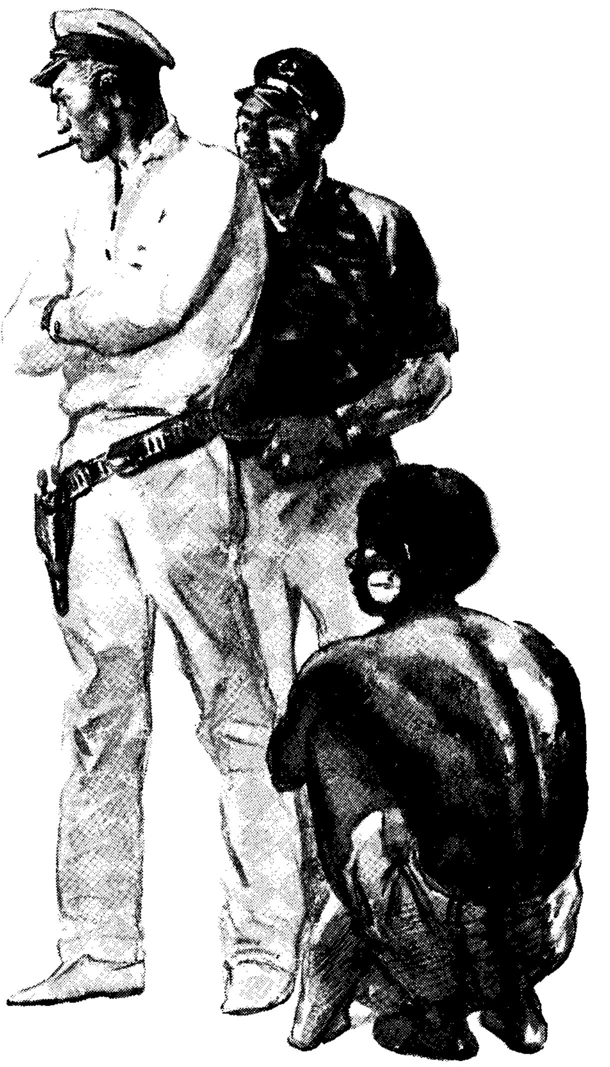
"This seems to be it," said Wallaby through tight lips. "Though I never figured going out in a fight that wasn't my own!"

But then the unforeseen happened again. There was a swift charge of packed natives from down the beach and the attack from the jungle swerved to meet it. The men of the creek village, thinking it was a raid on them, had come out to fight. There were heads to be taken. And the throbbing of the great war drums was deafening now, maddening the blood. Wallaby emptied his guns, reloaded and emptied them again. Bancroft was face down with a spear in his side, groaning and sobbing and trying to get up. And then rifles spoke from the jungle, and that was the end. Both parties of natives, bewildered, confused, broke and fled, mingled together. The jungle far down the beach absorbed them and there was only the scatter of bodies on the white sand, brilliant in the morning, and a group of hard-faced white men coming toward Wallaby. The leader uttered a sharp exclamation and holstered his guns.

"Kennedy," said Wallaby harshly. "Bart Kennedy. Where did you come from?"

"I've been chasing 'Bloody' Burkes for months,"





Burkes was drunk. "Well, if it ain't Wallaby Jim and Kennedy," he called. "Walked right into it" said Kennedy tightly. "I was pelagic sealing out of Yeddo, put in at Yarns Island for water and then Burkes raided me. Took my skins, killed four men, and took my two daughters. I was inland with most of the men, shooting wild goats and pigs for provisions. I traced my daughters to Shanghai. They'd been sold. I got them clear and started then. Had word Burkes was coming here for sandalwood . . . that's all. Where did he go?"

Wallaby wiped his sweating face and looked at the stocky man with the granite jaw, the thatch of sandy hair and the smoldering blue eyes. They knew each other well.

"Where did he go?" echoed Wallaby bitterly. "With the Kestrel. Can't you see her off the headland yet?"

Kennedy stared and nodded, tight-lipped.

"Tough, Wallaby. You don't often get caught."

"My anchor watch must have been asleep. Well, they've paid. Second mate and supercargo dead. Seven or eight Samoans. What happened to bring the Kanakas on the trail?"

Kennedy told him concisely and Wallaby groaned.

"That'll ruin all trading here for years. But we might get hold of the chiefs and explain. It'll take blood payments to square things, and plenty of payments."

"That will be Burkes' worry when I lay hands on him," rasped Kennedy. "He's plenty cached away. We'd better go back. You can take over Burkes' Cormorant. Then we'll hold palaver with the chiefs."

"Make a litter for Mr. Bancroft," Wallaby snapped at his Samoans. Then he and Kennedy led the trek back across the island, an ominous, silent trek. "Bloody" Burkes for once had entirely overreached himself. And very soon he knew it.

THREE months later the Kestrel lay at anchor in the mangrove-fringed mouth of the Salonga River on the coast of Sumatra. Her hull was painted black instead of the usual gray. Her rig had been changed to that of a barkentine, and her name was now the Sea Witch. But nothing could obliterate the sweet lines of her as "Bloody" Burkes had discovered. He sat uncomfortably cross-legged on a pile of cushions in the reception room of the Raja of Balok, in the largest house of the great village within the bamboo stockade on the river bank, and he was a curiously different man. Thinner for one thing, with a haunted look in his eyes. He was already half drunk, as he had been for weeks, and every moment or so he lifted a whisky bottle to his lips and swallowed convulsively.

"I tell you you've got to help me, Raja. There's a profit in it, too! Damn it, I'm sick of being hunted!"

The Raja of Balok delicately chose a sweetmeat from a silver dish and smiled. He was a small-boned man with soft eyes and voice, effeminate to look at and attired in a white turban with a golden tassel, a magnificently embroidered long coat, and a purple silk sash into which were thrust a pearl-handled revolver and a jewel-hilted kris. He looked mild and harmless, a delusion aided by his quiet Oxford accent, but he was known as one of the most murderous of all the lords of the sea Dyaks. His pirate proas looted for a hundred leagues around and his smuggling, opium and slave interests ran from Singapore to Batavia. Sometime, he was well aware, when the various nations got around to it, a joint expedition would come to level him, but at present the nations had other affairs and the law was weak in the islands. When it grew too strong the raja expected to make a quiet exit toward Paris, leaving to some luckless successor the doubtful honor of being tried and hung. He was a clever man.

"So you are tired of being hunted," he said softly. "You might have known what to expect when you interfered with Wallaby Jim, or even Kennedy, for that matter."

"I could handle Kennedy," swore Burkes viciously. "But Wallaby Jim and Kennedy as well . . ." He drank. "Two devils! They've followed me for three months. I'm afraid to sleep at night."

SALI, the half-caste by his side, nodded silently. He looked strained himself and a little muscle kept twitching at his temple. A man's nerves grew ragged when he knew Wallaby Jim was behind him. The raja looked first at Red Waters, the renegade white man who was captain of his private yacht, and then at Sru, the scar-faced, one-eyed Malay who acted as his prime minister, villainous in a scarlet sarong and a red Turkish fez.

"What do you think?" he inquired.

Red Waters eased a holster on his thigh and spat tobacco juice into a gold spittoon on the rich rug.

"Why not? The proposition looks like a cinch to me. Wallaby and Kennedy are damned nuisances anyway. We've had brushes with them before."

"True," the one-eyed Malay agreed from the other side of the raja. "And true, too, they are both rich. Men will pay to escape the torture . . . before death."

"It's a cinch for you," Burkes insisted, sweating. "The swine will follow me until they get me or send me crazy. I've done work for you before, Raja. I expect to do work again. And I'm handing you two good ships and two men with money. All I want is to be rid of 'em. They've followed me to Bangkok, to Batavia, to Macassar, to Shanghai, and back again to Apia and Suva and Bernai. They'll follow me here. Damn 'em!"

"How do you know they will follow you here?" asked the raja indolently.

"Because," Burkes snarled, "I arranged to have word reach them where I was going!"

"And your plan?" asked the raja.

"This," Burkes grated. "Tow my ship into one of the side creeks out of sight. Wallaby and Kennedy will come in and, not seeing it, land for information. I know 'em! You have half a dozen proas full of men hiding down the coast and bring 'em to block the channel once the ships are in the river. Then it's simple. You just take 'em."

"That might cost me a lot of men," said the raja dryly.

Sru leaned forward and whispered in the raja's ear and the raja smiled gently.

"Ah, yes," he agreed. "We might manage it that way." He looked at Burkes and mused a while.

"We will arrange the matter, my friend," he said softly, and then clapped his hands. "I have imported some nautch girls from India. Would you care to see them?"

"Bloody" Burkes grinned. . . .

"WELL?" said Bancroft, standing on the poop of the Cormorant as she approached the Salonga River eight days later. He was recovered from his wounds, though he was still pale and thin. The strain of the long chase had told upon the pursuers as well as the pursued. Wallaby Jim adjusted his glasses upon the stockaded village.

"No ships in sight, not even a proa, and the Salonga River is a busy place usually."

Bancroft nodded.

"I guess Burkes has been and gone as usual. We always just seem to miss him."

"I'm not sure," said Wallaby, puzzled. "That tip we had he was coming here was a bit too obvious."

(Continued on page 36)

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*(Continued from page 35)*

He signaled to Bart Kennedy on the poop of the Stingaree off his beam and both ships swept together to anchorage off the village. They were heavily manned, ominously so, and barbed wire was strung along the rails to prevent boarding. Sticks of dynamite, capped and short-fused lay about in convenient piles, and, more curious than all, at the foremast crosstrees of each vessel was lashed a steel drum filled with tar-soaked canvas and rope; a man standing by it. Wallaby dropped a whaleboat with four men and went across to pick up Kennedy. And Kennedy came over the Stingaree's side with four of his own men.

"What do you think?" he asked.

"It smells bad, Bart. The beach is too quiet. We're walking into something."

"I don't give a damn so long as we walk into 'Bloody' Burkes," said Kennedy. "My daughters . . ."

"I know," Wallably agreed gently. "He's your meat, Bart. As soon as we get him."

Just as the whaleboat was about to push off from the side of the Stingaree the man in her foremost crosstrees called down to the poop and Kennedy's mate leaned over the rail.

"He says he can see the topmasts of a ship over the palms yonder, sir," he reported. "Hidden up some creek."

Kennedy looked at Wallaby and Wallaby nodded.

"Even money it's the Kestrel," he bit out. "They hid her so we'd be sure to land instead of boarding her and taking her to sea right away." He smiled thinly. "It's a trap, Kennedy, as I thought. That tip was too precise."

Kennedy loosened the guns in his holsters and moistened his lips.

"Do you think it's wise for us to land, then? They might blow us down when we hit the beach."

"I think not. I'm betting on the raja's curiosity for one thing, and 'Bloody' Burkes' known habit of gloating a while before he kills. They'll want to play with us before they strike. Anyway, we'll see."

Sru, the prime minister, met them on the beach with a flowery dressed deputation of slyly smiling Dyaks, and his greetings were smooth.

"His Highness will be honored to meet the celebrated Wallaby Jim," he said and Wallaby stared at him.

THE Raja of Balok received them in the reception room where he was seated on a low gilt stool idly playing with a leopard cub. Red Waters was standing wide-legged, smoking a cigar, his thumbs in his cartridge belts and a sneer on his scarred face. Wallaby was frowningly conscious that Sru and the Dyaks closed up behind Kennedy and himself as they greeted the raja.

"We want 'Bloody' Burkes," said Wallaby abruptly. "We believe he's here since there's a ship hidden up the creek."

"He is a very good friend of mine," protested the raja, smiling. "Will you have a drink?"

Both white men shook their heads.

"Burkes," the raja called. Burkes swaggered out of a side room with Sali at his heels. Burkes was drunk.

"Well, if it ain't Wallaby Jim and Kennedy," he called. "Walked right into it."

Wallaby slid a hand to his guns and a knife pricked him between the shoulder blades. Burkes went a little white at Wallaby's gesture and backed a pace, but the raja's voice came lazily. Wallaby saw from his eyes he was half drunk on perfumed brandy, probably laced with opium, and he swore beneath his breath.

"There will be no killing until I order it," the raja said. "Keep away from your guns. Or must I have you disarmed?"

"All right," said Wallaby grimly. "Now let me tell you something. Give us Burkes and my ship and we'll leave in peace this time. Otherwise . . ."

"Otherwise?"

"Otherwise by night this village will be smoke," Wallaby grated.

The raja leaned forward, his face convulsed with sudden fury.

"You talk big! You are a great man, perhaps, in the islands, Wallaby Jim. But here you are nothing, save as I choose."

Wallaby nodded, his eyes like ice. "Kennedy and I landed knowing what we might expect," he said dryly. "But we thought we might save a battle and a lot of lives if you'd listen to reason. We're not such fools as you think. Perhaps you have heard of Typhoon Bradley, Shark Gotch, Big Bill Gunther and Clint Cassidy? They all have a little reckoning to pay off against you."

THE raja looked quickly at Red Waters and then at Burkes. Both were suddenly tense. The men Wallaby Jim had named were perhaps besides himself the most famous adventurers in the islands. They were powers in the South and with Wallaby Jim could even, perhaps, control administrations. Sru spat betel juice nervously. Something was coming.

7TH PRECINCT
PD
MEAT
Shellhase

**"One more crack out of you and you'll get out and walk to the station"**

GEORGE SHELLHASE

"I have heard," admitted the raja slowly. "But what has that to do with this question?"

"As soon as I knew we had to come here," Wallaby explained grimly, "I understood the job was too big for Kennedy and me alone. We can't face two thousand or more of your sea Dyaks. So I sent for my friends."

"And?" the raja was livid.

"They are lying off the coast with their ships. I didn't want to precipitate a fight by all of us coming in as if it were a planned raid. If you took notice you might have observed a drum at each foremast of the ships we did bring in, with a man standing by. If we do not return to our vessels in one hour . . . or if there is shooting . . . those drums will be lighted and then . . ." He made a curious characteristic chopping gesture with his hand. Burkes took a step forward, his fingers working over his gun butts.

"That's a damned bluff!" he snarled. "You couldn't get that bunch together on a fool errand like this! Why . . . why, they're famous. Businessmen. Millionaires!"

"And they're my friends," said Wallaby coldly.

"You threaten me?" choked the raja, whipped to blazing fury. "You threaten me? You white swine . . . !" He raised his arm to order them taken and then Kennedy went into action. The pent-up wrath of months boiled over as he glared at "Bloody" Burkes, who had sold his young daughters in Shanghai. He swore thickly and dragged his guns. A knife stabbed his back; the hilt of a kris hammered at his head as the raja screamed to take him alive for the torture . . . and he missed "Bloody" Burkes but drilled Sali clear through the heart. Then he pitched forward bleeding and stunned.

WALLABY JIM'S guns were roaring even as Kennedy fell. Kennedy's mad action had taken attention from Wallaby for a moment, and the knife at his back merely gashed him as he dropped to one knee, turned, killed the knife-man who had been behind him, then whipped up, snapped a shot at the gaping raja, another at Burkes and a third at Red Waters. He scored all hits, shattering the raja's leg above the right knee, spinning Burkes round with a bullet in the arm and dropping Waters dead with a hole between the eyes. The reception room was in a tumult. Sru flung a kris that sliced Wallaby's cheek and then he slid to the floor. The other Dyaks were milling, uncertain, stunned by the concussions of the heavy guns. And when the hammers clicked empty there was no one standing in that room but Wallaby Jim.

The raja, whimpering with agony, tore loose his pearl-handled revolver and emptied it wildly. Burkes was shooting as he lay on his side. Wallaby ducked, ran to Kennedy and picked up his loaded guns. He shot Burkes through the other arm and creased the raja above the right temple, so he collapsed and was silent. Outside in the village, hell had broken loose, while from the direction of the anchored Cormorant and Stingaree came the heavy rolling volleys of carbines. The crews would be landing soon. Wallaby crossed to a window shaded by bead curtains and looked out. Dense smoke was rising from the signal drums and that meant that four crack ships were racing for the river, and four of the finest fighting men in the islands would soon be crashing into the man-packed proas flung across the river's mouth, a hundred and fifty carbines spurting flame beside them. Yes, it was finished!

SIX hours later, on the poop of his own Kestrel, Wallaby Jim looked back at the huge column of smoke rising from what was once the capital of the Raja of Balok.

"I promised him that," he said grimly. "And I never break my word."

Just before sunset the flotilla of clean-lined ships hove to, far at sea, and five famous captains launched boats and gathered in the main cabin of the Stingaree where Bart Kennedy, pale but able to take part, sat in a chair at the head of the long table.

"Well," said Wallaby dryly, lighting a cheroot, "it seems there's only one prisoner to dispose of. The raja died from loss of blood a while back. 'Bloody' Burkes remains. Anyone anything to say in his favor?" He looked carefully round at the informal court and one by one the tight-faced, hard-eyed captains shook their heads. . . . Typhoon Bradley, Shark Gotch, Big Bill Gunther and Clint Cassidy each in their turn . . . remembering the long, long count. Wallaby nodded.

"Well, he's yours, Bart," he said shortly. "In payment for your—daughters. . . . What do you want done? Shall we string him up?"

Bart Kennedy shook his head wearily.

"Both of his arms are smashed. I can't hang a wounded man. I'm taking him to Sydney to stand trial. He's wanted there for murder. Let the law handle it."

Wallaby shrugged and held out his hand.

"There's no more to be said then," he stated. "So long and good luck." Then the captains went each to his ship, and the ships laid separate courses to go about their own business again. Neither Wallaby Jim nor Kennedy insulted them by thanking them for coming. One expected such things of friends in the islands, without question. On the poop of the Kestrel some time later, as Wallaby watched the sails fading into the dusk, he shook his head and tossed his cheroot over the rail.

"The South is getting soft, Bancroft," he said. "Taking 'Bloody' Burkes to *Sydney!* I've known the time when we cleaned out rats' holes and found our yardarms good enough to finish things. Now men talk about the law."

"It's got to come sooner or later," Bancroft observed. "What course, sir?"

"Mennin Island," said Wallaby. "There are those blood debts to pay." And it occurred to him, even as he said it, that that, in its manner, was the law, too.

# AMERICA'S FINEST LOW-PRICED CAR

## and the most beautiful thing on wheels

A General Motors Value

# 1937 Pontiac

## SILVER STREAK

**BUY IT FOR ONLY 15¢ A DAY* MORE THAN THE NEXT LOWER PRICED CARS!**

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IT IS easy to explain the phenomenal success of the 1937 Pontiac. *Everybody loves a bargain,* and a Pontiac is the finest bargain you can buy!

*Think what you get* . . . new Unisteel bodies by Fisher; the safest, strongest bodies built today . . . triple-sealed hydraulic brakes, the finest money can buy . . . five inches more wheelbase and improved Knee-Action assuring a smooth and steady lullaby ride on any road . . . more room, more trunk space, more economy . . . more of *everything* you want.

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TWO GREAT RADIO PROGRAMS: *"News Through A Woman's Eyes" every Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoon Columbia Network. "Varsity Show"—Direct from the leading college campuses every Friday, 10:30 P. M. (E.S.T.) NBC Red Network.* TUNE IN!

**BIGGER CAR—BETTER VALUE—GREATER ECONOMY**

YOU'D BE GROUCHY, TOO, IF YOUR FACE WERE RAW AND SORE FROM SHAVING
THAT'S NO EXCUSE. EVERYBODY KNOWS YOU CAN AVOID SHAVING IRRITATION BY USING A GILLETTE BLADE IN A GILLETTE RAZOR
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THE BOSS IS IN SWELL HUMOR SINCE BETTY TIPPED HIM OFF TO USING THE BLADE THAT MATCHES HIS RAZOR
THAT'S BECAUSE WE WERE MADE FOR EACH OTHER
GILLETTE RAZOR
GILLETTE BLADE

Enjoy the Thrill of Teamwork Shaving

*— use a Gillette Blade in your Gillette Razor*

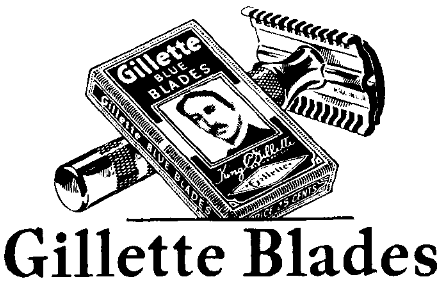
HERE'S good news for men who "hate to shave". No matter how tender your skin is, shaving can be every bit as pleasant as you've always wished it to be!

Just do this: use a Gillette Blade in your Gillette Razor. That's the whole secret of luxurious shaving comfort. Why? Because the Gillette Blade and the Gillette Razor *are made for each other*. The same engineers designed them both; the same great factory produces them. Every step in their manufacture is planned to insure perfect co-ordination of blade and razor.

Buy a package of Gillette Blades. Slip one into your Gillette Razor and enjoy the thrill of "teamwork" shaving!

*Reputable merchants never offer substitutes for Gillette Blades. Always ask for them by name!*

Smile and sing with Milton Berle and other stars on Gillette's "Original Community Sing" radio program — CBS Network — Coast to Coast — Sunday nights — 10 P. M. E. S. T.



Gillette Blades

*Precision-made for the Gillette Razor*

# Feathered Dynamite

*Continued from page 15*

United States from the Eastern seaboard to the Pacific, southward to the Gulf states and the Rio Grande. And with our native grouse on the decline, with our sage chickens and our true wild turkeys almost extinct, with our ducks and geese retiring farther and farther each year behind a barbed-wire entanglement of federal restrictions, the responsibility for the future of small-game hunting in this country has come to rest accurately upon the quail's round little shoulders.

Something like two million quail, it is estimated by Commissioner J. D. Chalk, are killed by gunners in North Carolina each year. "And a good thing, too," Commissioner Chalk hastens to add. "When an unmolested covey gets up to twenty or more birds, it seems to stop raising any young. It is actually the hunters, who split up these big coveys and remove the annual surplus, who help us maintain an adequate stock of vigorous birds. The proof is that, with all the heavy gunning, our quail crop in Carolina is definitely on the increase."

Conditions in the mid-South are nearly ideal for the bobwhite quail. The birds need adequate cover to protect them from such omnipresent enemies as the predatory hawks and the prowling house cat—Herbert L. Stoddard, foremost authority on the bobwhite quail, reports that a single house cat has been known to kill as many as twenty-eight quail in one night—and the extensive bays and swamplands and the brush-bordered fields of North and South Carolina, as well as the tangled bamboo briers and myrtle thickets along the drainage ditches, offer a made-to-order refuge. Moreover, the favorite foods of the bobwhite quail—cowpeas and black-eye beans. all kinds of clovers and vetch, corn, weed seeds and the mast from pines and certain hardwoods—are found here in profusion.

Indeed, this ample supply of cover and feed is necessary to maintain an adequate stock of quail, for the habits of this bird make it peculiarly susceptible both to predators and gunners. A covey of quail "uses" in the same location year after year, returning to the identical home cover as accurately as a homing pigeon to its cote. (And your local bird dog gets to know these locations in time as well as the quail themselves.) At night the covey roosts sitting in a tight circle, each bird facing outward. When a covey is flushed and scattered, the birds can be heard in a short time, calling and answering each other in a regular series of soft plaintive whistles, as the flock reassembles. Unfortunately these ubiquitous family habits, laudable according to our approved domestic standards, mean on the other hand that the quail is usually found right there at home with the wife and kiddies whenever a local gunman calls.

### Help from the Farmers

A word, incidentally, about Carolina's Commissioner Chalk. Three years ago, at the governor's request, he set aside all his personal interests to take over the management of the state's wild-life resources; and already he has turned in a job of game conservation that could serve very well as a national model. One of his first official acts, for example, was to recall all the deputy-warden badges, which had been handed out heretofore like Kentucky colonelcies, a painful process which disclosed that several of Carolina's appointed wild-life guardians were either living abroad or had been dead for years.

Another step in Mr. Chalk's admirable program has been to enlist the backwoods farmers in the cause of game management; and as a result Carolina has emerged today from the danger zone of states which depend wholly or in large part on artificial restocking and propagation for their game supply. Last but not least, that bitter enemy of wild life, the politician, has been completely divorced from Carolina's Fish and Game Department, a feat which alone should reserve for Mr. Chalk some special reward in the Happy Hunting Grounds.

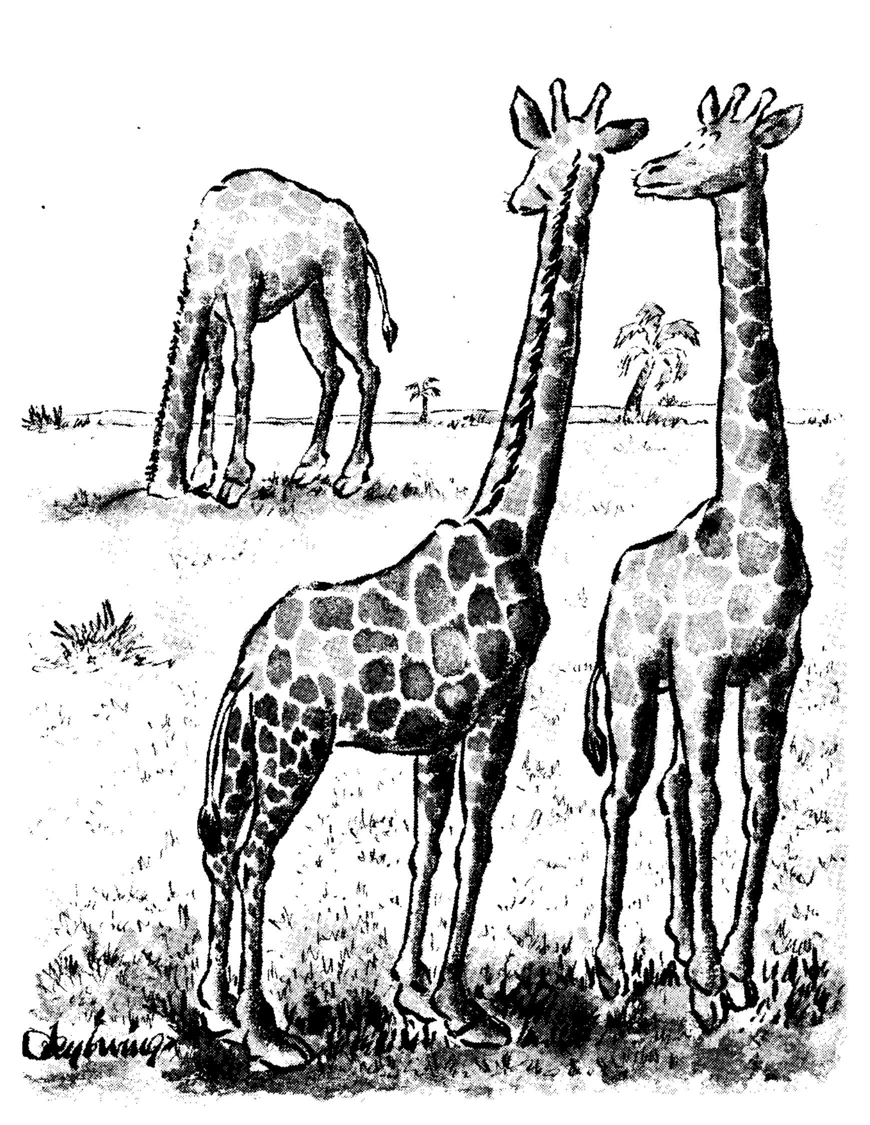
Let us say that a Northern sportsman is planning a hunting trip to warmer climes. He wants to find a location where he can get some good shooting not only for quail but also for grouse or any other game the country may afford.

Well, in the first place, the bobwhite is normally a sea-level rather than a mountain bird; and therefore the heaviest population of quail is in the eastern and southeastern part of Carolina. The accommodations throughout the state are generally good—specific information can be secured from the game commissioner's office in Raleigh—and the rates are moderate. Charges run anywhere from twenty to sixty dollars a week, and include board and lodging for the hunter, board for the dogs, guide service, permission to shoot over restricted areas, extra dogs if you need them, and even horses. Guides are not required; but a colored boy who knows the traditional covey locations can save you a lot of tramping.

As for other game: Carolina ranks near the top both in variety and numbers. There are old-fashioned deer hunts, for example, in which trained deerhounds run the harried bucks past strategic stations where the hunters lie in wait, usually propped against a pine tree in the sun with one forefinger locked through the handle of a jug and both eyes contentedly shut. There are for hunts, varying from the one-couple pack to the invitation drag with silk hats and stirrup cups. There are bear in the hills, 'coon and 'possum and rabbit in the swamps; there are the famous duck and goose shooting areas of Currituck and Mattamuskeet, the latter a vast body of fresh water lying below sea level and forming one of America's greatest concentration grounds for migratory waterfowl.

### A Bird in the Pan

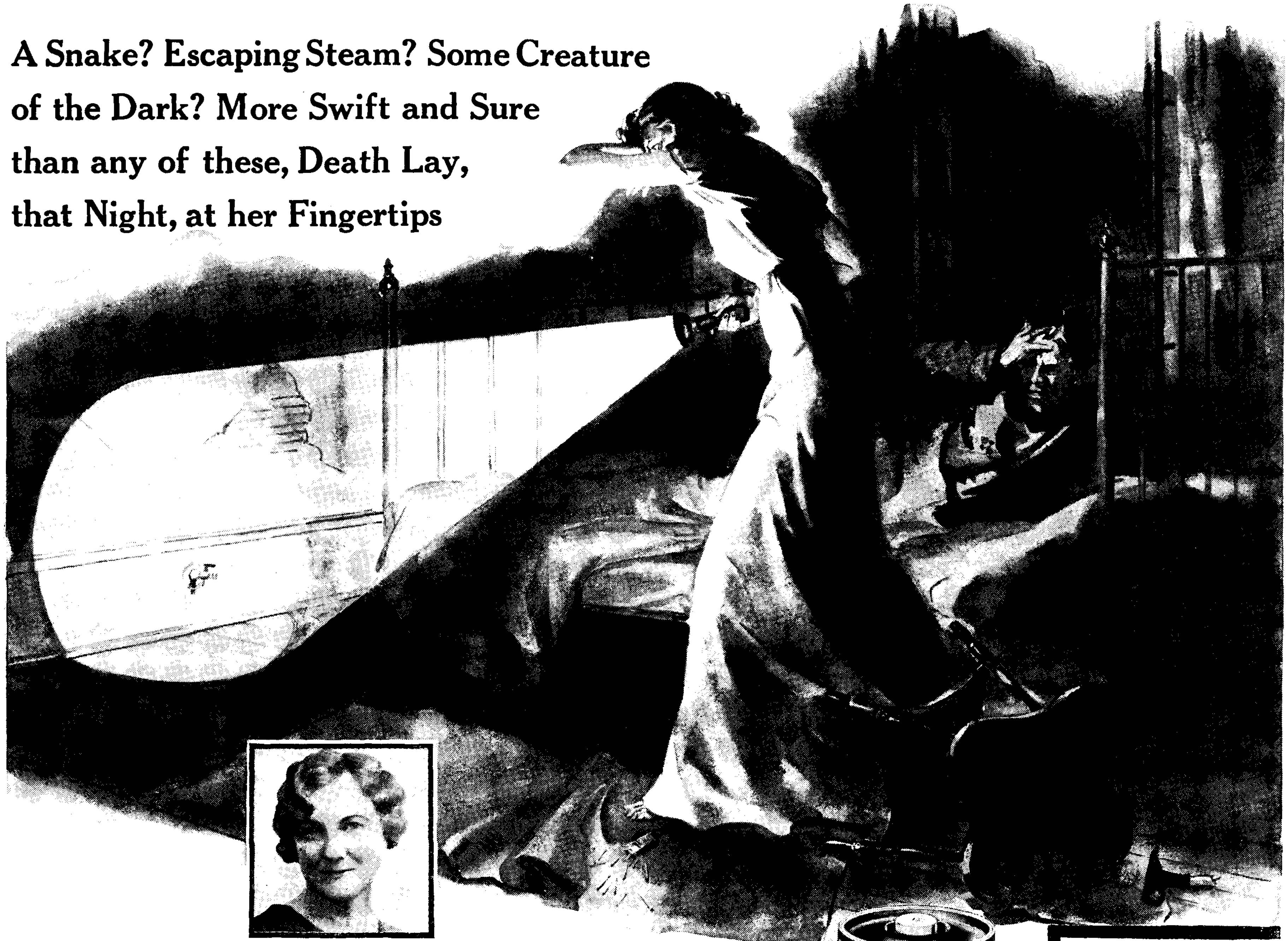
Is the trip worth while? Well, brother, just y'all step over yonder and rest yo' eyes on this skillet, in which a mess of some twenty-odd plump little birds are browning slowly, under the practiced culinary hand of a typical Southern bird cook. There is only one bird in Carolina; and there is only one way to prepare it. According to the experts, a quail should be plucked, never skinned; it should be cut up the back in order to leave the solid breast meat in one piece; it should be fried in an equal mixture of butter and pure lard, brought to a golden brown and then—the final touch of the artist—allowed to steam for a moment by adding a half-cupful of cold water to the bubbling skillet and covering it tightly with an iron lid until, as your bird cook explains with a roll of his eyes, "Yo' gets yo' birds just rightly tendered up."

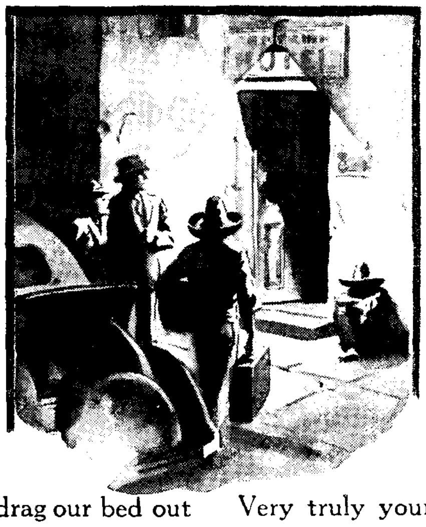


"I understand his mother was frightened by an ostrich. . . ." JAY IRVING

# *What was that Hiss of Doom in Mrs. Barton's Room?*

## A Snake? Escaping Steam? Some Creature of the Dark? More Swift and Sure than any of these, Death Lay, that Night, at her Fingertips





"I owe you an apology!", writes Mrs. Florence Whitfield Barton (*above*), of Cisco, Texas. "I thought you really made up those ticklish situations you print in your advertisements where explorers and adventurers and travelers owe their lives to dated Eveready flashlight batteries.* But not any more!

"This summer my husband and I were forced to stop overnight in a little town near the border. The only hotel was close to the railroad track, where a freight locomotive was switching when we went to bed. It was terribly hot, and to get any air at all we had to drag our bed out from the wall and pull it as near the single window as we could. Late in the night I awoke with a splitting headache, caused, I thought, by the heat, and the hissing of the locomotive. But after lying awake a few moments, I realized that hissing sound was in our own room. I reached over to the table for (I confess it with shame) a match, and just happened to feel Bart's flashlight, which he always carries in the car. When I switched on the flashlight I saw what had happened: a leg of the bed had opened the gas-cock at the baseboard as we dragged the bed away from the wall. The room was full of gas. I shudder to think what would have happened if I had struck that match! Now I am always the one to see that the flashlight is brought out of the car along with the luggage—and that the batteries are fresh.

"You never know when—"

Very truly yours,

Florence Whitfield Barton

---

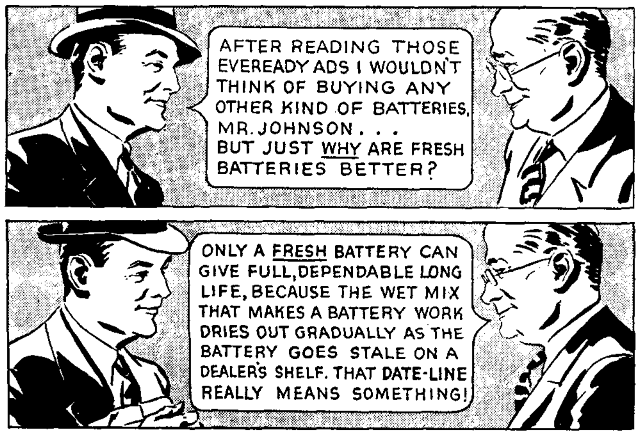
*We don't make them up. All our advertisements of this kind are based upon actual experiences of actual people. They reach us in letters from all over the country. Many appear in the news—your own newspaper frequently carries news items telling how flashlights have saved lives, averted accidents, saved property. We get our advertisements from the same sources the newspapers use—the people themselves who have been in these tight spots.

EVEREADY
EXTRA LONG LIFE BATTERY
FOR BEST RESULTS PUT IN SERVICE BEFORE APR. 1937
EVEREADY
EXTRA LONG LIFE BATTERY

***Once more the* DATE-LINE *is a* LIFE-LINE**

**EVEREADY BATTERIES ARE FRESH BATTERIES**

National Carbon Co., Inc., 30 East 42nd St., New York


AFTER READING THOSE EVEREADY ADS I WOULDN'T THINK OF BUYING ANY OTHER KIND OF BATTERIES, MR. JOHNSON . . . BUT JUST WHY ARE FRESH BATTERIES BETTER?
ONLY A FRESH BATTERY CAN GIVE FULL, DEPENDABLE LONG LIFE, BECAUSE THE WET MIX THAT MAKES A BATTERY WORK DRIES OUT GRADUALLY AS THE BATTERY GOES STALE ON A DEALER'S SHELF. THAT DATE-LINE REALLY MEANS SOMETHING!

## One Sensible Rule to Observe When Drinking

# Giddy-ap...Whoa!

WITH a horse that's frisky...or a "pony" of whiskey...know when to "pull up on the reins". And—know the nature of whatever you hitch your carriage or your cocktail to. Hitch it to G & W. Why G & W? Because it's *Good Whiskey*. Good to begin with because it begins with good ingredients. Good all the way through because it's *controlled* at every step. Don't run away with it, and it won't run away with you. *Get Wise*...get G & W tonight. It's *Good Whiskey!*

Here are just three of G & W's line of fine whiskies...a price to suit every purse, a type to suit every person. Whether you want a Good Whiskey or a Gin Wonder, look for the initials "G & W". You can't Go Wrong! Get Wise . . . get G & W!

G&W
ESTD 1832
G & W
FIVE STAR
BLENDED WHISKEY
90 PROOF
Blended & Bottled for
Gooderham & Worts Limited
Detroit, Michigan, U.S.A.
G&W
Bonded Stock
THIS WHISKEY IS
7 YEARS OLD
1 PINT
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Straight Bourbon Whiskey
Distilled in Canada
BOTTLED IN BOND IN CANADA BY
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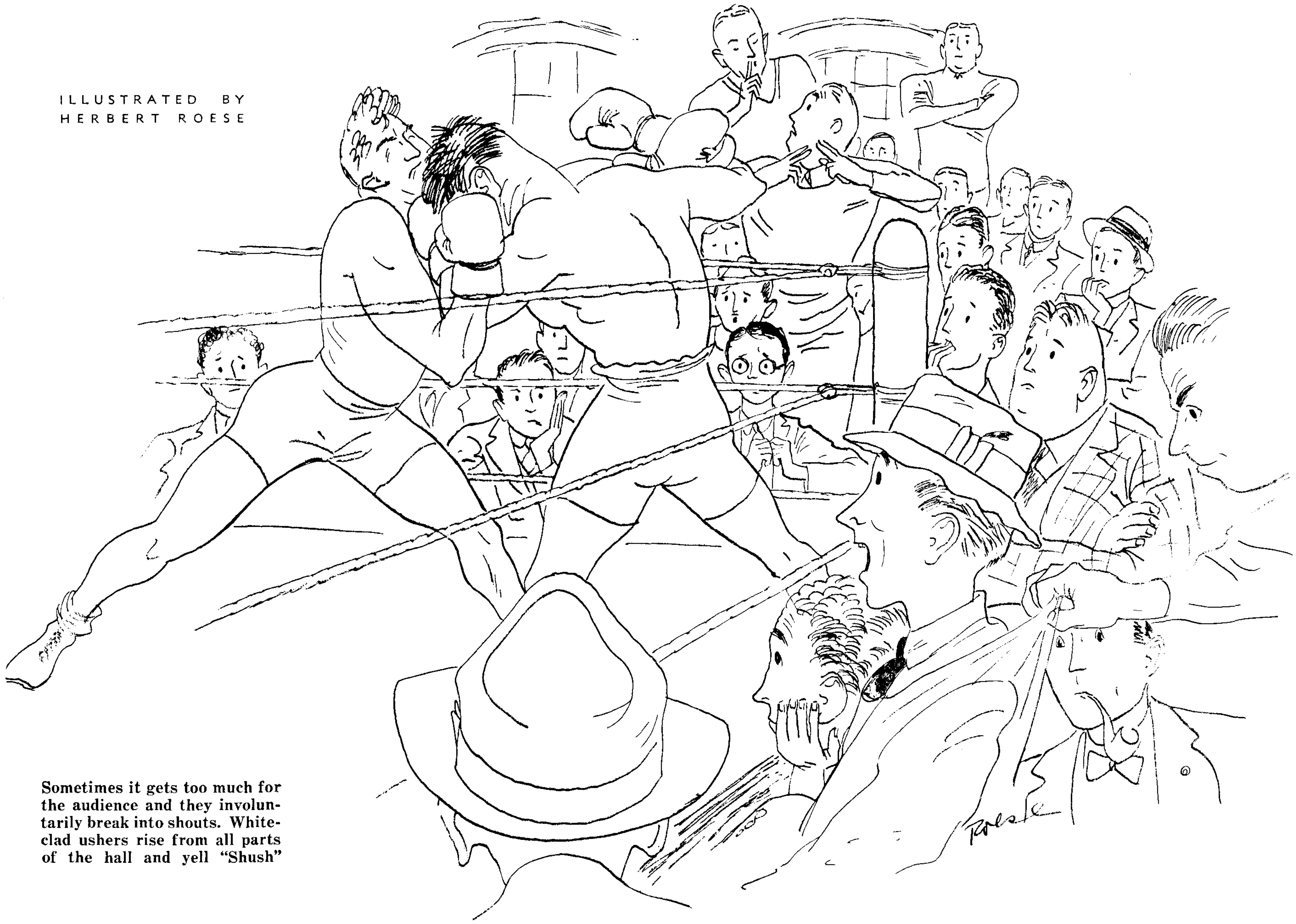
TORONTO, CANADA ESTD 1832
G&W
ESTD 1832
G & W
SEVEN STAR
BLENDED WHISKEY
90 PROOF
Blended & Bottled for
Gooderham & Worts Limited
Detroit, Michigan, U.S.A.

**Get Wise...get G&W...it's Good Whiskey**

© 1937 GOODERHAM & WORTS, LTD., Detroit, Michigan—Est. 1832. G & W 7-Star Blended Whiskey, 90 proof—The straight whiskey in this product is six years old; 35% straight whiskey, 65% neutral spirits distilled from grain. G & W 5-Star Blended Whiskey, 90 proof—The straight whiskey in this product is six years old; 23% straight whiskey, 77% neutral spirits distilled from grain. G & W Bonded Stock Straight Bourbon or Rye Whiskey, 100 proof—Bottled in Bond in Canada. This whiskey is seven years old.

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT ROESE



Sometimes it gets too much for the audience and they involuntarily break into shouts. White-clad ushers rise from all parts of the hall and yell "Shush"

# Sock, Brothers

*No wrist is left unslapped in the effort to keep college boxing mild and gentlemanly, but every now and then someone turns up who can box—and then what happens to college sportsmanship?*

## By Kyle Crichton

THE secret of college boxing is to make it boxing and keep it collegiate. Nature being what it is, however, when I hit you on the nose you'd belt me right back on the jaw if I weren't so clever. I'm ducking, I'm dodging, I smack you with a left, a right, an uppercut to the jaw. You're down once, you're down *twice*, and . . . and it may be called college boxing or a Y. M. C. A. fire drill, but in essence it is just an old-fashioned barroom brawl.

But wherever college boxing has been taken up in a serious way it has become one of the most popular of winter sports, outdrawing basketball, hockey, wrestling and the rest of them. The dual meet between Wisconsin and Penn State last winter at Madison drew 9,600 paid admissions and resulted in two juicy knockouts. Everybody but the two victims went home happy.

The sport may be considered another war baby. The young gents who returned to finish their college careers after the war couldn't come down to earth immediately.

"Football!" they cried sneeringly. "Are they still playing that sissy game?"

Dr. Joseph E. Raycroft, of Princeton, had been in charge of training camp activities during the war and can be said to be the godfather of college boxing. He encouraged it, and the first meet was held in 1919 between the University of Pennsylvania and Penn State, with State taking a 4-2 licking.

Seeing a college meet is an experience. They have been so fearful of the usual plug-ugly atmosphere creeping in that sportsmanship has been raised to a religion. Not only does it concern the contestants, but it takes in the audience. No cheering is allowed during the course of a round and the spectator is treated to a spectacle which takes on the air of a clinic. The two gentlemen in the ring are pommeling each other in dead silence. If the fight is one-sided, it resembles a dissection. Bang—smack—socko . . . the victim takes it and the crowd watches admiringly. When the round is over, they can yell all they want to—and generally do—out of pent-up emotions.

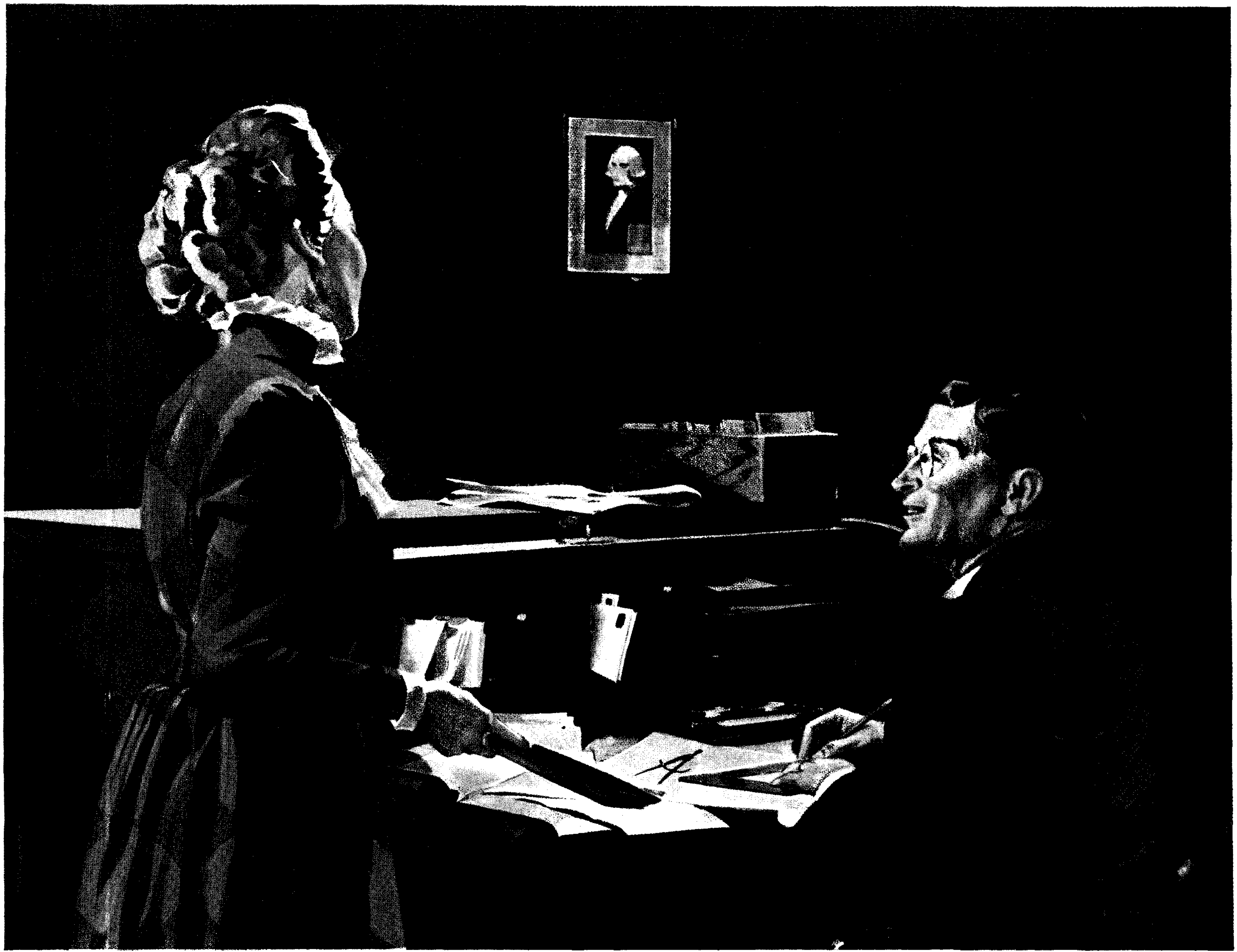
The bouts are three rounders, with two minutes to the round and a rest of one minute between rounds. It doesn't seem much, but in that atmosphere of silence the blows fall with the deadly iteration of hail on a roof. Sometimes it gets too much for the audience and they involuntarily break into shouts. White-clad ushers rise from all parts of the hall and yell "Shush." If it gets too bad, the referee stops the fight and makes a little speech:

"Ladies and gentlemen," he says in part. "The contestants are sportsmen; I ask you to be the same."

Whereupon he waves the two fighters into action again and in a silence which smacks only of the tomb one guy socks the other guy in the tum and the spectators can only grunt in sympathy.

The Eastern Intercollegiate Boxing Association takes in Penn State, Harvard, Yale, Syracuse, Western Maryland, Army, Princeton, Villanova, Rutgers, Massachusetts Tech and the Coast Guard Academy. The coach at Penn State is Leo Houck, the old middleweight who used to fight Papke and Frank Klaus and George Chip. He has been coaching the State team for fourteen years and his teams have won the Eastern championships six times in thirteen tries. Up until 1931 Spike Webb's teams at Navy had four championships, and the most dangerous outfit of late years has been Ray Simmons' team at Syracuse, winning the title three years straight starting with 1932.

The championship was settled last year in the last bout, a humdinger between two big boys named respectively Izzy Richter of Penn State and Jim Brown, the 230-pound heavyweight from Syracuse. In this case the officials gave up and the crowd was in full cry, ignoring such futile wavings as the ushers felt necessary, and giving their throats a complete airing. This was a fortunate thing because the way Richter and Brown were belting each other no silent audience could have stood the blows. It ended with a decision for Richter, winning the meet for Penn State, and for a few wild moments the state of Pennsylvania was faced with the danger



# His answer became a slogan —
# — the slogan became a creed

NEARLY forty years ago, a young woman secretary held a letter before her employer and said:

"This man asks for more information, for literature. He says he wants to know how he can be *sure* that the car we make is a good one."

James Ward Packard stared out of the window a few moments, then swung around toward the waiting girl.

"Tell him that we have no literature—we aren't that big yet. But if he wants to know how good an automobile the Packard is, tell him to *ask the man who owns one.*"

* * *

That was the origin of Packard's slogan: *Ask the man who owns one.* This simple, sincere answer summed up a man's perfect faith in the product bearing his name. Because of its sincerity, and its sound common sense, it has become one of the most familiar slogans in American life.

But to the makers of Packard, it is more than a slogan—it is a creed. It is a guiding principle dictating that every Packard sent out into the world *must* be so fine that there can never be a doubt as to the answer its owner will give.

Today, with the addition of the lower-priced Packard 120 and Six to the magnificent Twelve and Super-Eight, the obligation imposed by Packard's slogan becomes broader than ever before. Yet never before has Packard been more willing to rest its reputation entirely upon the experience of *any* Packard owner.

* * *

We invite you to see the new Packards, to ride in them—better yet, to drive one. But above all—we urge you to "Ask the man who owns one!"

of having to build a new Recreation Hall.

An idea of the growing importance of the sport was given by Villanova, which brought up only one fighter, Tony Sala, who had been 175-pound champion in 1935. Accompanying Sala were coaches, assistant coaches, managers, assistant managers, rubbers, trainers, seconds, a rooting squad and Harry Stuhldreher, football coach and athletic director.

"A good sport!" said Mr. Stuhldreher. "Last year we had a dual meet with Penn, the first we ever had, and it drew 1,700 people. Where do you pick up a winter sport like that overnight?"

In the South, the University of Virginia has been a leader for many years, not losing a dual meet between 1931 and 1936. The coach there is Johnny LaRowe, the most remarkable of all college coaches. He is sixty-eight years old, so crippled that he has to limp about on crutches, and his teams have been tough from the first year of his regime.

### Paying Its Own Way

LaRowe was mustered out of the Marines forty-five years ago, suffering from a "hopeless" heart condition. Spike Webb, another warrior who came from the camps to Navy, has been his great rival in the South. Among LaRowe's pupils is Henry Lamar, now coach at Harvard. His 1936 team gave Virginia its first defeat out of 31 dual meets. Matches at Harvard with Army and Princeton drew the greatest indoor crowds in Cambridge history.

Since coming to Charlottesville in 1925, LaRowe's teams have won 61 dual meets, lost 19 and tied 3. His greatest achievement was in defeating Spike Webb's Navy teams three times in a row, something hitherto considered impossible and possibly treasonable.

The receipts from the tournament have been enough to make the managers of other sports weep. At Penn State last year the total attendance at the Eastern Intercollegiates (three sessions) was 9,218. The total receipts were $5,850. This was enough to pay for the transportation of all teams and provide a surplus for the treasury.

At the National Collegiate A. A. tournament last spring at Charlottesville, Va., the attendances at the four sessions were 2,500, 3,000, 3,500 and 4,000, a total of 13,000, with receipts of approximately $8,000. In that tournament, fifty-eight representatives from twenty-five colleges competed.

Which shows how the thing is spread around. The leading team on the West Coast is Washington State, with other good teams at California Aggies, University of California, Stanford and the University of California at Los Angeles. Washington State is coached by Ike Deeter, former Pacific Northwest amateur champion.

But the real battle has been at Wisconsin. The Western Conference resolutely refuses to take up boxing, and Wisconsin has had to promote it in its own back yard. The team is coached by John J. Walsh, who combines it with his law course, and they put things on in style at Madison. When Penn State was unable to keep its dual date with Wisconsin last year because of the Pennsylvania floods, the Madison authorities burned up the wires in an effort to get the State team to come by air. Residing in the Allegheny Mountains, where more than one mail plane has come down with a crash in the fog, the Pennsylvanians looked aloft at the clouds hanging over the Nittany hills and begged to be excused. They finally got out by train, sitting up all night in the Altoona station and getting to Pittsburgh and thence west by painful stages.

When they reached Madison they ran into showmanship. With the field house jammed with almost 10,000 spectators, the Penn State team marched in in single file, with the band playing "Nittany Lion," the State anthem. Then Wisconsin marched in to the strains of "On Wisconsin." The two teams climbed into the ring facing one another and just when an uninstructed barbarian would have expected the battle royal to break forth, the teams marched solemnly across the ring and shook hands.

"After that," reports the Penn State lads, "the murder. It all seemed too friendly until they started working on us. Score: Wisconsin, 5½; Penn State, 2½."

But boxing has not been so successful in the Midwest. In the Big Six Conference, Missouri, Kansas State and Nebraska have teams but they have been losing money. The best team in that section is the Chilocco Indian Institute in Oklahoma. It seems that the little red brothers take some delight in massaging the mushes of their white conquerors.

The rule book last year was taking pride in the fact that in the 1935 finals of the Eastern Association there were no knockouts and only two or three knockdowns. This seemed to mean that the association would be happy if prize fighting could somehow be permanently —so far as colleges were concerned— turned into scientific boxing. But there is something pathetic about this hope because as the fighters get better the wallops get harder and somebody is eventually going down with a bump, science or no science, sportsmanship or no sportsmanship. When a boxer as good as Ray Jefferies, the Syracuse captain, enters the ring, he can either walk away in an attempt to avoid hitting his opponent or he can hit him. If he hits him, he may very well go down, for Jefferies is a socker.

West Virginia has had the best teams in the Eastern Conference (Bucknell, Temple, Carnegie Tech, Pitt, Washington and Jefferson, and West Virginia) and Duke has been coming fast in the Southern Conference (Virginia, Duke, Maryland, North Carolina and South Carolina). The Southeastern Conference is made up of Louisiana, Tulane, Alabama, Mississippi, Mississippi State, Tennessee, Georgia and Florida, with such smaller colleges as King taking up the sport with success.

### Passing Geometry and Punches

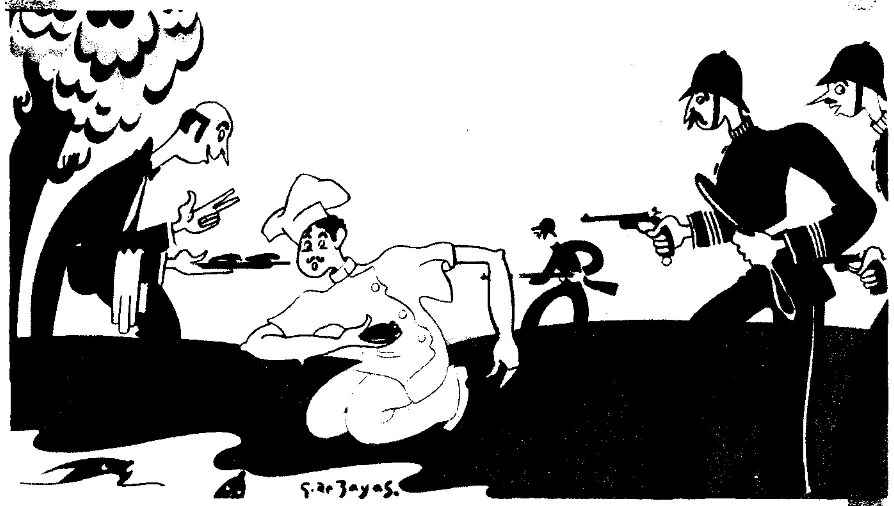
Even back in the earlier days, the game was made for stern-minded young men. There is the story, probably manufactured, of the pretty boy from Washington and Lee who went up to fight Yale. He was referred to on the campus as The Body Beautiful and had extreme concern about his looks. His opponent at Yale was an Olympic champion and a person of some harshness. In the course of the bout some jester from the balcony heaved a bag of popcorn into the ring. When Body Beautiful saw the nice white kernels underfoot, he uttered a cry: "My teeth!" he cried in horror.

While he was jumping back approximately seven feet to express his dismay at this occurrence, his opponent brought off a roundhouse right and conked him with it. The bout ended therewith.

This shows that men are men and all that sort of thing, but what clinches the case for college boxing is something much simpler: professionalism is beginning to creep in. There have been fairly well-authenticated rumors that scholarships, board and room and a little spending change have been given wallopers who could both pass their geometry and smack over a rival. The thing has immense possibilities. Think back a few years: Picture Jack Dempsey at the University of Colorado; Max Baer at Harvard. You're never going to stop a sport as well founded as that.

# Keep Up with the World

## By Freling Foster



THE world's highest priced oysters, it is believed, are the "Pyefleet Natives," which go through their fattening process under heavy police protection, in a little creek near Colchester, England. A plate of six on the half shell, served in the smarter London restaurants, usually costs at least $2.

***About*** a century ago, when people had to work from dawn to dusk six days a week, America had many fanatics who bitterly fought any form of Sunday recreation. One of them, a Hoboken millionaire, so detested having picnickers enjoy a certain park near his home that he tried to buy it, for a million dollars, so he could lock its gates on Sunday.—*By Charles L. Knigge, New York City.*

***On*** the west coast of France today, southwest of Bordeaux, is a singular monster of destruction, a gigantic sand dune, that is gradually moving inland, engulfing homes, farms, forests and everything else in its certain and deadly path. Constantly growing in size, it is now three miles long, one mile wide and 374 feet high, and is advancing at the rate of three feet a month.

***The*** nurse shark is the only animal, so far as is known, that contracts its hide, when attacked, to an "armor-plate" hardness, which enables this fish to resist successfully the penetration of as formidable a weapon as a heavy harpoon.

***The*** profound sentimentality of the Japanese finds no greater expression than in a tiny, well-preserved cemetery on Aoshima Island. It was made for the exclusive burial of a litter of unborn whales whose mother had been killed by whalers.

***Many*** famous characters in fiction are believed to be real persons by an incredible number of readers. An interesting case in point is that of "Sherlock Holmes" to whom scores of letters still are mailed daily, addressed to "221-B Baker Street, London," asking for money, advice or the solution of some problem.—*By Norman Taylor, London, England.*

***The*** great care exercised by some of the gangs which stage fake motorcar accidents was revealed recently in a raid on an important ring. This outfit left no detail to chance, scientifically rehearsing each "accident" for days in advance, using a scale model of the street, complete with its buildings, automobiles, traffic lights, trees, cops and pedestrians.

***Although*** it is both a written and an unwritten law that a wife is to live in the home which her husband provides for her, the courts of several states have upheld many women who, for petty reasons, have refused to do it. Not long ago one court ruled that a woman did not have to live in her husband's house because it was located near the home of his parents.—*By Marguerite E. Smith, Dorchester, Massachusetts.*

***One*** Sunday evening centuries ago, a man named Gofer, hopelessly lost in a forest near Newark, England, heard the bells of his church in the town and so found his way home. In gratitude, he invested a fund for the bell ringers, and from that day, and as long as the church stands, they have and will continue to carry out his request—that on each anniversary of his rescue the bells will "ring for Gofer."—*By Stanley Waller, Cleveland, Ohio.*

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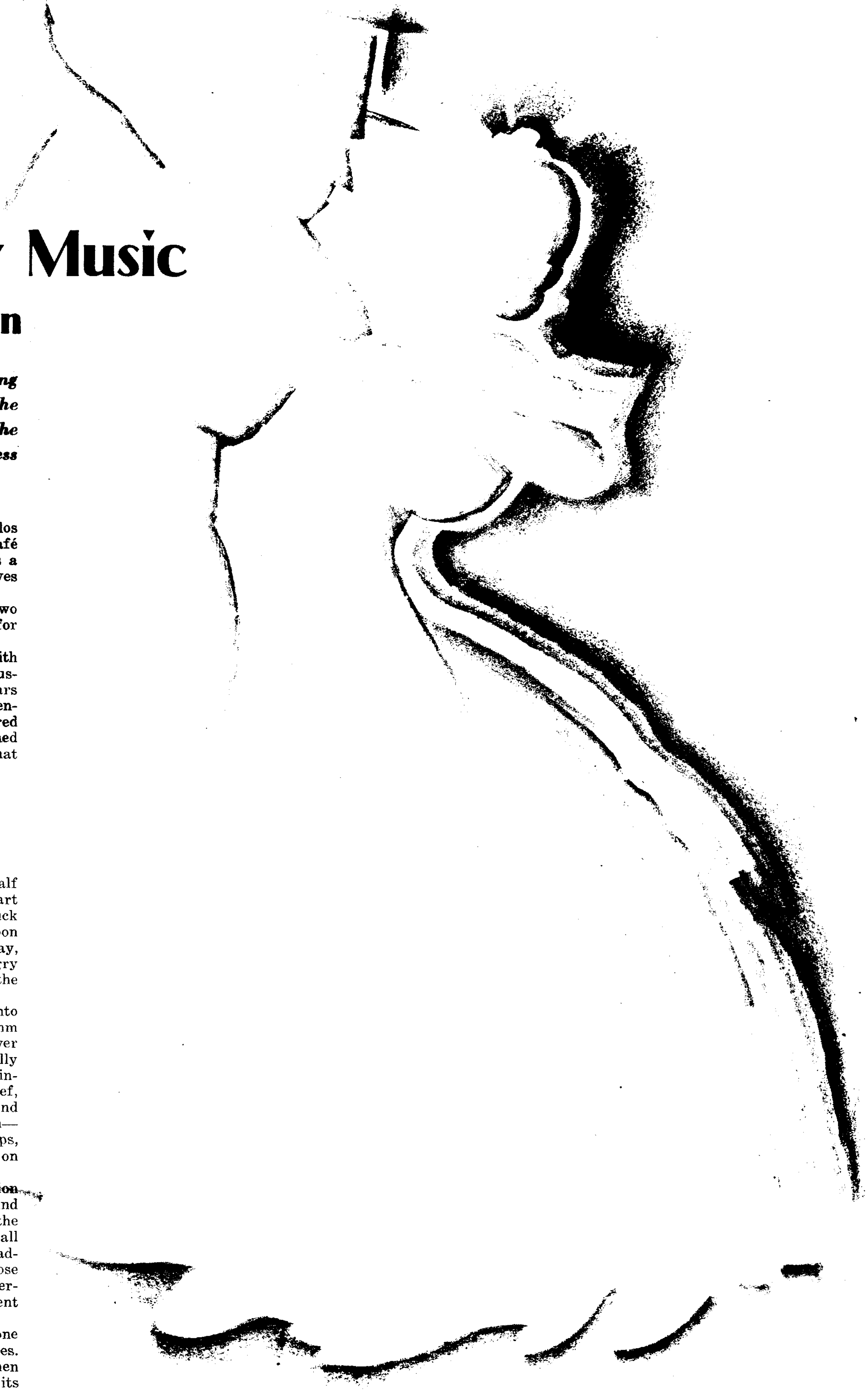

# Hot-Country Music

## By Edward Tomlinson

***The waves of the Rio de la Plata whispering against the wharves of Buenos Aires set the rhythm for the tango and the tango circles the globe. Here's the story of its social progress***

I FIRST saw him in the early evening when Carlos Lopez and I were at the Gorizzia, a dingy old café down on the Boca of Buenos Aires. He was a moth-eaten little man—chalk-white face and eyes like pigeon eggs with ink splotches in the center.

"A typical Boca tout," said Carlos. "For two meals a day and scanty tips he provides diversion for the customers."

Diversion which the customers lapped up with gusto, too, tame and mournful as it was. Callous-handed truck drivers, sailors with cauliflower ears and hollow-cheeked wenches of the water front sat enraptured with the squawky strains of his battered concertina, and the sirupy lament about a girl named Rosa, in the refrain of which he assured her that

*The wounds of my heart will be healed,*
*The grief of my soul will be soothed,*
*When the river breezes*
*Whisper of your love,*
*Rosa mia.*

"*Si, señores,*" he later confided, after some half dozen ponies of brandy, "it is the feeling of my heart this night. Rosa, my dear one! Last night I struck her, struck her when an unholy stranger gazed upon her with eyes of desire. And now she is, how you say, disappear—vamoose. I was but angry, señores, angry with love, and when a man is angry with love the woman, she should forgive him if he strikes her."

"And there," Carlos explained, as he went out into the night, "you have the genuine tango, the rhythm of the river—the tout, the petty pickpocket, the river rat with a breaking heart. One moment he joyfully slits the throat of a rival or beats his woman into insensibility. The next moment he is plunged into grief, all the sordid details of which he puts into verse and sings, sings whenever he can find people to listen—in a dive, a bar, the Gorizzia and eventually, perhaps, the goal of all tango composers—the Café Nacional on Corrientes."

The Café Nacional, where our nocturnal excursion ended shortly before one o'clock in the morning. And which, incidentally, didn't seem so far away from the Gorizzia after all; about like going from a beer hall in the Bowery to a side-street restaurant off Broadway. At least the smells were no different from those at the Gorizzia—the lingering odors of sickening perfumes and cigarette smoke mixed with the potent aroma of roasting and boiling coffee.

Notwithstanding the fact that the Nacional is one of the historic landmarks of uptown Buenos Aires. "The last outpost," some of the boys call it. For when the movies, theaters and ritzy cabarets turn out, its walls fairly bulge with an odd assortment of the hardiest of the nighthawks who drop in for a final fling before going home.

"And now you will see the tango on trial," Carlos

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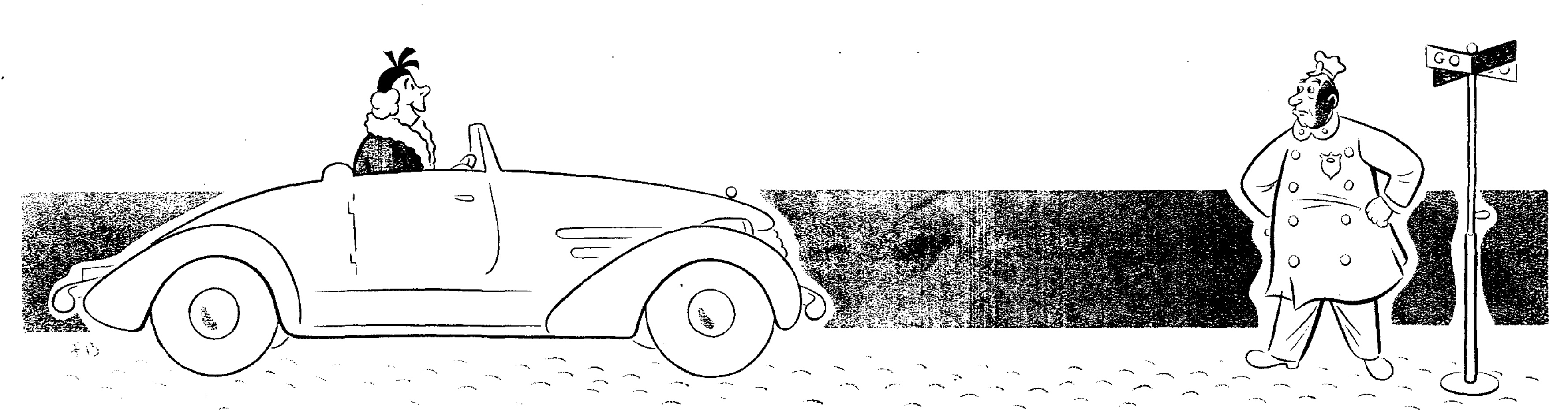
announced, as we entered and favored our feet with a sorely needed rest. “You will witness how it comes to town and makes its bid for popular favor. For years nearly every successful tango has received its tryout before this jury of customers. Shall we say tangos are born on the Boca and brought up at the Nacional?”

By which time the three tousle-haired gentlemen who comprised the orchestra had the first number well on its way to a premature grave. Although it drew forth loud applause from a single group over in one corner, the crowd in general showed not a sign of interest.

“Somebody is attempting to promote a piece,” Carlos said. “A claque—the promoters, composer and his friends—trying to start an ovation. But this audience is hard-boiled. It knows its tango, and it didn't think much of that one.”

Number after number was played, most of them attracting little notice. Occasionally a little wave of approval managed to ripple halfway down the long narrow room, but no farther.



“—98—99—100. Here I come, ready or not!”

FRANK BEAVEN

People began to trickle out, until the place was half empty. And then, in the middle of a number, there was a sudden hush, broken only by the rattle of cups back in the kitchen. Everyone turned toward the orchestra and listened intently. When the last note died away, a storm broke. There was a cyclone of applause, punctuated by thundering shouts and bravos, and the composer himself appeared on the balcony to receive his laurels.

The little man from the Boca! Still “the typical tout,” in black, tight-fitting coat, shiny pants and frayed white silk muffler. For five minutes he stood waiting for the ovation to subside, tears dripping from his pigeon-egg eyes and running down his chalk-white face. Finally the orchestra began to play again, to repeat the tune. And the little man sang, sang with all his might, a chunk of his heart flowing out in every phrase.

### Tangoing Around the World

Again and again he was forced to repeat the chorus until he was too hoarse to utter another word and everyone was completely exhausted. Everyone except a half dozen businesslike-looking gentlemen who leaped upon him like wolves upon a lone jack rabbit.

“Agents of the recording companies and publishing houses,” Carlos said. “They are bidding for the song, each trying to sign him up on the spot, for it will be a big success and make money. Only once in a blue moon does any fellow get such an ovation. But he had the stuff all right, a genuine tango, full of the life of the Boca and the river front—the swish of the water—the waves lapping against the piers—of brutal love—and—”

Exactly a year and a half away from that triumphant evening in the Café Nacional, I found him living on the Alvear, the Park Avenue of the Argentine capital, right out among the *gente bien*, the swells of society, in an apartment done in pink and baby blue with scarlet velvet hangings, and incense burning in every room. For he is now the reigning tango king of the Rio de la Plata. Hit after hit has followed in rapid succession. Hundreds of thousands of records have been sold in Japan, in France, in Italy and the United States.

Especially in the United States. Hardly a night passes that every dance orchestra from Boston's Back Bay to the Barbary Coast doesn't play at least one of his pieces. They are heard in Washington, Chicago and St. Louis. The air waves are wild with them. They seep into hundreds of thousands of village homes and farmhouses.

For America is tingling with the tango. Young and old are learning to dance it. Go into any night club and observe the swing and sway of people of all ages, marvel at the tired businessmen and paunchy middle-aged gentlemen as they struggle with it, seeking, as it were, to express the adagio tendencies pent up in them.

“Next to the fox trot, the tango is the most universal of all dances,” says Ralph Peer, one of the leading tango purveyors of the world, with publishing houses in eleven countries and distributing branches in a dozen others. Every week he has orders from places as remote from one another as Texas and Timbuktu.

“Only this week,” he told me recently, “I sent off batches of records and scores to St. John's, Newfoundland, and Vladivostok, Russia.

“Bangkok and Bombay like it, too, and so do Oslo and Shanghai. The Norwegians are taking to it like reindeer to snow, and a friend of mine just back from the Black Sea says that bearded Bolsheviki are dancing it in Odessa.”

There are rumors that the smart Argentine, not to mention the *porteno*, the river man of Buenos Aires, is rapidly becoming a back number in the matter of dancing the tango. A sporty English diplomat from Tokyo assures me that the elite of Nippon dance a better tango any day than the natives of Buenos Aires. A Japanese couple won the annual tango contest in Buenos Aires as far back as 1924.

But then to the old-time Spanish *porteno* the tango is and always has been just a song, a tale told to musical accompaniment, half sung, half recited, “The rhythm of the river—” as Carlos Lopez put it. Even today it is seldom danced on the Boca. In fact it didn't get uptown until forty years ago, and at first only to the less pretentious cafés and coffee houses, such as the Café Nacional, where only men gathered.

Being a musical people they adopted the rhythm of the tango and made it their own. But the words being the jargon of the river, the slang of the slums, most of it too raw and morbid for polite society, they shunned the lyrics and danced the tunes. For world consumption they have tried with some degree of success here and there to foster a happier style of lyrics. There is *La Cumparsita*, the stand-by of our rhythm rajahs for the last three or four years. It depicts the joys of a group of youngsters at Carnival time, the annual Mardi gras. And one of the newest of the hits, *Mama Yo Quiero un Novio*, which, if plain English may be substituted, means “Mamma, I Want a Sweetheart.”

### “Give 'Em What They Want”

“But,” says Elisabetta, “it is like setting old-time barroom language to Home, Sweet Home, or jazzing up Chopin's Funeral March.”

And Elisabetta should know, for she is herself a famous Uruguayan composer and one of the distinguished musical authorities of the Rio de la Plata, the first woman in South America to conduct a symphony orchestra.

I found La Querencia, a little restaurant on the historic Avenida de Mayo, a stone's throw from the President's rambling old Casa Rosada, jammed to the doors one afternoon last spring. The performers were a family of six—two lithe and slim daughters, a couple of wiry sons, and Papa and Mamma. While the womenfolk wielded an assortment of guitars, the *muchachos*, or sons, in shiny boots, billowy bloomers, or *bombachas*, wide leather belts, voluminous blouses with colorful scarves about their necks, each arose and alone did his stuff—the *marequita*, the *pericon* and other lively dances with interesting names. But it was *el gato* that brought the house to its feet: *el gato*, the cat dance, a combination, I should say, of the Irish jig and the charleston tinged with the old black bottom.

They did a *payada*, too, a contest song, the subject of which was suggested by a man in the audience. Making up the lines, as they went along, each took his cue from the other in turn, with the audience as the referee. With each line the applause became louder and the words more spicy, until one contestant finally flung his hands in the air and conceded the laurels to his opponent.

Whereupon Papa seized guitar and began strumming, and reciting in a half monotone, Martin Fierro, the great folk poem of the cattle country, tales of the picturesque days of the gaucho and the open range.

In low tones, like the voice of a mellow old organ with the winds of the *pampa* pouring through its pipes, he reeled off verse after verse, slim hands and big black eyes helping to convey the exact emotions of the character in his story. Argentines and foreigners hung on every word. We imagined ourselves out where the silence is profound, where the purple haze hangs against the horizon and cattle, *crillo* ponies and ostriches roam at large.

“What a pity!” exclaims the editor of one of Argentina's great dailies, “that the music and the poetry of the *pampa* cannot be known in the capitals of the world, instead of the tango.

“The verses of the tango,” he goes on, “do more for the diffusion of bad Spanish and bad impressions of us than all the barbarism that we can invent or acquire by carelessness or intention.”

To all of which the dance maestros and popular music masters, the song publishers and record makers reply, “We give 'em what they want.” To repeat the exact words of one of the international song-and-dance scouts, Mr. Blomberg Faulkenhyn, “The minute they want them, we will give them the lively *cueca* of Chile too, or the *marinera* of Peru, or the *posillo* of Colombia, each to the people of its own country what the tango is to the sophisticated cosmopolite of Buenos Aires.

“A few Mexican tunes have had a vogue among us, notably the lewd but thrilling marching song *La Cucaracha* —the cockroach—which accompanied all Pancho Villa's forays of pillage and murder.

If the people of New York, Chicago or Los Angeles, together with their fellow countrymen in the hundreds of hamlets hither and yon, wish directly and indirectly to spend fifteen million dollars a year for the importing, publishing, recording, producing, playing, and otherwise providing and purveying of tangos, *rumbas* and other Latin American popular music, must they be judged harshly?

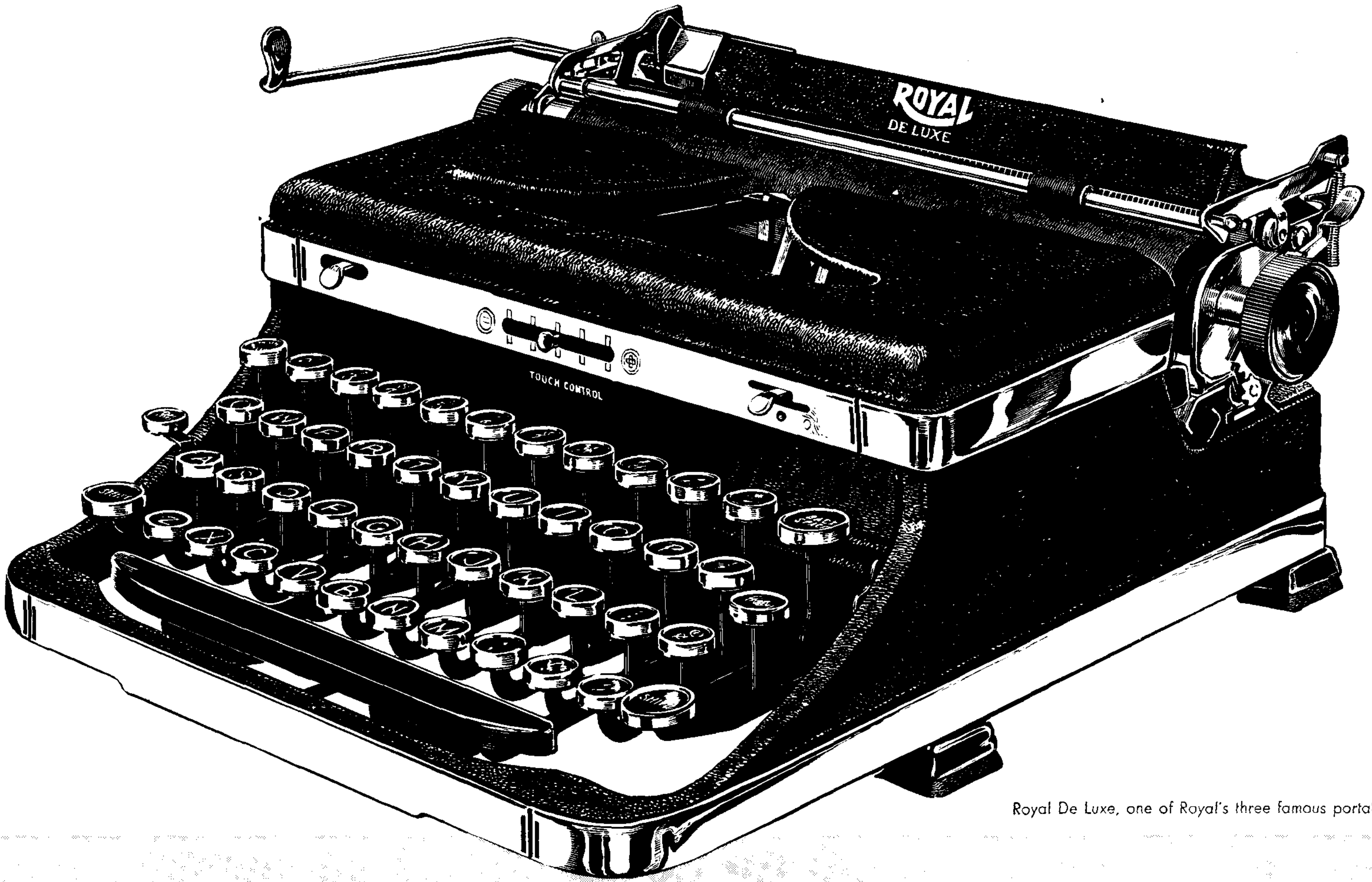
### Of Time and Music

Let anyone who entertains misgivings on the subject hearken to the words of the distinguished savant, Prof. Dr. Edward J. Dent of Cambridge, England, who stood before a world conclave of professors, scientists, scholars and intellectuals gathered in the historic hall of Harvard University and said that the reverence for the classics has become “something of a nuisance,” in our outlook toward music.

To the critics of an older generation who consider modern music as frivolous and bewildering, the good professor replied, “If a listener cannot appreciate the music of his own time, it is probably more his own fault than that of the composer.

“Music!” he exclaimed. “The music of today for those who today are themselves alive, and antiquarianism for those who are spiritually dead!”

# ROYAL



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# I Love You Again

*Continued from page 9*

called, sharply, "Where are you going?"

"To call the doctor. Yes, sir. Your head must be badly injured—"

"I'm all right, Jason. Believe me, I am. And you haven't answered my question."

Mr. Rountree did not immediately reseat himself. The twinkle had vanished from his bright blue eyes, and in its stead had come a profound apprehension. He said, "Let's be sensible, Larry. That was a pretty bad crack you got last night. I think I *should* call the doctor."

"Hold it. You say my name is Larry Wilson?"

"Why, of course."

"Now then: What ship is this?"

"The Atlantis. . . . Listen, Larry—don't you really think you'd better talk to the doctor? There's something wrong with you."

"Perhaps. But not what you think. Sit down—please."

JASON ROUNTREE gazed uncertainly at his bandaged friend. Then he seated himself with the reluctance one might show if he expected the chair to slide from under him. "I—don't like it, Larry. Not a bit. But if you insist . . ."

"I do. Now: Where are we?"

"Where's who?"

"This ship? Where are we coming from and where are we headed?"

"Gee, Larry—you talk crazy. . . . We've been on a cruise. West Indies. We're due in New York day after tomorrow. And I'm afraid you've been pretty badly injured."

"Take it easy, Jason. One more question: What day is this?"

"Thursday." Jason was suffering acutely. "Of course it's Thursday."

"What month?" asked George Carey tensely.

"Month?" Jason snatched his glasses from his nose and leaned forward. "Larry, please . . ."

"What month is it?"

"March."

George Carey closed his eyes for a moment. His thoughts were increasingly confused. He said, "Tell me, Jason—what year is this?"

Mr. Rountree's pink palms clamped firmly on the arms of his chair. He said, "You're delirious."

"No, I'm not. You must believe that. And the question I asked you is important. What year is this?"

"It's nineteen thirty-six," wailed the unhappy and bewildered Jason. "You can't tell me you didn't know *that.*"

George Carey nodded.

"Yes, I can, Jason," he said. "I thought it was nineteen twenty-eight."

Sunlight streamed in through the porthole and touched Jason Rountree's very bald head. It lighted George Carey's face and showed deep lines of worry and of pain. The ship rolled slightly and a fugitive sunbeam rested briefly on a photograph which stood—in a simple silver frame—on the dresser.

It was the photograph of a woman who was young and beautiful. She looked straight out from the frame into George Carey's troubled eyes. She seemed to smile, as though to reassure him. The young man pressed both hands against his throbbing head. Jason leaned forward solicitously.

"Remember her?" he inquired.

"No . . ."

"She's mighty pretty."

George Carey said, as though to himself, "I've got to talk to somebody."

"Why not? A man who has run a speak-easy for a lot of years learns to hear plenty and say nothing. And I feel sort of bad about the blow on the head you got last night. I sure do."

"You shouldn't. Maybe you've done me a favor."

"Favor!" Jason shook his head. "I wouldn't call that a favor."

George Carey said, "Listen, Jason: Have you ever heard of amnesia?"

"Certainly. But I don't know an awful lot about it."

"I'll try to explain." Larry spoke slowly. "Amnesia is a—well, a sort of illness. A mental disorder."

"Loss of memory, isn't it?"

"Yes. A person is stricken with amnesia—just suddenly. He forgets who he is—forgets everything about himself—"

"And you got that way saving me?"

"No. It's queer, Jason, but you seem to have snapped me out of it."

"Listen, Larry, I don't believe I'm terribly stupid, but I still don't follow you. Can't you make it clearer?"

"I'll try." The young man lighted a cigarette with fingers not entirely steady. "So far as I'm concerned, this is 1928. My name is George Carey. Now do you understand?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Then let's put it another way. Obviously, I became an amnesia victim eight years ago. Equally obviously, that wallop on the head last night brought me out of it."

Mr. Rountree's bright blue eyes clouded. "What have you been doing all these years?"

"I don't remember. Evidently I've been known as Larry Wilson." He gestured at the room. "I've probably got money. This is a de luxe cabin, and most likely an expensive cruise."

"Yes . . ." Jason nodded affirmation. "And you've been laying it on the line ever since we left New York."

"What do you mean?"

"Entertaining. Cocktail parties and things. Lots of 'em. I've watched you because I know your type. You're the sort of gentleman I used to like to have in my speak-easy. I had a class spot. Maybe you've been there." Jason shook his head. "But you wouldn't remember anyway, would you?"

"I'm afraid not."

"LET me get it straight. Are you telling me that you don't remember anything about the last eight years? That you don't know there was a depression or where you got the money for this trip, or where you live—or anything?"

"Not a thing. Right now I can't even remember clearly about myself—as I was—as George Carey. My mind is hazy, as though I were trying to recall things that happened when I was a baby. It's hard to explain—"

"You're doing all right. Go ahead."

"I don't know Larry Wilson at all: Who I am, where I live, how I've been supporting myself, the names of my friends."

Jason Rountree rose and paced up and down the cabin. The brightness was gone from his round, pink face.

"You give me a queer feeling, Larry. You must feel like a ghost."

"And worse. Here's a period of eight years I can't account for."

"We might look around," suggested Jason. "Perhaps we'll find something."

Larry stepped out of bed. The room seemed to lurch violently and Jason grabbed his arm. The man had amazing strength: "Steady, Larry—steady! Take it easy."

"I'm okay." Larry leaned against the dresser and looked down at a damp wallet, a bunch of keys, a handkerchief which had been spread out to dry. "Probably things taken out of my trousers pockets after they hauled me aboard last night."

George Carey's eyes focused on a single object. It was made of copper, round and flat. A coin about the diameter of an English penny, but thicker. He picked it up and stared at it. The thing seemed vaguely familiar: the only thing in all that room which was familiar. He said, half to himself, "I seem to recognize this."

"What is it?"

"It's a ten-franc chip from the casino at Monte Carlo."

"When did you get it?"

"I WENT to Europe when I first got out of college. I picked it up then, and I carried it as a luck piece. Just looking at it seems to make things clearer."

"You mean you're getting a line on what you've been doing for the last eight years?"

"No-o . . . But things that happened before that seem to be coming back. . . ." He shrugged and turned toward the wardrobe. He said, "Let's look some more."

"Good idea." Jason flung open the wardrobe door. "No matter what else," he said, "you certainly were prosperous."

A half-dozen suits were hanging in neat array. There was a huge wardrobe trunk bearing the initials L. W. Two heavy suitcases similarly inscribed. In the dresser drawers were shirts and underwear and pajamas and socks: everything of the best. Jason said, "I have an idea." He went to the wardrobe and returned with one of the coats. He flipped it open and displayed the tailor's label. "Look," he commanded.

The label said, "Habersham Tailors, Inc." Below that was the name "L. Wilson—1935." In the pocket was a letter, neatly typed. It was addressed, "Mr. Larry Wilson—Habersham."

"We're getting somewhere," stated Jason triumphantly. "You're Larry Wilson. You live in a town called Habersham. Now, let's see whether the letter gives us a clue."

But the letter didn't. It was a receipted bill from the Habersham Golf & Country Club. "At least," said Mr. Rountree, "we know a lot more than we did."

"Yes. . . . It's an uncomfortable sensation, Jason—this thought of being somebody and not knowing who I am."

Mr. Rountree dropped an affectionate hand on the shoulder of the young man who had saved his life. "Maybe I can help, Larry."

"Thanks . . . Right now . . ." George Carey stared about the room. His eyes centered again on the Monte Carlo chip which he still held. Funny about that chip—it was the one thing in all the room which seemed to register. It enabled him to think back—to break through the heavy curtain which had fallen over the past eight years. It seemed to banish some of the ghastly unreality. When he looked at that chip, the name of George Carey seemed more real; faint shadows emerged from a boyhood which had been forgotten. He said, "I want you to run along, Jason. Come back in a couple of hours."

"Feeling sick?"

"No. But I'm beginning to remember. Perhaps if I stay here alone for a while . . ."

"You call it. Whatever you say. Only if I was—were—you, I'd see the doctor."

"No. Not until I get my bearings. And don't you tell him anything."

"Trust me." Jason waved cheerfully from the doorway. "See you later."

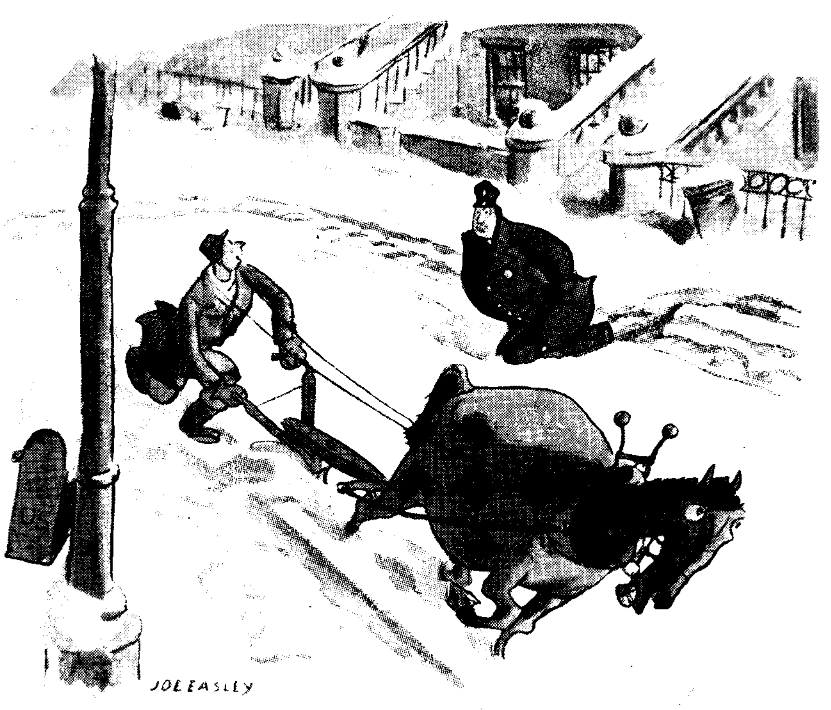
George Carey dropped into a chair. He felt disturbed and uneasy. Things had happened too swiftly. He couldn't quite understand that he was somebody else. It was difficult to believe that he was thirty years of age, when he remembered himself as twenty-two. He couldn't even remember much about himself, although every time he looked at the Monte Carlo pocket piece shadows from the past became more tangible.

IDEAS. Fragments of ideas. Names. Places. Wraithlike memories. He concentrated on the little round bit of copper, sensing that it was the one thing which was helping to bring back the life which had been his up to 1928. It had belonged to him then. Apparently nothing else in this cabin had. He thought more intensively, scarcely conscious of the solicitous steward who straightened up his room; only wincing slightly when the portly ship's doctor came in to examine his head and to pronounce him a hardy soul and a brave one. Other passengers on the ship inquired about him and flocked to his cabin—until George Carey ordered the steward to stand guard in the corridor to protect him against visitors. He didn't want to talk with his cruise friends.

He didn't remember them.

He looked down at the copper coin. Shapes from the past were more definite

*(Continued on page 50)*



"All I know, Officer, is the city hired me to plow the snow!" JOE EASLEY

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**Vaseline HAIR TONIC**

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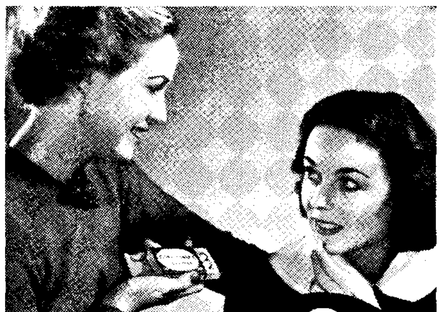

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Feen-a-mint
THE CHEWING GUM LAXATIVE
NO TASTE BUT THE MINT

Family-sized boxes only 15c & 25c

Slightly higher in Canada

(Continued from page 49)

now. One thought intruded—and continued to intrude. A fear . . . something connected with George Carey and with money . . . something that worried him, although he couldn't quite remember what it was. It was coming to him, slowly and disturbingly: a vague, intangible fear.

He resumed his inspection of the cabin, feeling like an intruder.

He pulled a suitcase from under the bed, and opened it. Just a few things there. Evening shirts, a squash racket, a half-dozen balls, some packages with West Indian labels: obviously presents bought for his friends in Habersham. Habersham! That was the name of the city which he presumed had been his home for the past eight years. A southern city. A city of more than a hundred thousand inhabitants. But how had he gotten there and when and why? It was a long way from Warwick, Ohio, where he had been born and raised. Questions! Questions hammering at him from every side. Unanswerable questions. Questions which could be answered only by remembering the eight years which he did not remember.

But there was something else in that suitcase. A packet of letters. He saw the address on the top envelope:

Mr. Larry Wilson
*On Board S. S. Atlantis*
*(To be opened March 3d)*

The others bore similar addresses, written in fine, firm, feminine script. They varied in only one respect: The directions were "To be opened March 4th," "To be opened March 5th." . . . And so on. A series of shipboard letters—from a woman. He crawled back into bed and opened the first letter, vaguely disturbed by the ethics of it—finding it difficult to realize that they were his letters even though they were addressed to a stranger named Larry Wilson.

And it was here that Jason Rountree found him at the end of two hours. Mr. Rountree's eyes seemed brighter, his bald head shinier, his smile more friendly. He removed gold glasses from his nose and twirled them on the end of their black ribbon. "Howdy, Larry," he said. Then, apprehensively, "What's the matter?"

George Carey said, "Sit down, Jason."

Mr. Rountree perched on the edge of a chair. He said, "You look as though—"

"I feel as though." He gestured toward the letters. "I've had a pretty bad shock, Jason."

"Yes . . .?"

"Those letters," explained George Carey tensely, "are to Larry Wilson."

"Sure . . ." Jason waited.

"They were written by his wife."

Jason whistled his astonishment. "You mean—?"

"Exactly. I'm married." George Carey groped for the right words. "That is—Larry Wilson is married."

Jason Rountree fidgeted. He said, "I don't blame you for being worried." His bright little eyes found the photograph on the dresser and he said, "Maybe that's her."

"It may be."

"She's mighty pretty."

"Trying to make me feel better, aren't you, Jason? Thanks."

"Don't thank me. The point is that you're married. So what?"

"Plenty." The young man stood in front of the dresser, looking down at the picture. "It's tough on her."

Jason said mildly, "I wouldn't put it that way. Not at all. Being married to a gentleman like you isn't any bad break."

"That isn't what worries me. . . ." George Carey spoke slowly. "You see, Jason—she really isn't my wife. She's the wife of a man named Larry Wilson—a man who doesn't even exist."

"But you're Larry Wilson."

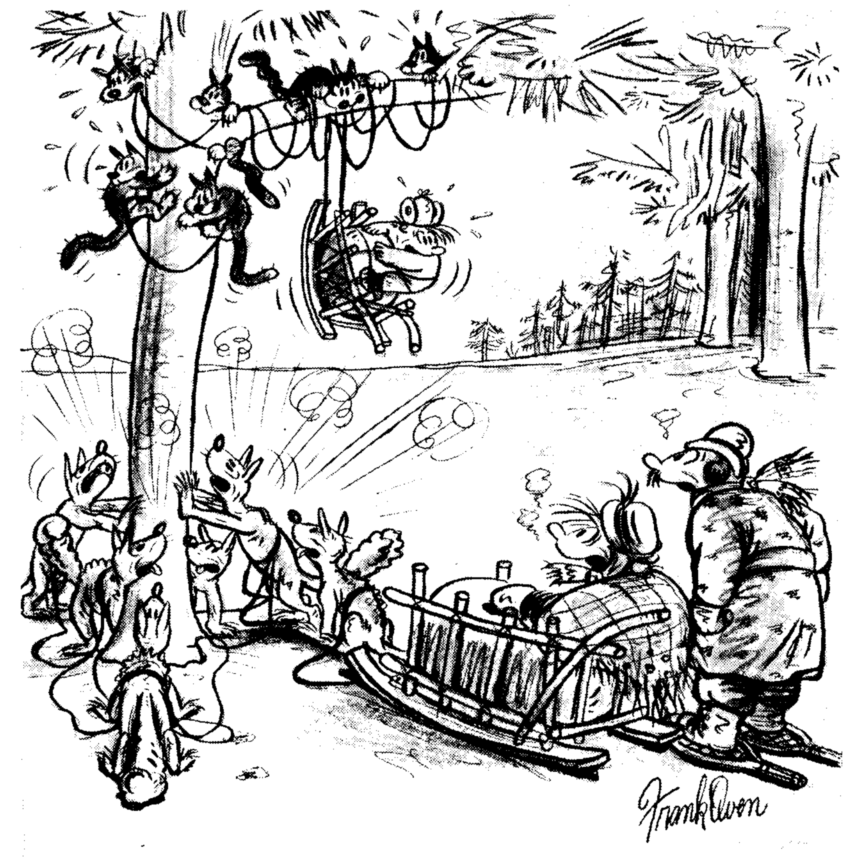
"Am I?"

"Of course you are. Certainly."

"Just the same, I'm worried."

"Who wouldn't be?"

**Philbert** By FRANK OWEN
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



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"It's like this, Jason: Things are still hazy. I suppose it's natural that everything shouldn't snap back into my mind. I suppose anyone might forget things that happened eight years ago. . . ." George Carey shrugged. "I'm getting fragments of ideas, and they're not very pleasant."

"I'm listening," prompted Jason.

"The last thing I remember," said George Carey slowly, "was eight years ago. I was carrying a little black satchel which contained more than twenty-five thousand dollars in cash."

Jason's eyes popped open. He whispered, "That's a lot of money. Do you remember where it was?"

"Yes. I was working for a big construction firm in Warwick—"

"Warwick, Ohio?"

"Yes. I was in the accounting department. I was carrying the pay roll to one of our field crews."

"A youngster like you?"

"I was twenty-two. I had done it before. They trusted me—and besides, I was bonded."

"What happened then?"

"I don't know." George Carey spread his hands in a helpless gesture.

"And you haven't got any idea what happened to the twenty-five thousand?"

"No."

THE cherubic countenance of Mr. Rountree was no longer bright. He said, "That's a pretty tough spot."

"I wish my head were clearer. What do you make of it, Jason?"

Mr. Rountree twirled his glasses, polished them for a few seconds, and then replaced them on the bridge of his nose. The black ribbon which anchored them, the shiny lenses, the grim intentness, all conspired to impart to Jason Rountree a judicial expression. He said, "The firm you worked for in Warwick: They must have been mighty surprised when you dropped out of sight." His eyes brightened suddenly. "Maybe you delivered the money before the amnesia hit you."

"I'm afraid I didn't. You see, the last thing I remember, I was on my way to the construction camp with the satchel. I hadn't yet reached the place. Things are fairly clear up to that point."

Jason said, "You really want to know what I think, Larry?"

"Yes."

"I think you're up against it. I'm sorry for you—yet I'm glad that it might give me a chance to square things between us."

"Forget it."

"Sorry. I can't. Now, here's how it sizes up to me: Something happened to that pay roll. And that's the first thing we've got to find out. The very first. If you delivered it, why, everything is fine, and all you'd have to do would be to go home, explain things, and—"

"But if the money disappeared with me: What then?"

"Then . . . well, I wouldn't figure it looked so good, Larry. They would be certain to think you stole the money."

"And so . . . ?"

"That would most likely mean that there would have been a warrant out for your arrest ever since, and perhaps an indictment for embezzlement."

"If I showed up and told the truth—?"

"Now, Larry." Jason raised an admonitory finger. "Don't talk that way. The police wouldn't believe any such crazy story. Not for a minute. It isn't as though you were Larry Wilson now. You're Carey again, and they'd probably figure you took the money and built up this amnesia thing for an alibi in case you were caught. I hate to make you feel bad, Larry, but can't you figure what this would sound like on a witness stand?"

"You mean that there's probably a prison sentence hanging over me?"

"There certainly could be. That's why we should go slow. Now here's what I'd suggest. You should do nothing and say nothing. And while you're doing it, I'll get busy. My time's my own, so I'll make a quick trip to Ohio and look around. I'll find out what happened to that pay roll, and how your old firm feels about you. I'll have to work carefully, because I wouldn't want anybody to get suspicious. You may be in the clear—but you don't dare to take a step until you're sure of it."

"And if I did disappear with the money?"

"That would make it harder. A heap harder. But there's bound to be an answer. Look at your clothes, at this cabin, at those suitcases and that trunk. They spell money. You can make up the twenty-five thousand."

"I suppose so. But district attorneys and bonding companies aren't always considerate. They'd be likely to prosecute me, no matter what."

"That's impossible. But I've been around, Larry—most likely a lot more than you have. And I know anything can be fixed if we move carefully. But first, I have a suggestion."

"What is it?"

"From this minute on, you're Larry Wilson. Think of yourself that way. Call yourself Larry. Try to think like he would think. And start right now."

"That sounds sensible." Larry bowed and smiled. "Introducing Larry Wilson of Habersham."

Mr. Rountree rubbed pink palms together, and smiled beatifically. He said, "Now you're set."

"Am I?" Larry designated the photograph on the dresser. "She complicates things."

"Women usually do." Jason chuckled reminiscently. "I used to run a mighty respectable place, Larry. Always avoided trouble. But it's bound to happen in places where there's a lot of drinking—and every time it did—in my place—there was a woman at the bottom of it. Or almost every time. I love the ladies, Larry—but I'm afraid of them."

"Just the same—when I do eventually meet my wife, I've got to tell her the truth."

"About yourself?" Mr. Rountree's manner was incredulous. "About being George Carey and the amnesia—and everything?"

"Yes."

Jason shook his head. "Why?"

"Can't you figure it out for yourself, Jason?"

"No. Whatever she is—she's your wife."

"Is she? There's a delicate ethical point involved there, Jason. I suppose such a marriage is legal enough, but she'd still have to know the truth."

JASON rose in protest. He made gestures with his hands and twirled the gold eyeglasses on the end of the black ribbon. "You mustn't do it, Larry. You don't even know her. You haven't any idea what sort of a lady she is. Suppose she gets mad and walks out on you? Suppose she tells the police—or her father—or somebody? I'm not saying she will, but I am saying you can't afford to take chances. Because if you make a bum guess—you'll land in prison."

"I've got to tell her sooner or later."

"Make it later, then."

They fell silent for a moment. Larry had crossed the room and was staring through the porthole at the restless surface of the sea. Jason, regarding the young man with genuine affection, reflected that his wife—whoever she was—was a fortunate woman.

Another idea took shape in Jason's brain. He spoke crisply, with an incisiveness which amazed Larry: "Look, I'm not going to argue with you. You

(Continued on page 52)

"You can't go wrong—
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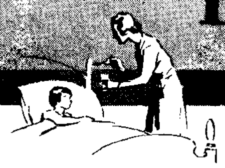

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*(Continued from page 51)*

think something is right, so you're going to do it. What you call a gentleman's code. Well, that's fine. But you can still be sensible."

"What do you suggest?"

"Stay in New York a while. Send your wife a wire and say you're tied up on business. You must have some sort of business. I'll fly down to Habersham, and postpone my trip to Warwick until later. I'll find out everything there is to know about you in Habersham and tell it to you. At least that will give you *something to build on, which is a million* times more than you've got now. Or wouldn't it work?"

Larry was thoughtful. "It might," he said gently. "Those letters from Kay . . ."

"Who?"

"Mrs. Wilson. She signs herself Kay. The letters were all written before I left. They were to be read one each day."

"Any information in them?"

"Yes . . . and it might help. It seems that we've been married less than two years, and that we had our first quarrel just before I left for this cruise."

"Good. Then you can let her think you're still angry, and so you're in no hurry to get back to Habersham."

"I'm afraid the quarrel wasn't quite that serious."

"Let her think it was serious with you."

Larry nodded. "All right, Jason; I'll do it. And thanks."

Mr. Rountree departed, and Larry Wilson was left alone. He smiled ruefully as he tried to think of himself as Larry Wilson. His head still ached, his legs were unsteady. The distant past was clarifying, but the eight years just gone were blanketed by an impenetrable curtain. Larry stretched out on the bed again and picked up one of the letters from his wife. A few lines leaped out from the paper. . . .

". . . And I suppose we were too sure of ourselves, dear; too smugly satisfied that we were different from other people. That's why we were able to hurt each other so easily and so deeply. But we are sane—and civilized. We should remember that this was the first rift in almost two years of marriage. There's no right and wrong except this: That it was wrong to have a misunderstanding and right that we should forget it. So we will, dear—and when you've had the relaxation you deserve, we'll pretend that nothing ever happened. It really didn't, you know . . ."

LARRY gazed thoughtfully across the room. He couldn't even explain to the loyal Jason how he felt about this. The situation disturbed him profoundly. There was a nice question of ethics—which had nothing to do with legal dogma.

Of course, the practical Mr. Rountree was right. The safest thing to do was to remain away from Habersham until he learned something about himself.

His confused, chaotic thinking was interrupted by Jason Rountree, who burst through the cabin door, waving an envelope.

"Wireless for you, Larry."

Larry tore open the envelope and spread the message on his knees. He read it once, slowly—then again. He passed the message over to his friend. He said, "I'm afraid that changes our plans."

Jason read:

LARRY WILSON
ON BOARD S. S. ATLANTIS
AT SEA
JUST READ OF YOUR EXPLOIT THREE CHEERS AND IM PROUD OF YOU HOPE YOUR INJURY NOT SERIOUS TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF DARLING GLAD YOU ARE COMING HOME DUNCAN IN DESPERATE NEED OF YOU AND SO AM I OF COURSE I SHALL MEET THE SHIP IN NEW YORK. ALL MY LOVE
KAY

*(To be continued next week)*

# Sea Lawyer

*Continued from page 14*

"How muchee you pay-um?" the federal asked, unable to talk to a Chinese except in pidgin English.

"Two grand," said the heathen in the vernacular of the smuggling ring. As for his accent he had less than a Cajan. "Two grand for ten Chinese. He delivered one only, but I paid him for the whole consignment. He refused, kindly. So I paid him anyhow. I left it on the boat. My mistake."

"Then where's the two grand?" the federal shot at Newt Kerry.

"I never saw it," Kerry protested.

Lam spoke up. "I saw these two rats go straight to the boat. One of 'em looked in all the canisters. Why don't you search 'em?"

"Sure. Why don't you search us?" one of the dazed prisoners mumbled.

The federal knelt down and searched them. "Nothing in their pockets."

"They wouldn't have it in their pockets," Babet Parish spoke up. "They'd hide it. It must be on them somewhere. I saw them go to the boat, too."

THE federal continued his search with the help of two old shrimpers, who pulled off the prisoners' rubber boots. The roll was divided into convenient and flattened piles, stuffed into four different boot tops. It counted up to two thousand.

"Looks like you get the reward for this, Lam."

"Who, me? It was the kid here who gave us the lead about Wong Jack, wasn't it?" He nodded to Newt Kerry, whose jaw dropped.

The federal pulled at one of his big ears. "Sure. But the capture—"

"The kid saved the drowning Chink and got in a swell jam. He was the goat all along. Besides which he tied up these two birds. Looks like if there's any reward he deserves it."

Newt Kerry was the center of everyone's gaze. Everyone except the girl. She was looking at Lam Scudder. She saw him wink with his good eye at Kerry as the latter turned to him, utterly nonplused. The wink could only mean that it would be best not to talk too much.

"Well, all I can say is," Newt Kerry said, blushing, "I'm sure glad if anything I did helped. But the quicker I get out of this marsh the better."

The girl gave an angry gasp but Lam squeezed her arm. Everyone started jabbering triumphantly. More oystermen and shrimpers and trappers crowded in. Newt Kerry basked in noisy glory while Lam and the girl sat in the comparative quiet near the altar.

"I saw you tuck those bills in their boots, Lam, when they were knocked out," she said. "And Newt saw you do it, too. He's kind of slick, taking the credit."

"What else can he do? If he said anything it'd make me out a swell liar. Go ahead and tell him you're ready for the dance. They'll be coonjining till sunrise."

"Maybe next year when he comes down for a hunting trip," Babet said.

Lam's good Cyclopean eye clung to her, studying her. He thought he caught a strange lost smile as she busied herself with his other eye, doctoring it tenderly.

# Deep West

*Continued from page 24*

neys rising up like huge thumbs. Erosion began to tangle the gulleys, one feeding into another. He passed beneath a natural bridge, the blackness about him almost tangible. Beyond that it seemed the trail dipped deeper and deeper and there was no true direction at all. Once he stopped and dismounted; kneeling, he struck a match—and saw plain prints in the chalky soil. In a manner reassured, he went on. Yet he had lost his bearing and felt unsure of his progress. And then, long after, he passed by a solid shadow on his right hand and caught the smell of wood that was burning, or that had been recently burnt.

It stopped him; it pulled him off his horse. Crawling quietly back, his outstretched hands felt a tunnel's mouth open before him, and then rising to his feet he crept slightly inside this aperture and stopped again. The faint smoke scent drifted out of it.

GENTLY stepping, he saw a coal's red eye gleam farther ahead, and immediately dropped to his haunches into a stillness only faintly disturbed by the down-telegraphed wail of the wind. Smoke smell and horse smell. He went forward a yard or so, crawling with the gentleness of a cat, with his nerves as alert and as spooky as a cat's. Halted once more, his hand touched a clod of earth the size of a walnut. The single eye of fire was not more than ten feet ahead of him and nothing was in this cavern that gave him any clue. Lifting the clod he tossed it ahead and heard it fall with an audible "clunk."

One long-drawn minute later, he let his breath run freely out and rose and walked on until he stood above the single eye of light. There had been a fire here as late as dusk, for a remote heat rose from that almost extinct bed of ashes. The cavern seemed to run farther back, for he had no feeling of anything immediately in front. To either side its walls were near enough for his stretching arms to span. This much was all he cared to know. He went out to his pony, brought it in and wrapped himself in his blankets.

The restless stamping of the horse brought him out of his stiff half-sleep and at four o'clock he lighted a fire from the fragments of previous fires that had burned in this cavern, boiled up some coffee with water out of his canteen and fried some bacon. Afterward he rode into the gray and bitter blackness just preceding dawn. The wind still drilled relentlessly overhead, the coldness still held; but there was, he noted carefully, a rawer edge to it—a touch of moisture brought in from a different point of the compass. Blizzard weather.

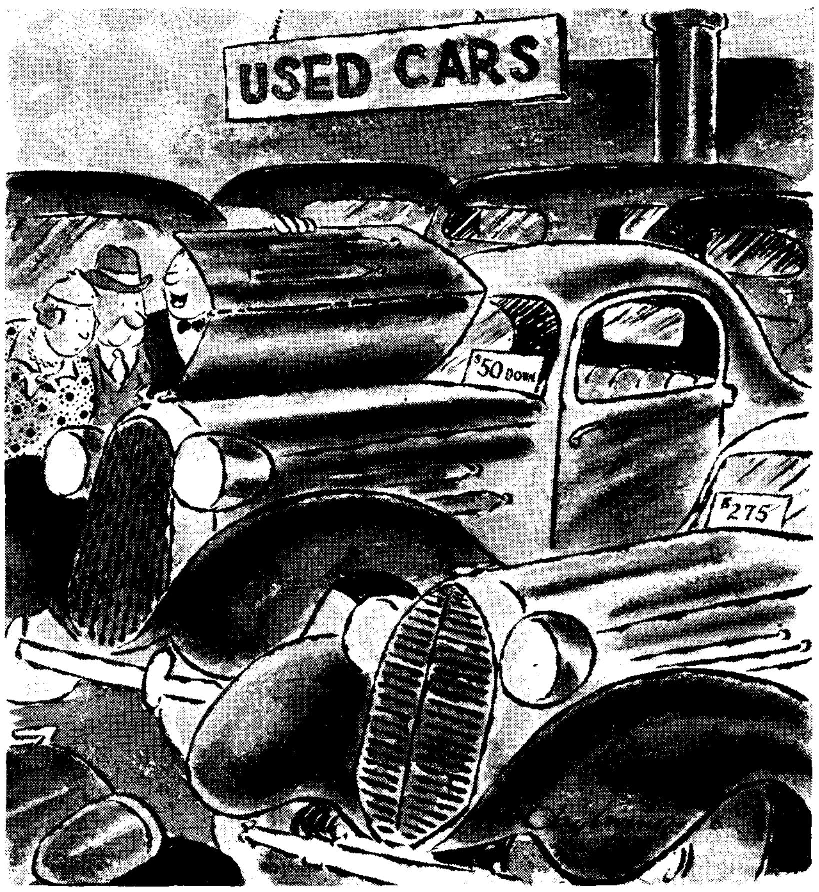
By degrees, as he rode, light began to seep down and the gaunt outline of chimneys and tangled bluffs appeared before him. By-passes led away from this main trail, into the thousand alleys of a tricky land. He could presently see the print of cow tracks plainly on the trail; and now and then he had a vista of the turreted bluffs heaving away to the deep distance. Drawn into the middle of this broken country, he could no longer find the solid edge of the prairie. Shortly beyond full daylight he left the trail to angle from one detour to another; frequently losing himself and frequently backtracking. Around ten o'clock he sensed an opening not far ahead; at noon, crawling forward on his stomach, he reached a wide bay surrounded on all sides by eighty-foot walls dropping down from the prairie level.

A low log ranch house squatted grayly in this hole, with a barn and corrals behind it.

Numb of leg and arm, he watched grayness drop prematurely from the sky.

He turned out of the gulley into the bowl, made a semicircle of the bowl and

*(Continued on page 54)*



"—and it has a motor"

JAY IRVING

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*(Continued from page 53)*

drove directly upon the corral from the far side. He was within ten feet of the corral before its posts lifted from the weather's dense drive. He climbed over the corral's top and dropped inside, directly against a cow, the sudden appearance he made sending the cow away from him wildly. That stampeded the whole bunch. He crouched there, seeing those flanks mill by him, reading the familiar Hat brand upon them; and afterward, rising to the corral's top as one wild mossy horn charged out of the mist, straight upon him, he saw another brand, an AB over a C, freshly scarring that one's hide.

He dropped into his saddle and held the restive mare still a moment, his mind identifying Hat's brand beneath the change. Somewhere in this bowl a voice hallooed and he observed a vague strengthening of the ranch house's light, although he could not define the house itself. Somebody had opened a door over there. He was more than halfway round the corral, with the mouth of the badlands trail off to the left, drowned in the storm. Following the corral rails closely, he came at last to the ranch-house side and thought he recognized the blur of a man's shape wallowing forward. It set his spurs promptly into the mare's flanks. She jumped forward into a sudden run, racing back to where the mouth of the trail ought to be.

ONE moment she was in full gallop, with Benbow turned sidewise to watch that man's figure swiftly materialize. The man lifted his long call through the weather and the next moment the black mare's front legs were trapped by some unseen obstruction and she went wheeling over in a great circle. Benbow left his saddle as though thrown from a slingshot, turned through the air and landed on the point of his shoulder.

The snow was deep enough to soften the fall. He rolled over and over, badly shaken, and stopped and was on his feet; the black mare struggled up, stood with its head lowered, with one front leg lifted. There was more shouting along the yard and Benbow, rushing back toward the horse, saw two things at once. The stretched rope that had tripped him, and the stout, broad shape of a man whose lifting gun covered him.

"Hold on."

For one moment his jarred senses held him still; and afterward, when the instinct to fight hammered through his long body and wakened it, the one instant of chance had passed by. Another man broke the snow screen, rushing on with his body bent over and his hands hanging to this rope which had stretched between house and corral for guidance when the blizzard closed down.

The man with the gun spoke through a full beard. "Turn around."

Benbow made the turn and felt his gun slide out of its holster. The man said: "Get onto this rope and follow it to the house. Watch this fellow, Turk."

Benbow made a careful pivot. The day was darkening on them; he could see neither man's face clearly. He said: "That horse is hurt."

"I'll take care of the hoss. Do like you're told."

He marched beside the rope, both men behind. The house light strengthened and a wall emerged from the weather and he came to the door's square patch and found another man standing there. That one stepped back, permitting Benbow to pass into the sudden and almost painful heat of the room. Stopped in its center, with the rays of the lamp burning his eyes like hot irons, he heard the door slam shut. The bearded one's voice ran the silence very cool and very sure. Blinded as he was, Benbow could see nothing, yet he knew even then that this man was dangerous; it lay in the unhurried way he handled this trouble.

His vision was slow in clearing. Somebody stood in front of him, still-shaped and slim. One man went out of the room and another came in. His count had been wrong. There were three inside this place—and one outside. He pulled off his gloves and began to rub his ears.

"Frostbit?" asked the deep voice.

"No."

"Should *think* they was. You been layin' out in the weather long enough!"

His enlarging pupils brought the room and its people into exact focus. He stood near the stove, with the slim young man beyond it, resting in pure silence against the rough wall. And then he saw that he had made a mistake. This was a girl, dressed very plainly—a dark kid with a half-wildness printed on her quick features. She watched him in a strange way, her eyes wide and alert as though his presence here struck deep into her thoughts and upset them. He let himself turn then, catching sight of the men standing behind. One was the fellow who had dived forward through the snow at the bearded man's alarm. Benbow remembered his name then—Turk. The bearded man remained near the door, his immense shoulders almost spanning the door's width. His beard ran straight down to the second button of his vest, and had been cut off there, shovel-shaped. He had huge eyebrows bushing out like canopies over sparkling, drill-black eyes. Such skin as was visible above the beard was heavily weathered.

The brand had been burned in the wood above the door; Benbow nodded at it. "Yours?"

A gusty chuckle came up from the tangle of the older man's beard. "The C is for Carter, which is my name." His eyes held the frosty flicker of a well-nourished humor. It was the laughter in this man that made him twice as dangerous.

"A good brand," agreed Benbow, "for your purpose."

"Turk," called Carter, "you know him?"

The high-built one moved a pair of vast hands up and down his coat's front. "Yeah. Saw him once in Two Dance. Hat's foreman. Benbow, ain't it?"

"Heard of you," said Carter. "Expected you some day, but you've been a long time comin'. Rody—when's supper? It's dark enough to eat."

The girl came away from the wall, stirring food in the kettles on the stove.

Carter's deep chuckle rustled like the sweep of a broom. "She's Turk's woman, Benbow. Don't know where she came from. Where'd you come from, Rody?"

NOTHING broke her silence or the reserve that seemed past the point of feeling. Benbow turned to have his look at the men. Carter's eyes were sprung to a triangular shape by the flash of his heartless amusement. Turk's heavy-boned face showed the sultry stain of his anger. He let his stare fall like a weight on Benbow. The back door opened and another fellow came down the hall, and stopped. Just a kid, with a kid's unfilled and bony frame. He looked at Benbow and dropped his eyes. Carter said: "You put the horse away, Johnny?"

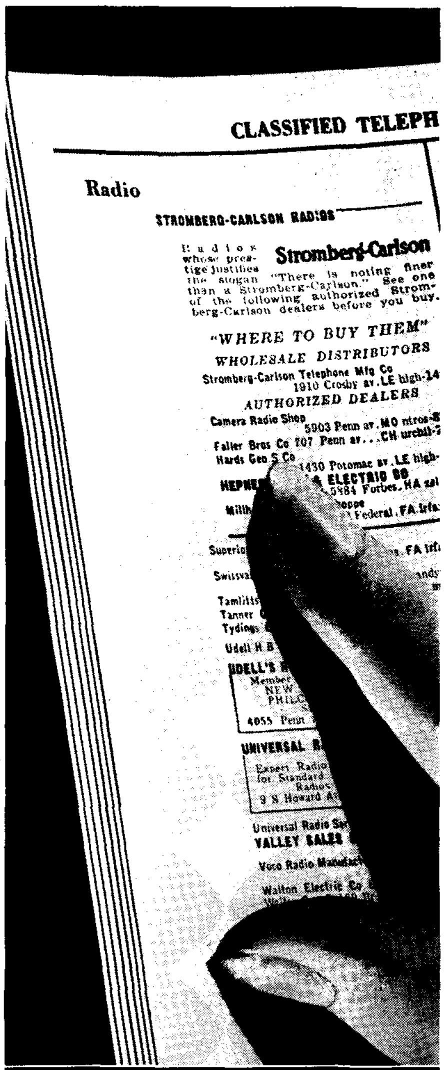
"Yeah," said the kid. Silence ran on. Nothing seemed to hold these people together; they were all strangers moved by their own obscure desires.

The girl walked from stove to table, carrying the kettles.

Benbow said: "How's the mare?"

"Lame," said Johnny, the kid.

They ate like that and when they were through Benbow remained in his chair while the others got up and moved around the room. The girl came into his vision and went out of it, cleaning away the dishes. She didn't look at him again, for Turk was a somber and threatening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"SHOP BY TELEPHONE"

shape in the corner. Benbow watched her hands rise with the dishes—small and square and hardened by work. Carter's pipe smoke rolled its blue layers across the light.

There was a restlessness here—an uncertainty. Idle in the chair, Benbow narrowly observed these men and caught the silent signals passing between. Turk and the kid went out together. The girl was near the stove, washing up the dishes. Carter came across the room and sat down opposite Benbow. He put his elbows on the table—and suddenly his eyes were without mercy.

"I never been over in Two Dance. But I hear you make big tracks when you walk. Ground trembles and the trees shake. It's the story I get. I been sittin' here and waitin'. Knew you'd come sometime, and so finally you stumble over my blizzard rope."

HE HAD been holding the pipe in his hand. He lifted it now and opened his mouth and caught the stem between his teeth and for one moment Benbow saw his lips, small and red, appear behind the covering beard. It was the steely calm of this man that warned Benbow.

Carter said: "I never saw the man a bullet couldn't kill. You been lucky. You ain't lucky now."

"Gore here lately?"

Carter said: "Only when I got money for him."

He was easy about it. He was passing out a secret to a man who would soon be dead. Benbow understood that; and he knew Carter meant for him to understand it. Cold little points of light danced in Carter's eyes. "You did well," Carter admitted, "to get past Riley. He keeps this trail pretty well watched."

"He been here?"

"Brought your cattle in day before yesterday. Kell was here last night. He followed your trail down. You slipped aside from him in the badlands."

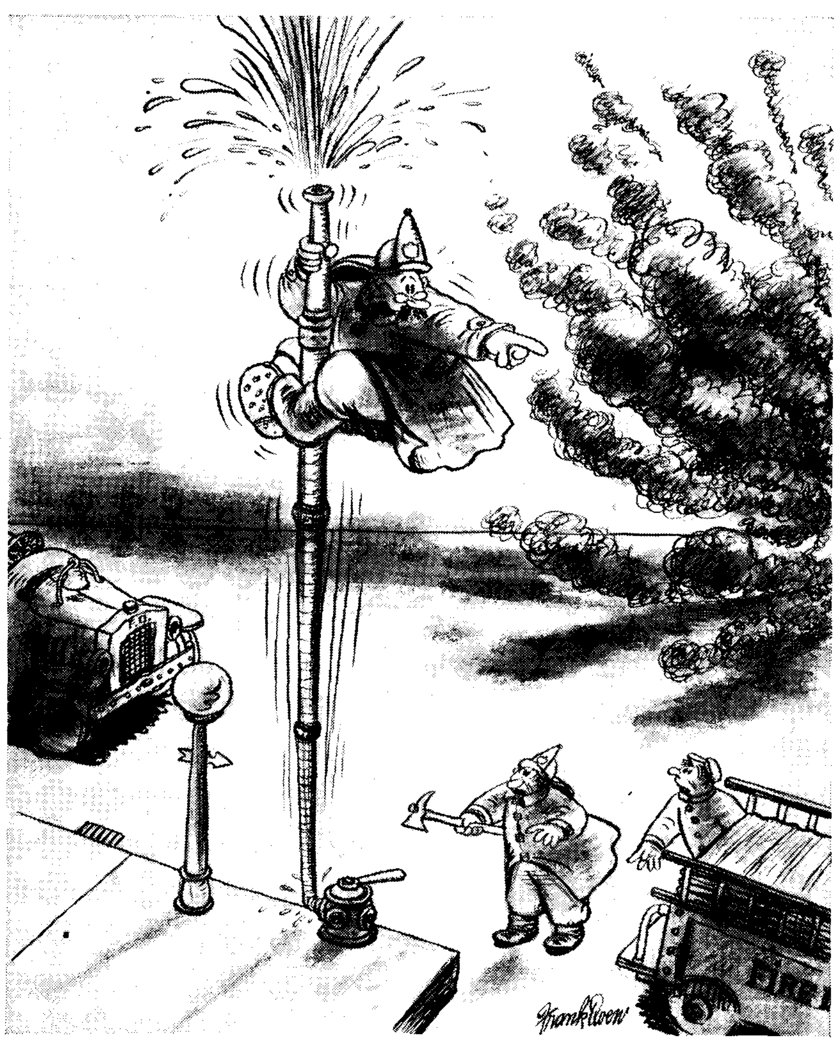
More information carelessly given. This was the way Carter's mind worked.

Turk and the kid came in through the front door, their faces raked raw by the storm. Wind and snow rushed across the room and the howl of the wild night was a sudden violence in their ears. Turk braced his broad shoulders against the door before he could shut it; these two came over and sat down at the table and Carter rose and found a deck of cards somewhere and began to deal around, as though this were an old ceremony.

Benbow looked idly at his cards and threw them to the table. He said: "Poker without money is like a pipe without tobacco." Rody filled up the stove, moving softly behind him. He felt her come near his shoulder and stop there, and then Turk jerked up his round sullen eyes and hit her with a hard glance that sent her softly away. In a moment Benbow saw her stretch out on the floor at the base of the wall behind Turk. She propped up her head with one arm and lay loosely and speechlessly there, her eyes on Benbow. The flannel shirt she wore dropped back from her neck to show the white skin beneath.

The game went on, without chips or money, without talk. Strain piled up, riding the kid hard. Benbow noticed his lips turn at the corners, and sag, and turn again. Turk's big shoulders lumped forward and his broad hands handled the cards awkwardly. Carter's glance showed a colder and colder brilliance. Loose in the chair, Benbow shut his eyes in a seeming sleepiness and saw each detail of this room with a hungering attention. The gun he had surrendered lay on a shelf by the door, where Carter had put it; the stand of rifles was in the corner behind Turk. This one lamp suspended overhead supplied the only light. Beyond the fifteen-foot-square room was a hall with one other room leading off. The attic hole yawned above his head.

(*Continued on page* 56)



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FRANK OWEN

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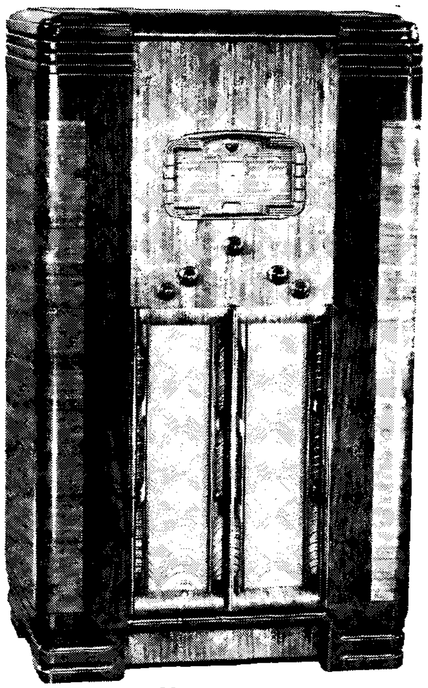
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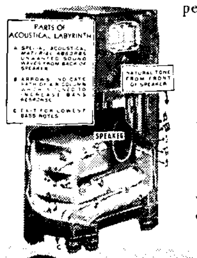

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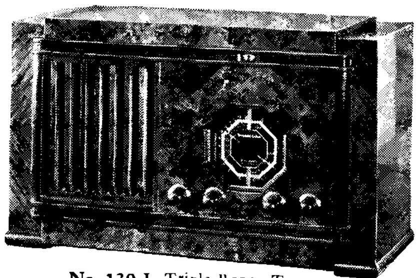
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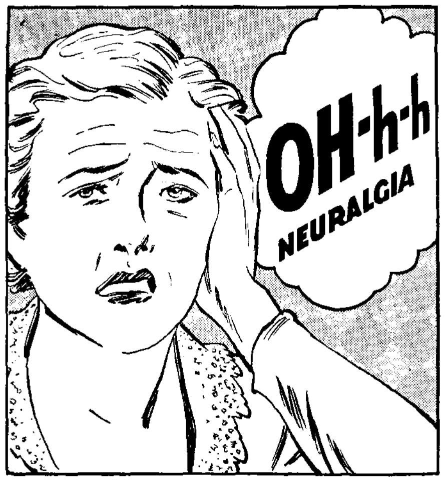

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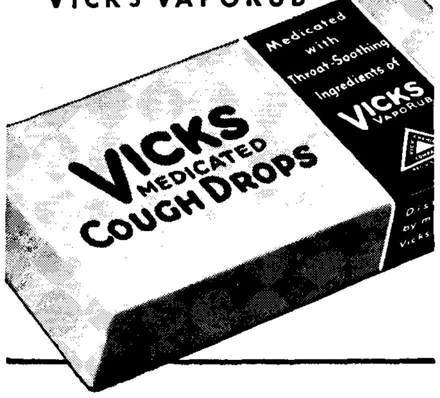
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*(Continued from page 55)*

There was no sound inside this room. The sliding of their hands along the table had quit; the fall of cards had quit. He opened his eyes and saw the three of them settled in their chairs, watching him with the dark stain of their thoughts showing through. The kid was afraid; he was deathly afraid and showed it.

Turk said in a quick way: "What if he wasn't alone?"

Carter turned the quickening flash of his eyes on Turk and Benbow could make out the bearded man's underlying contempt for Turk's dull mind. "If there's another one what'd he be doing now?"

His head rolled faintly to indicate what lay outside. The wind slid over the roof like the boil of water and the wind struck its hammer strokes against the weather wall. The blackness showing in at the windows was an absolute blackness. Snow sifted through the door's warped edges. Benbow observed Carter's eyes quicken with a thought.

"Want to take a horse and try your luck?"

Benbow said: "Why?"

"You might make it out," drawled Carter, and showed the thin edge of his humor. "You might."

Benbow murmured: "No hurry."

Turk blurted out: "You got another man out there?"

"That's your worry."

Carter drawled: "Kell said there was just one."

It brought an easy question from Benbow: "Where's Kell?"

"Went back when he lost your trail."

Turk said, to Carter: "You waitin' fer Kell to come?"

"I don't need Kell," said Carter.

"Then what you waitin' for?"

"Like to let a man get the benefit of his supper," said Carter.

BENBOW didn't speak again. He pulled his hands from the table and bent back in the chair, and rocked on its two hind legs, showing no feeling to them. Turk's eyes kept watching him with a darker and darker doubt. The man was spooking up. The kid had meanwhile hitched himself to his feet and had taken a place by the wall, completely outside this circle. Turk dropped the flat of his hand across the table, sending up a sharp report. "There's another man around here." And rose, kicking his chair away.

Carter repeated: "If there was another man what'd he be doing out there?" But Turk's doubt was having its way with him, the points of light in his eyes more brightly sparkling against an increased chill.

Turk said: "A man could make out by crowdin' in with the beef. Or he could be in the barn."

"He'd get gored in that bunch of beef," said Carter. "Go have a look at the barn."

"Why don't you go look?" challenged Turk sullenly.

"Go look, Turk," said Carter.

Turk swung around. The girl lay full length on the floor, her legs and arms flung out loosely, immodestly. Turk stared down and started to lift his feet over her body; and changed his mind and dropped the toe of his boot across her fingers. She jerked her hand away and sat upright against the wall, rocking sidewise and making no sound. She kept her head down but Benbow saw her lips were shaking.

"Get up to bed, Rody," said Turk; and never moved till the girl had risen and climbed the ladder. He put on a buffalo coat hanging on one of the wall pegs, and looked down at a lantern on the floor; the man's thoughts were all slow and cumbersome. It took him a long while to reject the use of the lantern.

"I ain't goin' to make myself a target. But what the hell will I see out there in the dark?"

Carter said with a little note of urgence: "Get outside, Turk."

Turk dragged his heels along the narrow hall.

The girl hooked herself through the attic hole and descended the ladder. Carter spoke to her. "You want Turk to knock your head off?"

She said dully: "It's cold up there."

The bearded one's attention divided itself with an impartial and scheming interest between the girl and the kid and Benbow. The light was dimmer than it had been, shining fitfully through the globe's soot. The girl came out of her corner and stopped at the table. She lowered the lamp from the ceiling by a pulley, and her fingers wiggled the wick screw up and down. It seemed no better a light after she had hoisted it back up. There was something here that called to his senses in a thin, vague way; something she had done that was meant as a message to him. He stepped away from the hard heat of the stove, not looking at the lamp again, but still thinking of the way she had wiggled the wick up and down.

Carter said: "Johnny, you watch Benbow," and then walked into the hall and opened the door of the single room beside it. He went into that room, leaving Johnny drawn to his full height and faintly white. Johnny's round eyes clung to Benbow and he muttered: "You stay still."

Carter's big body knocked over a chair in the adjoining room, which held no light. Johnny flinched a little at that unexpected sound and turned more squarely at Benbow. Benbow stared down the hall, but from the corner of his vision he was seeing his gun as it lay on the shelf near the door, its muzzle pointed away from the door, its butt ready to be grasped by an up-reaching hand. Carter had quit moving around the other room. Benbow let a long slow breath run softly out and spread his legs, his muscles beginning to press against his skin. He looked at Johnny and said, gently: "What's the matter with your feet, kid?" But the girl's head was shaking violently from side to side; she was behind Johnny, sending this signal across to Benbow with an outflung vehemence. Johnny looked obediently at his feet, which was all the chance Benbow had asked for. Yet the girl's warning had taken the drive out of his legs and he remained as he was—and then Johnny's head snapped up as he realized what trap he had fallen into. His face whitened and he ran his palms slowly up and down his pants legs, wiping away the sweat. Benbow let his eyes travel from the girl to the lamp and back to the girl again. Slowly and deliberately. She folded her arms and her head tipped in a short nod. And was standing like that when Carter came into this room again.

HE LOOKED around him carefully and noticed Johnny's white face; and that intimation of trouble so near to the surface wheeled his hard body about and he stood posed toward Benbow, shoulders thrust forward. His eyes flashed a swift look at the gun on its shelf. Somewhere below the bushy beard the heat of a smile worked its way upward and touched his eyes faintly.

"It might have been worth a try," he said. "I thought you'd do it. You ain't as tough as they told me." Then he was chuckling as though it were a joke on him. "I watched you, through that knothole."

Benbow said: "I thought there was a joker in the deck. There's plenty of time."

It was like the beat of a clock, that soft sentence spoken now as it had been spoken before. And it did something to the bearded Carter, breaking through the steel casing of his composure. He said gutturally: "Maybe I made a mistake."

"What's your idea of a mistake?"

"I ain't made one yet," said Carter grimly; and then stood perfectly still, his head cocked to hear the pound and furious slashing of that outside storm, to catch the wailing and the breakage and the squealing of boards coming through the wind's major tone. He retreated from the table until his back was near the wall. Then he did a strange thing, side-stepping and passing in front of Johnny and the girl; he was in the darkest corner of the room when he stopped.

Something snapped in Johnny's system. He turned his head from side to side, as though his neck muscles, strained from his taut watching, had cramped on him, and he said in a high, shaken voice: "Carter, my gun ain't loaded."

Carter let the silence run on, the light catching his eyes as they turned toward Johnny making them flash wickedly. He said in a dry way: "What'd you say that for?"

"Nothin'," said Johnny. But he stared at Benbow.

The girl moved out from the wall. "Where's Turk?"

"In the barn," growled Carter. "Where you going?"

SHE was in the hall, out of Carter's sight and out of Johnny's sight. She turned—Benbow was facing the mouth of that hall and saw her turn—and said: "I've got to see what's the matter—" and her arm lifted and caught Benbow's attention and pointed at the lamp. She wheeled and ran on to the door. Benbow lowered his head so that Carter couldn't see the change of his expression. He was a rigid shape by the stove, more rigid than Carter could know. The blood was aroar in him and his make-up mind telegraphed its messages into his arms, along his legs. He stood like that, with his eyes strictly lowered. But he heard the girl's hand touch the doorknob and he heard Carter suddenly call: "Rody, come back here!" The door was open and wind rushed in like a tidal wave, filling this room and swelling it; and then the lamp flame flared up, emitted one last yellow streak and went out.

Darkness whirled dismally around as Benbow made his long, low plunge for that little shelf containing the gun. Its shape and its position was printed in his mind; and he had reached it and seized it and had thrown himself forward before Carter's great yell split this blackness and Carter's revolver tore the room apart with its hard blast. The smash of the slug against the wall ripped a wicked echo over the smoky dark. Johnny's half-scream lifted: "I'm out—I'm out!" And he heard the kid drop full-faced to the floor. The light of Carter's second shot licked its foot-long tongue from that dense corner, and the stove and the stovepipe shed a dull-red silhouette. These were the things he saw, pulsing images in a dead black cell aswirl with powder smoke, when he took his shot at Carter's corner—aiming it on the fading flash of Carter's gun. The roar of the shot washed back thunderously across him, but he heard the bullet tear its way through Carter and he heard a deep breath break out of the man and the fall of Carter's gun and then the slow collapse of the man's body along the floor.

Benbow yelled: "Rody!"

The girl's voice lifted out of the hall, her words flying back with the inpouring wind. "Turk—Turk!" The kid was crawling aimlessly around the room on his hands and knees, snuffling up his fear. Turk's heavy boots scudded down the hall and the girl was yelling up her warning for Benbow. "He's comin'!"

Benbow lifted his gun at the hall and remembered the girl at its end, and held

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his fire. A shadow sprang straight at him, which was Turk coming on with his slow-witted mind locked up and past changing now. Benbow brought the gun brutally down upon that shadow and struck nothing but the sheering point of a shoulder. A moment later he had been caught by Turk's two heavy arms, with Turk's head driving the breath out of him. He dropped. Yet, in dropping, he tripped the burly Turk and threw all his weight against the man.

THE heat of the stove rushed across Benbow's face and flamed on his eyes as he fell over it with Turk beneath him and cushioning him from its red-hot surface. It was Turk's body that lay on that dull-shining stove, with the smell of burning hair and flesh and clothes rolling up its stench. Turk was screaming the way a woman would scream and Turk's great muscles bulged against Benbow. But his legs gave a mighty push and then the stove collapsed on its legs and the pipe fell down and smoke and flame lent its sulphurous light to the place and Benbow was rolling with Turk on the rough floor boards.

He was half across Turk's body—and Turk lay there without fight, his breathing rushing in and out and a pure agony guttering up from his throat. There was no mercy in Benbow then. He reached down and found Turk's gun belt and ripped out the revolver and laid one sharp blow across Turk's head.

He said, then: "Johnny."

The kid's voice sailed back at him, ragged from fear: "I don't want to fight."

The girl was nearest Benbow. She had waited in this smoky dark until he had spoken; and her talk was cool and calm: "Johnny's no harm." Benbow heard her shuffle away. He turned a little, carefully listening, and his boot struck the yielding shape of Carter in the corner. A match flared and afterward the girl lifted a lantern upward, its light showing the wild shine of her eyes. The shapes of Carter and Turk were curled and lifeless on the floor; and Johnny stood across the room with his hands slowly rising above a strained, sickened face. Smoke curled more thickly in the room; and fire licked up through the stove's pipe hole. The table's legs and top lay smashed. The girl put the lantern on the floor and wheeled at Johnny and seized the gun from his belt. She came over to Benbow, handing the weapon to him and for a little while stared up at him. Her hair dropped irregularly across her forehead and her lips were softly parted and an accented breathing quickened the rise and fall of her breasts.

She murmured: "You got a wife?"

"See if Turk's alive, Rody."

She retorted, "Let him die." But a little of the strange shining left her eyes. She shrugged her shoulders and let them drop in a gesture of resignation and brought her lips together. Johnny crossed the room and bent above Turk. He said after a while: "Breathin'." It was the fire shooting out of the stove that bothered Johnny the most. "Damn' place is goin' to burn up if we don't stop that."

"Let it burn," breathed the girl.

"We got to do somethin'," insisted Johnny.

"Let them die—and let the house burn."

*(To be continued next week)*

## Russian Roulette

*Continued from page 16*

"You Germans and your theories!" he said. "I'll bet you one thousand francs you're wrong and that I won't kill myself."

I wanted to explain what I meant, but he stopped me: "Back your opinion with money or keep quiet." And he laid a thousand-franc note on the table. I signed him a paper for that much, to be collected in two installments a month apart. "Now, what's your theory?"

I told him that when he spun the cylinder, he always used the same gesture of the thumb, probably halting the rotation with an unconscious gesture at a given point, and that this movement of the cylinder, always starting from one chamber, brought that chamber in line with the hammer and barrel after a revolution and a half. That seemed to puzzle him, then he understood. So I suggested that we call the bet off.

But he grew quite angry, and insisted on doubling the stakes. He was sure I was wrong, he said, because if I were right, it meant that he had been cheating fate unintentionally. In any case, he continued, the movement could not possibly be the same with five empty chambers as with five full chambers. The weight would cause an alteration. I told him the change in weight would be too slight to make any difference, and he made another bet on that.

I said to look at the gun and see. But he kept it hidden, and shoved his money out.

By that time I was very angry at his foolishness, and had forgotten, almost, that it meant his life. The equivalent of three months' pay was there on the table, signed away if he lived after pressing the trigger. It was a very nasty moment, Lieutenant, when I did not know what to hope for.

He brought up the gun with a quick movement, put the muzzle against his temple. There was a click.

He had won again!

We had a couple of drinks together after that. I felt pretty low, because he had tricked me again into betting, and even though I was glad he was alive, I couldn't forget I was a fool. We separated and I took up my turn of guard while he went to bed. Much later, he comes in and hands me my signed slips and his money.

He told me that his conscience bothered him, that he had cheated. For, as I was talking, he had slowly turned the cylinder, under the table, changing the position of the chambers! And he himself did not know whether I had been right or wrong. Because he could not remember in which direction he had turned.

I BELIEVED him and believe him now Burkowski was ashamed. He mumbled a lot about having been a gentleman. I told him not to be crazy, to forget it. And he was after me for two hours, trying to get me to try the bet all over again. But I was not to be caught a second time. I refused.

He went away again, and not long after I heard the shot that killed him. I wondered whether he had tried the bet all over again, privately. But when I examined the weapon, I discovered that all the chambers had been loaded.

I hope the Lieutenant can tell me how to arrange this story so that it may satisfy the authorities. It is not quite clear to me whether it would be right to reveal that he had shot himself for cheating. On the other hand, have I the right to falsify an official report?

Respectfully yours,
HUGO FELDHEIM,
Sergeant Third Foreign Infantry.

They often go hand in hand —winter discomforts and *low general resistance!*

If you think back at past winters, you'll probably recall that January and February have always been months of special hazard for you. You've had to be extremely cautious not to be affected by common winter discomforts.

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# Best Man

*Continued from page 21*

"Maybe you would. But what do you do when you marry an actress? How do you get to see each other when you work all day and she works all night? What about a home? How do you have any fun?"

"It isn't as bad as all that."

"Of course," said Neil, "when I win the Corvallis award I'll get Bridget to quit this stage nonsense."

"Wait a second," Charlie said. "You've got the wrong angle there. Bridget doesn't think the stage is nonsense."

Neil raised his chin. Charlie couldn't tell if he was smiling. "Hey, for a wonderful guy like me what girl wouldn't quit the stage!"

BRIDGET often dropped in to meet Neil on the way to dinner. One evening he was late, held up at the office, and Bridget arrived looking very weary.

"Tough day?" asked Charlie.

"Matinee," she said, as if expecting the word would explain everything. But Charlie saw that it was more than matinee. After a while Bridget, rising, went to the mirror. She stared at herself in the dark surface. Abruptly she spoke into the mirror. "Charlie, am I crazy, do you think?"

"I think you're swell," said Charlie. "Why?"

"Neil and I could never in the world get along, could we? We're such a different breed of cat. He's so full of illusions."

"Illusions—Neil? He's the man illusion never touched. He says so himself."

"Does he? He always says things he doesn't mean. But he does know what he wants. And the trouble is I know what I want too. He wants a wife that will stay where she's put and I don't want to stay where I'm put. I won't stay where I'm put."

"I don't know why he hates the stage," said Bridget. "He says he won't marry me unless I give it up."

Charlie's thumb and first finger, where he held his pipe, grew white. He wanted to say, "Forget it. Take me. I love you twice as much as Neil Hibbs ever will." He didn't say it. For one thing, he knew it was no use. He managed to mutter, "Shucks, he'll get over it."

Apparently Bridget did get Neil over it, for one night that same week he barged in and woke up Charlie. Charlie thought at first that he was tight—he had that look of utter abandon. Then he heard him say, "Bridget and I are going to be married. Rouse yourself, my lad. Rouse yourself."

Charlie awoke in an instant. "When?"

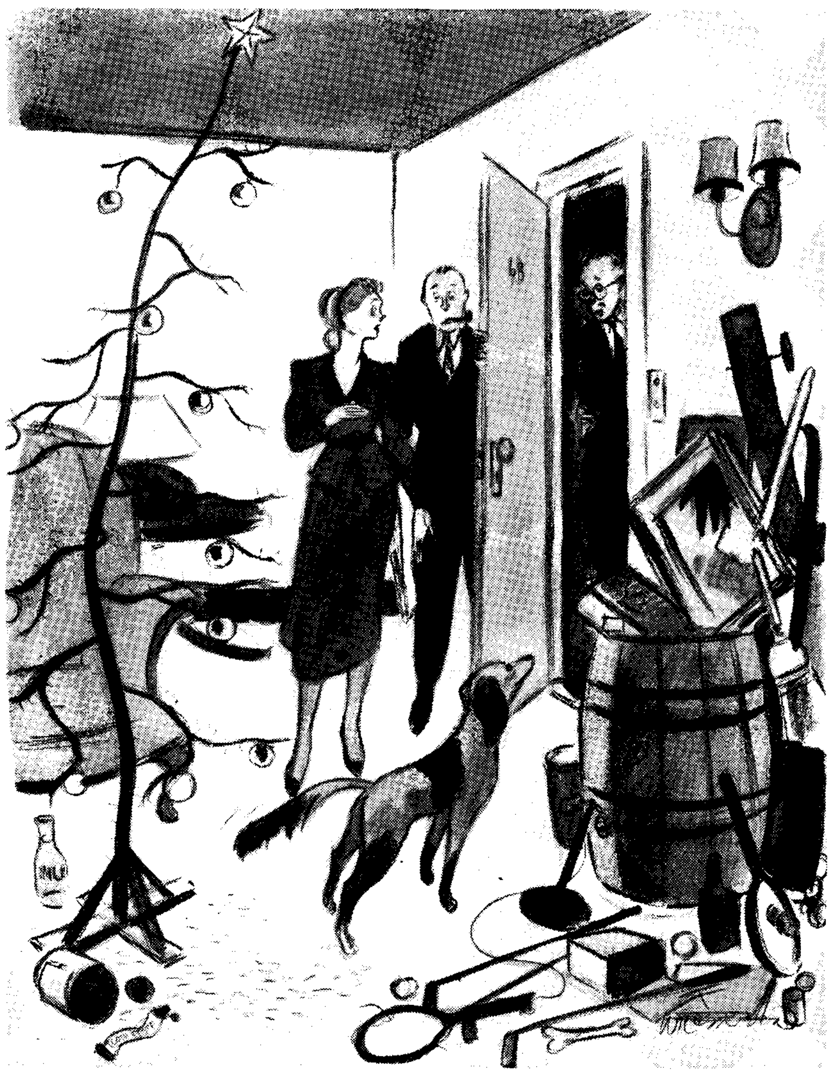
"Saturday. After the matinee. We're going down to the Municipal Building. Bridget said that you had to be best man."

"That's fine," said Charlie. "That's very fine, Neil." He tried to make it sound as if he meant it.

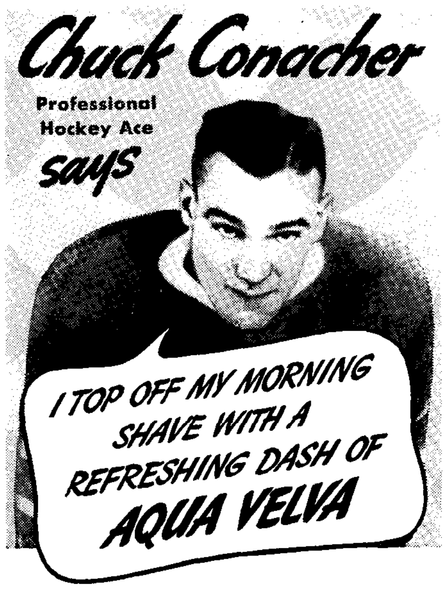
Late Saturday, Charlie and Neil shot down to City Hall. It was Bridget's idea for them to go ahead. Neil was restless as a chimpanzee and Charlie was a little jumpy himself. Neil had bought a new foulard necktie with black specks on it, new gloves and a new pair of brogues.

Bridget was due at six. Neil sat waiting, making crackling sounds with his jaw.

"I certainly wish you'd cut that out," Charlie said.



"We can't throw anything away. He's a retriever!" FRITZ WILKINSON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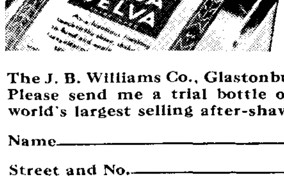

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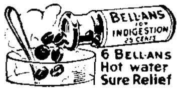

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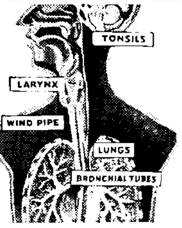

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Neil looked surprised. "Cut what out? You know what time it is? It's twenty past six."

He stood up and commenced striding back and forth. The other people looked as if they'd like to jump up and kill him.

"Neil," Charlie said as he passed. "Can't you quit that? Those brogues squeak."

Seven o'clock struck in the dusk below and still no Bridget.

"I'm going to find a phone," Neil said.

He returned in a little while. His face was pale. "Let's go, Charlie."

They were on the street before Neil spoke again. He said, glaring straight ahead, "This stage business! She can't even find time to get married. Margrave's switched numbers so she's got to stick around and rehearse and I get a rain check."

"What do we do now?"

Neil's lips curved in self-contempt. "Wait. Perhaps after the show she can find a little time."

THE place to get married late of a Saturday night is the police court. In a big room, which reminded Charlie of a schoolroom, a judge sat trying pickpockets, vagrants and an occasional second-story artist. Neil and Charlie stood in the rear listening to the business murmuring on. The judge blinked, his thoughts far off.

"This is a nice place too," Neil said. "I'll wait below."

Half an hour passed. The air grew heavy. Charlie went down to find Neil. As he came into the wide, stained marble hall Neil was handing back a pencil to a telegraph boy. Charlie walked up and looked over Neil's shoulder.

REHEARSING AGAIN WILL BE A LITTLE LATE PATIENCE DARLING LOVE
BRIDGET

"Patience, hell!" said Neil. "I've had all the patience I'm going to have. She ought to throw that damned show in their faces. I'll be darned if I'll wait for any woman."

"Hey, where are you going?" Charlie asked.

"Home," said Neil. "Home to bed."

"How about Bridget?"

"She can go home too. This wedding is off."

In that stark corridor their voices made a mumble like the sound of half a dozen newsboys calling. Charlie strode as far as the door with Neil. He stopped. It struck him that he couldn't leave Bridget to wander around this place alone. He walked back, dug up a cigarette and went and sat on the steps beside the elevator cage. The steps were genuine Carrara, and hard.

Almost an hour passed before Bridget skipped through the doors. Her eyes were caught in smiles, her hair was damp from the shower, she gave that hop which she always gave when she was happy or excited.

"Hello, darling," she called. "I'm late and I know it. Where's Neil?"

Charlie squinted at the toe of his shoe. "He got a little restless. He went home."

The whole story was easy enough to read on Charlie's face. Bridget made a hurt sound and all that glow in her went out like a match in the wind.

"Such a stupid," Bridget said, and a tear twisted down her cheek. Then swiftly she grew angry. "All he can think of is himself. The stage doesn't mean a thing. Just a fancy."

She took Charlie's handkerchief.

"You wouldn't marry me as long as you're at it?"

Bridget managed to laugh. "You're sweet, Charlie."

"All right," Charlie said. "Let's go get frosted."

Bridget kept repeating, "The stupid, stupid fool!"

After that night Neil would not see Bridget. He wouldn't speak to her when she phoned.

One morning a letter came from the Corvallis committee. Neil banged into the room waving his arms.

"Here she is. Here she is. Mother, pin a rose on me!"

"Shut up and read it," Charlie said through his shaving cream.

Neil slit it open. He looked at it and he looked at it, and his face fell. "I'll be damned!" he said. "Honorable mention." And he chucked the letter out the window.

After that there was no living with him. He was as moody as a dog with the mange. But one night a few weeks later he slammed in and shied his hat at the lamp shade. And it was the old Neil again.

"We feast," he cried. "Fellow, we feast! I've struck a real job, Charlie, old guy."

"Go on," Charlie said. "Shoot."

"Portugal," Neil said, hardly able to hold himself in. "I'm off to Portugal. To study pink houses. And when that's done there's a swell job waiting in Florida."

"Not bad," said Charlie. "Not bad."

"Not bad? It's wonderful!"

That night they dined on baked oysters and reindeer steak. In the middle of dinner Neil laid down his fork. "You know, I think I'll take Bridget."

"You'd better first check up with her," Charlie said dryly.

"She'll go all right. Leave it to me; I'll fix it."

He was already on his way to the phone. But when he came threading his way back among the tables Charlie knew that it was all off. "It seems," said Neil, slumping down, "that she prefers the stage."

After Neil left, Charlie continued to see quite a lot of Bridget. At first she pretended that she was just a discarded glove and Charlie was there to comfort her. She dropped that pose pretty soon; it didn't suit her very well. But under it all Charlie felt that she was still in love with Neil.

Once, though, she did turn to him suddenly and say, "What would I do without you, Charlie?"

He gave her a grin. "Oh, you'd get along all right," he drawled. But he was pleased.

THERE was a day at dawn when they were strolling up Fifth Avenue.

They moved along in their foolish evening clothes, softly tired but light and high with the lightness of exhaustion. Half without thinking Charlie took her and swung her to him and kissed her.

Her mouth was tender. Her hair brushed his jaw. He shivered. For an instant she filled his arms and she was his. Then she gave a little jerk. She leaned away. Her eyes were half fright, half laughing despair.

"Why, Charlie!" she said. "What has gotten into you?"

His face did not change. His arm still crushed the fur. "Nothing."

The look of fright and surprise had faded, but not the other. It got Charlie. He dropped his arm.

"Forget it," he said brusquely.

But all the way home he felt her swift, sidewise glances. Once he caught her eyes; they were puzzled. But what she had to be puzzled about was more than he could tell, unless it was about herself.

Almost four years went by without anyone hearing from Neil. One of the sports writers told Charlie that Neil Hibbs was quite the architect around Miami. It had never struck Charlie that he hadn't done so badly himself, at least so far as money went.

One afternoon the phone rang and there was Neil.

(*Continued on page 60*)

What keeps them ALIVE?
IT'S THE
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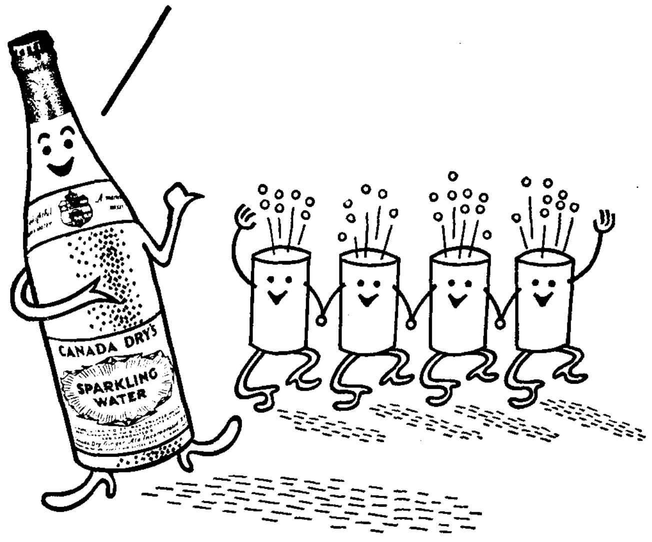

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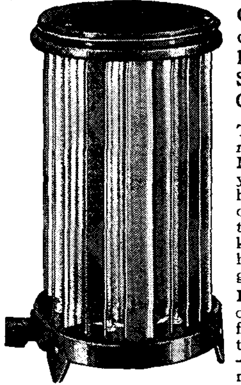

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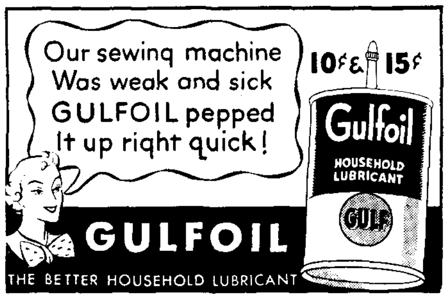

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BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER
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*(Continued from page 59)*

"Hello, Charlie," he said. "What are you doing tonight?"

Four years, and not even a "How goes it?" That, reflected Charlie, was Neil for you!

Neil was living in one of those handsome apartments over by the East River. Entering the place, Charlie looked down into a dropped living room which reminded him swiftly of a swimming pool. A Filipino took his hat and coat as Neil came out to greet him.

"Good to see you, Charlie."

"Good to see you." They shook hands. "This is quite an improvement on the basement." Charlie had to smile after he had said it, for he was still living in the basement.

Charlie eyed Neil, looking for the ruin that time and success had worked, hoping for at least a double chin. Neil had filled out, and somewhere along the line he had picked up a tailor that knew the business, but otherwise he had changed indecently little. Sort of a nice guy in his way, thought Charlie.

When dinner was over and they were all alone they moved to a corner of the living room where highball glasses stood. Up till now there had been a faint restraint on all their conversation as they jockeyed to avoid mention of a certain name. It got on Charlie's nerves finally. Abruptly he said, "Have you seen Bridget since you've been back?"

The ice in Neil's glass chimed softly but his voice was casual. "I can't say that I have," he said. "No, I really haven't seen her."

"She's done pretty well for herself, that girl."

"So I hear," said Neil. "So I hear."

"She has never gotten married."

"Is that so? You'd have thought she would."

Anyone could tell Neil wanted to hear about Bridget but Charlie was hanged if he'd give him any more. Why should I? He's had his fun, he thought. This time I'm going to get the jump.

At twelve o'clock they said good night. Charlie walked down First to the nearest drugstore. He telephoned a telegram from there. After that he hopped a cab and went to the Tavern. He had asked Bridget to meet him after rehearsal.

But when she came he couldn't do it. He could not ask her to marry him. She was fond of him, he knew. Fond enough to marry him perhaps. But if deep down she were still in love with Neil not all the fast work and the assorted vows in the world would make it stick.

"What's the matter, darling?" she laughed as he looked up frowning. "Something bothering you?"

"No," Charlie said. "How's the show?"

She shrugged. "I'll tell you much better after it opens. Shall I ask them to save a single in the third row?"

He looked at her. Abruptly his eyes flickered. "Make it two seats," he said.

AS INVARIABLY happens on first nights the curtain was late rising. Charlie and Neil sat leafing through their programs. Finally the house lights dimmed, the foots switched on, the taffeta dress of a latecomer rustled in the aisle. Slowly the curtain rose. Twenty feet away, Bridget Fleming stood humming to herself.

Almost before the first line broke Charlie knew that The Unexpected Lady was not so hot. London had liked it and laughed, but so often humor is like the wine of Frescati—it can't be shipped. It was a shame for Bridget; it meant a month's rehearsal wasted. She at least was herself, and charming, but even she couldn't make those lines perk.

So the play went on, but something happened. It was toward the end of the first act when Bridget did that foolish thing—she allowed her eyes to stray to the audience. Charlie could feel Neil stiffen. And then she saw him. Bridget saw Neil.

It was funny, but Charlie would have sworn that something in that silent theater clicked like a billiard ball. He saw Bridget's hand leap for her throat. He saw the look of delight flood into her eyes. Her face lost the look of "part" and she almost smiled. Something in Charlie that must have been his heart dropped and dropped and kept on going.

"It's the same old story," he thought. "The same old thing."

Even the audience caught it for an instant. A rustle ran through the rows. The prompter hissed. Charlie felt a horrible cold sweat break out all over him. She mustn't forget her lines!

She broke her eyes away. She drew a breath. And quickly, lightly, she picked up her lines.

THEY rushed backstage after the last act. Neil was for going right away but Charlie held him down.

"Listen," he said, "you put a crimp in this show once already. Do you want to stop it for keeps."

The backstage mob looked at them curiously as they dashed up the iron stairs toward the dressing rooms. Neil banged on the tin door.

"It's me," he cried. "Old man Hibbs!"

The door was yanked inward and there stood Bridget. She had on a not-too-clean kimono, her face was covered an inch thick with grease paint, but her eyes were shining. Charlie remembered afterward, thinking that she was the most beautiful thing in the world.

For an instant there was just a spark of strangeness between them. Then Bridget cried, "Neil, where have you been?" And she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. "Oh, darling, it's so wonderful to see you."

"You're wonderful yourself," Neil said. He looked very happy and as young, thought Charlie, as he had looked when he was a kid.

Bridget pushed him away and looked at him. At his forehead and his eyes, at his whole face.

"I wasn't. I'm afraid the play isn't much good."

But she wasn't thinking about the play. Neil was back and the play didn't count for a row of beans. This is the end, thought Charlie. X marks the finish. And when you go, my boy, for heaven's sake go!

He felt as if someone had taken a baseball bat and hit him one, a good one, but just where he wouldn't have been able to say.

"And, Charlie. You're here." She turned her warm eyes up to him. "You always come."

He gave her a polite nod and a smile. It was the best he could do for the moment and anyway she didn't notice. She had already turned to Neil and was talking fast. Almost a half hour passed before Charlie got the chance to cut in to say he was leaving.

"But you can't go, old man," said Neil. "We're going to have a party."

"No, I'm going. Thanks a lot."

For the first time Bridget turned around and really looked at him. "But you can't go, Charlie. I don't want you to go."

Charlie grinned. He hoped it wasn't too ghastly.

"I've got to go. I've a date."

At the door he managed to wave and say, "So long. I'll see you both soon."

But he wasn't going to see them soon.

Ten days passed. He was in one of the other offices when Frederick, the tough office boy, came to him.

"There's a femme on the line that wants to talk to you."

"Who is it?"

"How should I know?" said Frederick. "But Gracie, she says it sounds like the Fleming."

A terrible eagerness gripped Charlie. His hand leaped for the phone but stopped. "No," he said. "Tell her I'm out."

"Out where?"

"What do I care where," said Charlie. "Tell her Denmark if you like."

"Okay, toots."

"Don't you toots me!" said Charlie.

There were other calls that he did not take, but finally Neil got through to him.

"What's the matter with you, Charlie?"

"Nothing," said Charlie. "I've been busy, that's all."

"You must have been awfully busy. Bridget is furious."

"I can't help that."

"Listen, Charlie, will you meet us down at Municipal Court tonight?"

"Already!" Charlie said, and he could see his hand tremble. So soon, he thought. So soon.

"At twelve. The same place. Remember?"

"I remember all right," said Charlie. "I wouldn't be likely to forget."

The yellow corridor of the Municipal Building had changed but little in those four years. No one in all that time had had the inspiration to put in a place to sit. Charlie pushed his hat toward the back of his head and slumped on the steps. They were, he could feel, still genuine Carrara.

He felt terrible. He felt worn out inside.

"In fifty years it will be all the same," he told himself, but he could go on in that vein until the cows came home and still he wouldn't feel any better.

They were late. You could depend on it that Bridget would be late. But finally the big doors pushed open and she and Neil rushed in. She wore a mass of camellias and a mad little hat. Neil was impeccable.

"Hello, Charlie," Bridget called, the bare walls echoing it.

CHARLIE sat on the yellowed stairs, a cigarette twisted in the corner of his mouth, and watched them coming down the checkered corridor. And as he watched he thought of how it had been last time. Suddenly there flashed through his mind a picture of change—he saw Bridget and Neil as they had been and he saw them as they were now.

Bridget, of course, would always be Bridget. She would always be the same. Four years had done little to curb that exuberance. She was more impetuous and lovelier than ever. The effect had been heightened and underlined by those successful years on the stage.

As for Neil, he too, in a sense, had grown even more like himself. Success had gentled him and made him easier, but it had also brought out the faint staidness and the unbending quality of the man.

It was odd, thought Charlie, how both of them had diverged in those wide directions. Four years does a lot of things.

Bridget and Neil must have had their own thoughts marching down the corridor, for Charlie saw Bridget shiver and dig her fist under Neil's arm. The first fine fervor of their entrance had subsided and now they looked serious and a trifle strained.

Easing himself up, Charlie flicked away his cigarette.

"Beauty has come again to Crime," he said.

Bridget's eyes were dark. "Charlie, where have you been? Why didn't you answer the phone? I've missed you."

"And I've missed you, my dear." Charlie said steadily. "Well, when do we begin?"

"Yes," said Neil, "let's get going on this."

Bridget lifted her chin and stared at them. "You seem to be in an awful hurry, you two."

They turned toward the stairs, Bridget leading. Then something in her made her hesitate. On the second step she stopped and looked around her. She looked at the gray ceiling and the cold walls, at the marble floor and the gilded elevator cage; she looked for an instant at Charlie and finally she let her eyes go down to Neil. All at once her lower lip commenced trembling and tears stood in her eyes. And then she ducked for Charlie's shoulder.

"I—I can't," she cried. "I can't do it."

"Can't do what?" said Neil.

Her hands were clenched on Charlie's lapel and she was fighting the tears.

"Don't you see, Neil?" she sobbed. "Everything's different. You're different. I'm different. Even the place is different."

"It looks the same to me," said Neil coldly. Then he and Charlie stood stiff and silent while Bridget had her cry.

She got hold of herself finally and daubed her eyes.

"Neil," she said, "I can't marry you. I can't. I meant to. I wanted to for years until just now. But suddenly you're a stranger, Neil. We're pretending we're the same girl and boy we were but we're not." She looked carefully down at his face. "I don't even know what you think any more. When you know someone you know what they think and what they're going to do. I always know what Charlie's going to do."

Neil lifted his gloved hands and put them in the pockets of his topcoat. Abruptly he exploded: "Then why the devil don't you marry Charlie!"

Bridget jerked around and the velvet tip of her hat brushed Charlie's ear. "Neil—" she started furiously. Then she stopped, she looked up at Charlie, and the oddest expression seeped into her eyes. Both hands tightened on his arm.

"But that's what I'll do," she whispered. "That's what I want to do. I'll marry Charlie."

Charlie jerked her around. "What are you talking about? Stop it," he said. "Stop it, you fool."

She was soft against his arm. Her eyes as she looked up at him were as her eyes had been that night.

"It's true, Charlie," she said slowly, as if picking her way. "I wanted to make it come true—I wanted to be in love with Neil, but something was wrong. I don't feel right with Neil any more. I love you. I half knew it all along."

For a moment he held her tight. He was shaking. "Listen," he said slowly, "don't make a mistake. You've been waiting for this for four years. And Neil—"

HE LOOKED up. Neil was standing with his shoulders squared, glaring at them. Then without warning the look left and something, relief almost, came in its place.

He stepped over and put a hand on Charlie's arm. "Listen, guy, it's all right. I know what she means." And then he smiled. "I guess I missed the boat."

A dream was dying but, after all, dreams were never meant for Neil.

At the bronze doors at the end of the yellow corridor, Neil said goodby. He took Bridget's hand and held it in both of his, and when he straightened up he turned to Charlie.

"Well, Charlie," he said, and grinned a little, "if you're ever in the market for a good backstop just call Mr. Hibbs."

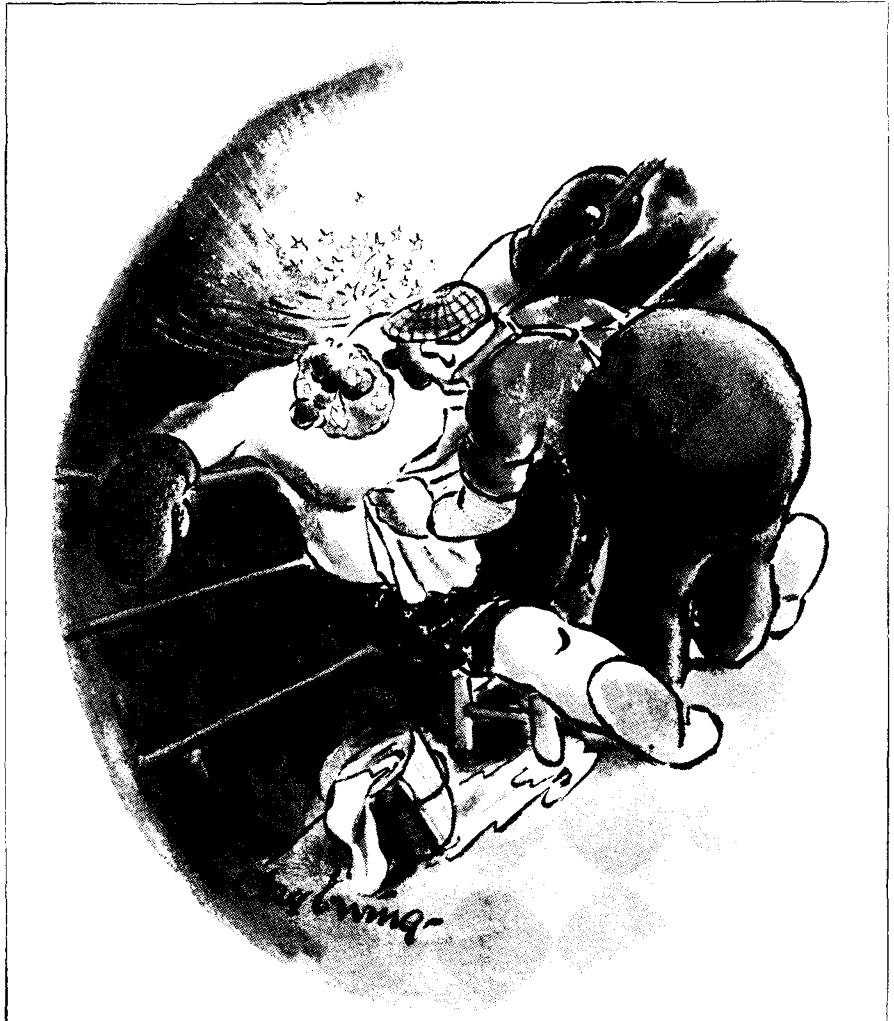
As the door shut, Charlie turned. He took Bridget by the shoulders and held her hard.

"Listen, lady," he ordered, "I love you like the very devil. Did you mean what you said?"

Her eyes were half smiling but very steady on his.

"What do *you* think, Charlie?" she said.

They were married two weeks later in Municipal Court, after the vagrants and the pickpockets were through. Neil fixed it.



"Atta boy, kid! Atta boy! Yuh got 'im overconfident now!"

JAY IRVING

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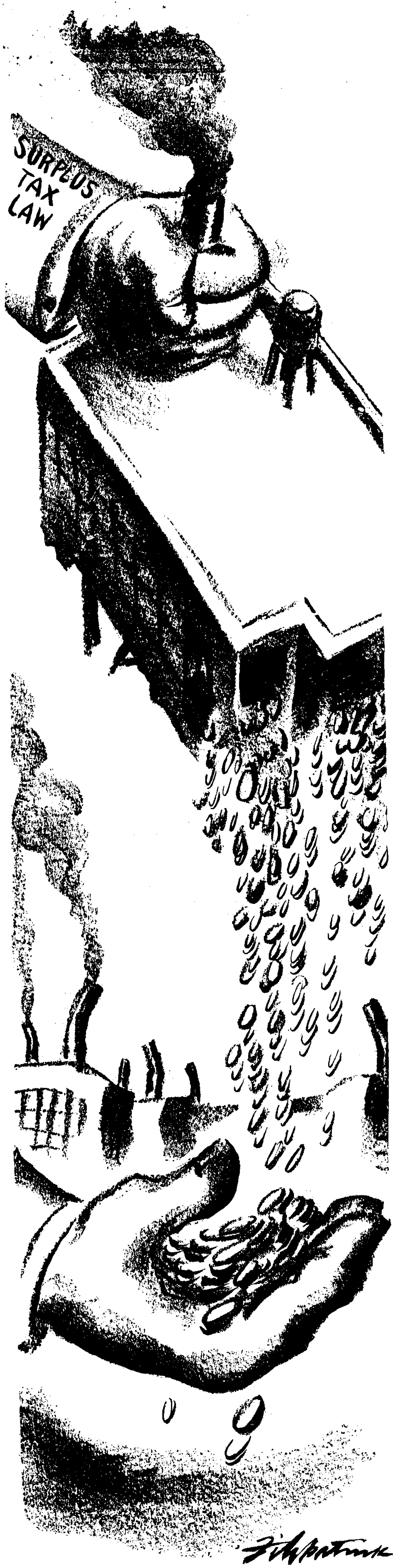

Collier's

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# The Law that Went Wrong

OF ALL the queer fruits of recent disturbed years, none is madder, funnier, or more tragic in its long implications than the federal Surplus Tax law.

Until it had happened no one would have believed it possible. We have had crazy schemes before. Generally they are stopped, however, before they reach the statute books. Not so the Surplus Tax idea. That is actual law.

Nobody inside the government, or out, actually could have anticipated the full effects of this strange law. Had anyone in power been able to imagine the full detail, it is hardly conceivable that any Congress could have approved it.

Two great agencies of the federal government have approved complicated plans for avoiding the taxes imposed in the Surplus Tax Act. Both the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Securities Exchange Commission gave formal sanction to complicated schemes frankly designed to avoid the payment of these surplus taxes.

Nobody imagines that either the Interstate Commerce Commission or the Securities Exchange Commission was corrupted. These commissions were guilty of nothing except the exercise of common sense. A foolish law drove them to the extreme of approving measures which, before its enactment, would have been considered poor public policy and extravagant business administration.

In one case the Securities Exchange Commission approved a plan of the Mission Oil Company to use an unsecured promissory note as the basis of a dividend distribution. The commission said it was obviously the intent of the Revenue Act of 1936 to compel corporations to make the fullest practicable distribution of earnings to their stockholders in the year in which such earnings were realized. The note, even though unpaid, would be counted 1936 earnings.

So, in order to avoid the punitive rates of the surplus tax the Mission Oil Company was authorized to borrow money on this note in order to obtain funds to pay dividends. A few years ago such a distribution would have been denounced as recklessly extravagant. The Surplus Tax law made it a conservative procedure.

At the same time, the Interstate Commerce Commission authorized the Greyhound Corporation to issue preferred stock in order to find the money to pay a dividend to holders of common stock.

The purpose of this procedure was to enable the company to avoid a $300,000 federal tax on its undistributed profits which were used in the business. The commission said frankly: "The choice is between a course which imposes a severe financial penalty and one which carries with it certain other disadvantages. . . . We are influenced in this conclusion by the fact that this course appears to be in consonance with the present policy of Congress."

In other words, a lunatic law compels a foolish policy which the Interstate Commerce Commission does not like but must approve. Here is government reduced to the absurd.

Congress did not intend to enact a crazy law. The intent of Congress was to remove a defect in the Income Tax law. As the House Committee on Ways and Means expressed it: "Your committee recognizes the fact that the greatest defect in our present system of taxation lies in the fact that surtaxes on individuals are avoided by impounding income in corporate surpluses."

Unquestionably some income taxes were avoided by not distributing dividends. The Surplus Tax Act, however, created evils far more serious than it was invented to cure.

Under the previous law a few very rich men escaped paying income taxes on dividends they did not receive. Under the present law, all corporations are influenced to pay out every cent they earn. A prudent regard for future needs is penalized by the law.

Prosperity returned last year and many corporations had large earnings. Under the stimulus of the Surplus Tax Act, directors voted as much as they dared in the payment of dividends. Wages and salaries were increased in some cases. Other appropriations which could be made under the terms of the law were authorized. Not since the days of the excess profits taxes were new expenditures more cheerfully made.

Extravagant expenditure is a poor policy. It is a poor policy for a government, for a corporation and for an individual. We know that lean years follow fat years. We know that in time of plenty we must save for years of scarcity.

We know, also, that corporations have grown and provided employment by using some of their earnings to pay for new buildings, new machinery and new goods. We know that if these savings are effectually forbidden by the law, the historic springs of growth and progress will be cut off.

Without delay Congress should rewrite the tax law. Time is required to consider carefully and intelligently the full effects of any new enactment. The wisest and the most disinterested advice obtainable should be sought.

Every indication points to the continuance of prosperity not only in the United States but throughout much of the world. Unless we inflict wanton injuries upon ourselves, we are reasonably safe. At this moment the Surplus Tax Act is the chief menace to the intelligent management of our economic life. Rewrite this act in the light of our considered needs, and a great danger to our continued well-being will be removed.

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